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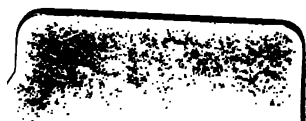
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XCVII.

JUVENAL. PERSIUS. HORACE.
VOL. II.

CHISWICK :

Printed by C. Whittingham,
COLLEGE HOUSE;

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1822.



THE
SATIRES
OF
DECIMUS JUNIUS JUVENALIS;
AND OF
Aulus Persius Flaccus.
TRANSLATED
BY JOHN DRYDEN, AND OTHERS.
AND
THE ODES OF HORACE.
TRANSLATED BY PHILIP FRANCIS, D. D.
WITH
Occasional Notes,
BY HENRY JAMES PYE, P. L.

VOL. II.

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JUVENAL.

SATIRE X.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

The Argument.

The poet's design, in this divine Satire, is to represent the various wishes and desires of mankind, and to set out the folly of them. He runs through all the several heads of riches, honours, eloquence, fame for martial achievements, long life, and beauty; and gives instances, in each, how frequently they have proved the ruin of those that owned them. He concludes, therefore, that since we generally choose so ill for ourselves, we should do better to leave it to the gods to make the choice for us. 'All we can safely ask of Heaven lies within a very small compass. It is but 'health of body and mind :—And if we have these, it is not much matter what we want besides; for we have already enough to make us happy.'

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good; or, knowing it, pursue!
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone?

Whole houses, of their whole desires possess'd,
Are often ruin'd, at their own request.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire.

With laurels some have fatally been crown'd;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drown'd.

The brawny fool¹, who did his vigour boast,
In that presuming confidence was lost;
But more have been by avarice oppress'd,
And heaps of money crowded in the chest;
Unwieldy sums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marshal'd figures can account;
To which the stores of Cræsus, in the scale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they sail
In the vast shadow of the British whale.

For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
A troop of cut-throat guards were sent to seize
The rich men's goods, and gut their palaces:
The mob, commission'd by the government,
Are seldom to an empty garret sent.
The fearful passenger, who travels late,
Charged with the carriage of a paltry plate,
Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush,
And sees a red coat rise from every bush:
The beggar sings, e'en when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of all the vows, the first and chief request
Of each is to be richer than the rest:

¹ Milo of Crotona; who for a trial of his strength, going to rend an oak, perished in the attempt: for his arms were caught in the trunk of it; and he was devoured by wild beasts.

And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control,
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl.
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchase the cup, and sparkle in the wine.

Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursued, by several ways?
One pitied, one contemn'd the woful times;
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes:
Laughter is easy; but the wonder lies,
What store of brine supplied the weeper's eyes.
Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt them ake;
Though in his country town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor axe, nor tribune did appear;
Nor all the foppish gravity of show,
Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow?

What had he done, had he beheld on high
Our pretor seated in mock majesty;
His chariot rolling o'er the dusty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a set formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroider'd coat upon his back?
A suit of hangings had not more oppress'd
His shoulders than that long, laborious vest:
A heavy gewgaw, call'd a crown, that spread
About his temples, drown'd his narrow head;
And would have crush'd it with the massy freight,
But that a sweating slave sustain'd the weight:
A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
Add now the' imperial eagle, raised on high,
With golden beak (the mark of majesty);
Trumpets before, and on the left and right
A cavalcade of nobles, all in white:

In their own natures false and flattering tribes,
But made his friends—by places and by bribes.

In his own age Democritus could find
Sufficient cause to laugh at humankind:
Learn from so great a wit; a land of bogs
With ditches fenced, a heaven fat with fogs,
May form a spirit fit to sway the state, [fate.
And make the neighbouring monarchs fear their

He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears;
At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears:
An equal temper in his mind he found,
When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.
'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows request
Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.

Some ask for envied power; which public hate
Pursues, and hurries headlong to their fate:
Down go the titles; and the statue crown'd,
Is by base hands in the next river drown'd.
The guiltless horses and the chariot wheel
The same effects of vulgar fury feel:
The smith prepares his hammer for the stroke,
While the lung'd bellows hissing fire provoke;
Sejanus², almost first of Roman names,
The great Sejanus crackles in the flames:
Form'd in the forge, the pliant brass is laid
On anvils; and of head and limbs are made,
Pans, cans, and pisspots, a whole kitchen trade.

Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull
Milk-white and large lead to the Capitol;

² Sejanus was Tiberius's first favourite; and, while he continued so, had the highest marks of honour bestowed on him; statues and triumphal chariots were everywhere erected to him: but as soon as he fell into disgrace with the emperor, these were all immediately dismounted; and the senate and common people insulted over him as meanly as they had fawned on him before.

Sejanus with a rope is dragg'd along,
The sport and laughter of the giddy throng !
' Good lord ! (they cry) what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a snout, and what a hanging face !
By Heaven, I never could endure his sight ;
But say, how came his monstrous crimes to light ?
What is the charge, and who the evidence—
The saviour of the nation and the prince ?
' Nothing of this ; but our old Cæsar sent
A noisy letter to his parliament.'
' Nay, sirs, if Cæsar writ, I ask no more ;
He's guilty ; and the question's out of door.'
How goes the mob ? (for that's a mighty thing)
When the king's trump, the mob are for the king :
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is still against the rogue condemn'd to die.

But the same very mob, that rascal crowd,
Had cried Sejanus, with a shout as loud ;
Had his designs (by fortune's favour bless'd)
Succeeded, and the prince's age oppress'd.
But long, long since, the times have changed
their face,

The people grown degenerate and base ;
Not suffer'd now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magistrates, and sell their voice.

Our wise forefathers, great by sea and land,
Had once the power and absolute command ;
All offices of trust themselves disposed ;
Raised whom they pleased, and whom they
pleased deposed.

But we, who give our native rights away,
And our enslaved posterity betray,
Are now reduced to beg an alms, and go
On holidays to see a puppet-show.

‘ There was a damn’d design (cries one), no
For warrants are already issued out: [doubt;
I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
He’s dipp’d for certain, and plays least in sight:
I fear the rage of our offended prince,
Who thinks the senate slack in his defence!
Come let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
And spurn the wretched corpse of Cæsar’s foe:
But let our slaves be present there, lest they
Accuse their masters, and for gain betray.’
Such were the whispers of those jealous times,
About Sejanus’ punishment and crimes.

Now tell me truly, wouldst thou change thy fate
To be, like him, first minister of state?
To have thy levees crowded with resort
Of a depending, gaping, servile court:
Dispose all honours of the sword and gown,
Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown;
To hold thy prince in pupilage, and sway
That monarch whom the master’d world obey?
While he, intent on secret lust alone,
Lives to himself, abandoning the throne;
Coop’d in a narrow isle³, observing dreams
With flattering wizards, and erecting schemes!
I well believe, thou wouldst be great as he;
For every man’s a fool to that degree;
All wish the dire prerogative to kill;
E’en they would have the power who want the
will :

³ The island of Caprea, which lies about a league out at sea from the Campanian shore, was the scene of Tiberius’s pleasures in the latter part of his reign. There he lived for some years, with diviners, soothsayers, and worse company.—
And from thence dispatched all his orders to the senate.

But wouldst thou have thy wishes understood,
To take the bad together with the good ?
Wouldst thou not rather choose a small renown,
To be the mayor of some poor paltry town ;
Bigly to look, and barbarously to speak ;
To pound false weights, and scanty measures
break ?

Then, grant we that Sejanus went astray
In every wish, and knew not how to pray :
For he who grasp'd the world's exhausted store,
Yet never had enough, but wish'd for more,
Raised a top-heavy tower, of monstrous height,
Which, mouldering, crush'd him underneath the
weight.

What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget ?
It ruin'd him ⁴ who, greater than the great,
The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke,
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke :
What else but his immoderate lust of power,
Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour ?
For few usurpers to the shades descend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.

The boy, who scarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declined a noun
(So small an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his satchel must be borne to school),
Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing less,
To prove a Tully, or Demosthenes ⁵ :
But both those orators, so much renown'd,
In their own depths of eloquence were drown'd ;

⁴ Julius Cæsar, who got the better of Pompey, that was styled ' The Great.'

⁵ Demosthenes and Tully both died for their oratory. Demosthenes gave himself poison, to avoid being carried to An-

The hand and head were never lost, of those
Who dealt in doggerel, or who punn'd in prose.

' Fortune foretuned the dying notes of Rome⁶,
Till I, thy consul sole, consoled thy doom.'

His fate had crept below the lifted swords,
Had all his malice been to murder words:
I rather would be Mævius, thrash for rhymes
Like his, the scorn and scandal of the times,
Than that Philippic⁷, fatally divine,
Which is inscribed the Second, should be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who shook the theatres, and sway'd the state
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding horoscope,
His sire, the blear-eyed Vulcan of a shop,
From Mars's forge sent to Minerva's schools,
To learn the' unlucky art of wheedling fools.

With itch of honour and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we strain:
The spoils of war⁸, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph borne,
A streamer from a boarded galley torn,

tipater, one of Alexander's captains, who had then made himself master of Athens. Tully was murdered by M. Anthony's order, in return for those invectives he had made against him.

⁶ The Latin of this couplet is a famous verse of Tully's, in which he sets out the happiness of his own consulship; famous for the vanity and the ill poetry of it. For Tully, as he had a great deal of the one, so he had no great share of the other.

⁷ The orations of Tully, against M. Anthony, were styled by him Philippics, in imitation of Demosthenes, who had given that name before to those he made against Philip of Macedon.

⁸ This is a mock account of a Roman triumph.

A chap-fallen beaver loosely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
On whose high convex sits a captive foe,
And sighing casts a mournful look below;
Of every nation, each illustrious name,
Such toys as these have cheated into fame :
Exchanging solid quiet, to obtain
The windy satisfaction of the brain.

So much the thirst of honour fires the blood :
So many would be great, so few be good.
For who would virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward ?
Yet this mad chase of fame, by few pursued,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude :
This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and disperse
The characters of all the lying verse :
For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In time's abyss, the common grave of all.

Great Hannibal within the balance lay ;
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh.
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with the' Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His sunbeat waters by so long a way ;
Which Ethiopia's double clime divides,
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain first he won, the Pyrenæans pass'd,
And steepy Alps, the mounds that nature cast ;
And with corroding juices, as he went,
A passage through the living rocks he rent.

Then, like a torrent rolling from on high,
He pours his headlong rage on Italy,
In three victorious battles overrun;
Yet still uneasy, cries—There's nothing done,
Till, level with the ground, their gates are laid,
And Punic flags on Roman towers display'd.
Ask what a face belong'd to his high fame:
His picture scarcely would deserve a frame,
A signpost dauber would disdain to paint
The one-eyed hero on his elephant.

Now what's his end, O charming glory! say,
What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play?
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is banish'd from his native home;
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there
Attends, his mean petition to prefer;
Repulsed by surly grooms, who wait before
The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door. [sign'd,

What wondrous sort of death has Heaven de-
Distinguished from the herd of humankind,
For so untamed, so turbulent a mind!
Nor swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
Are doom'd to' avenge the tedious bloody war,
But poison, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
Must finish him; a sucking infant's fate.
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool!
To please the boys, and be a theme at school.

One world sufficed not Alexander's mind:
Coop'd up, he seem'd in earth and seas confined;
And, struggling, stretch'd his restless limbs about
The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
Yet, enter'd in the brick-built town⁹, he tried
The tomb, and found the strait dimensions wide.

⁹ Babylon, where Alexander died.

Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
The mighty soul how small a body holds!

Old Greece a tale of Athos¹⁰ would make out,
Cut from the continent, and sail'd about;
Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore:
Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees,
Drunk at an army's dinner to the lees;
With a long legend of romantic things,
Which in his cups the bowsy poet sings.
But how did he return, this haughty brave,
Who whipp'd the winds, and made the sea his
slave?

(Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound,
And Eurus never such hard usage found
In his Æolian prison under ground);
What god so mean, e'en he who points the way¹¹,
So merciless a tyrant to obey!
But how return'd he, let us ask again?
In a poor skiff he pass'd the bloody main,
Choked with the slaughter'd bodies of his train.

¹⁰ Xerxes is represented in history after a very romantic manner; affecting fame beyond measure, and doing the most extravagant things to compass it. Mount Athos made a prodigious promontory in the Ægean Sea: he is said to have cut a channel through it, and to have sailed round it. He made a bridge of boats over the Hellespont, where it was three miles broad: and ordered a whipping for the winds and seas, because they had once crossed his designs; as we have a very solemn account of it in Herodotus! But, after all these vain boasts, he was shamefully beaten by Themistocles at Salamis; and returned home, leaving most of his fleet behind him.

¹¹ Mercury, who was a god of the lowest size, and employed always in errands between heaven and hell. And mortals used him accordingly: for his statues were anciently placed 'where roads met; with directions on the fingers of them, pointing out the several ways to travellers.

For fame he pray'd, but let the' event declare
He had no mighty penn'worth of his prayer.

Jove, grant me length of life, and years good
Heap on my bended back, I ask no more! [store
Both sick and healthful, old and young conspire
In this one silly, mischievous desire.

Mistaken blessing which old age they call,
'Tis a long, nasty, darksome hospital,
A ropy chain of rheums; a visage rough,
Deform'd, unfeatured, and a skin of buff;
A stitch-fallen cheek, that hangs below the jaw;
Such wrinkles as a skilful hand would draw
For an old grandam ape, when with a grace
She sits at squat, and scrubs her leathern face.

In youth, distinctions infinite abound;
No shape, or feature, just alike are found!
The fair, the black, the feeble, and the strong;
But the same foulness does to age belong,
The selfsame palsy, both in limbs and tongue.
The skull and forehead one bald barren plain;
And gums unarm'd to mumble meat in vain:
Besides the' eternal drivel, that supplies [eyes.
The dropping beard, from nostrils, mouth, and
His wife and children loathe him; and, what's
Himself does his offensive carrion curse! [worse,
Flatterers forsake him too; for who would kill
Himself, to be remember'd in a will?
His taste not only pall'd to wine and meat,
But to the relish of a nobler treat.
The limber nerve, in vain provoked to rise,
Inglorious from the field of battle flies:
Poor feeble dotard, how could he advance
With his blue headpiece, and his broken lance?
Add, that endeavouring still without effect,
A lust more sordid justly we suspect.

Those senses lost, behold a new defeat,
The soul dislodging from another seat.
What music, or enchanting voice, can cheer
A stupid, old, impenetrable ear?
No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre he sits to see;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear,
Under an actor's nose, he's never near.

His boy must bawl, to make him understand
The hour o' the' day, or such a lord's at hand:
The little blood that creeps within his veins
Is but just warm'd in a hot fever's pains.
In fine, he wears no limb about him sound;
With sores and sicknesses beleagu'ed round:
Ask me their names, I sooner could relate
How many drudges on salt Ippia wait;
What crowds of patients the town doctor kills,
Or how, last fall, he raised the weekly bills:
What provinces by Basilus were spoil'd,
What herds of heirs by guardians are beguiled:
How many bouts a day that bitch has tried;
How many boys that pedagogue can ride:
What lands and lordships for their owner
know

My quondam barber, but his worship now.

This dotard of his broken back complains;
One his legs fail, and one his shoulders pains:
Another is of both his eyes bereft,
And envies who has one for aiming left.
A fifth, with trembling lips, expecting stands
As in his childhood, cramm'd by others' hands;
One, who at sight of supper open'd wide
His jaws before, and whetted grinders tried;
Now only yawns, and waits to be supplied:

Like a young swallow, when with weary wings
Expected food her fasting mother brings.

His loss of members is a heavy curse,
But all his faculties decay'd, a worse!
His servants' names he has forgotten quite,
Knows not his friend who supp'd with him last
Not e'en the children he begot and bred; [night;
Or his will knows them not! for, in their stead,
In form of law, a common hackney jade,
Sole heir, for secret services, is made:
So lewd and such a batter'd brothel whore,
That she defies all comers, at her door.
Well, yet suppose his senses are his own,
He lives to be chief mourner for his son:
Before his face his wife and brother burns;
He numbers all his kindred in their urns.
These are the fines he pays for living long;
And dragging tedious age in his own wrong:
Griefs always green, a household still in tears,
Sad pomps: a threshold throng'd with daily
biers;

And liveries of black for length of years!

Next to the raven's age, the Pylian king¹²
Was longest lived of any two-legg'd thing;
Bless'd, to defraud the grave so long, to mount
His number'd years¹³, and on his right hand count
Three hundred seasons, guzzling must of wine:
But hold a while, and hear himself repine

¹² Nestor, king of Pylus; who was three hundred years old, according to Homer's account; at least, as he is understood by his expositors.

¹³ The ancients counted by their fingers. Their left hands served them till they came up to an hundred. After that they used the right to express all greater numbers.

At fate's unequal laws; and at the clue
Which, merciless in length, the midmost sister
drew ¹⁴.

When his brave son upon the funeral pyre
He saw extended and his beard on fire; [crime
He turn'd, and weeping, ask'd his friends, ' what
Had cursed his age to this unhappy time?'

Thus mourn'd old Peleus for Achilles slain,
And thus Ulysses' father did complain.
How fortunate an end had Priam made,
Among his ancestors a mighty shade, [race
While Troy yet stood; when Hector with the
Of royal bastards might his funeral grace;
Amidst the tears of Trojan dames inurn'd,
And by his loyal daughters truly mourn'd;
Had Heaven so bless'd him, he had died before
The fatal fleet to Sparta Paris bore.
But mark what age produced; he lived to see
His town in flames, his falling monarchy.
In fine, the feeble sire, reduced by fate
To change his sceptre for a sword, too late
His last effort before Jove's altar tries ¹⁵,
A soldier half, and half a sacrifice:
Falls like an ox that waits the coming blow;
Old and unprofitable to the plough.

¹⁴ The Fates were three sisters, who had all some peculiar business assigned them by the poets, in relation to the lives of men. The first held the distaff; the second spun the thread; and the third cut it.

¹⁵ Whilst Troy was sacked by the Greeks, old king Priam is said to have buckled on his armour to oppose them; which he had no sooner done, but he was met by Pyrrhus, and slain before the temple of Jupiter, in his own palace; as we have the story finely told in Virgil's Second *Æneid*.

At least, he died a man, his queen survived¹⁶
To howl, and in a barking body lived.

I hasten to our own; nor will relate
Great Mithridates'¹⁷, and rich Cræsus'¹⁸ fate;
Whom Solon wisely counsel'd to attend
The name of '*Happy*,' till he knew his end.

That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was ta'en, in ruin'd Carthage begg'd his bread;
All these were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld so happy, young!
High in his chariot, and with laurel crown'd,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives round
The Roman streets, descending from his state,
In that bless'd hour he should have begg'd his fate;
Then, then he might have died, of all admired,
And his triumphant soul with shouts expired.

Campania¹⁹, fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent fever sent:

¹⁶ Hecuba, his queen, escaped the swords of the Grecians' and outlived him. It seems, she behaved herself so fiercely and uneasily to her husband's murderers while she lived, that the poets thought fit to turn her into a bitch when she died.

¹⁷ Mithridates, after he had disputed the empire of the world for forty years together with the Romans, was at last deprived of life and empire by Pompey the Great.

¹⁸ Cræsus, in the midst of his prosperity, making his boast to Solon, how happy he was, received this answer from the wise man, 'That no one could pronounce himself *happy* till he saw what his end should be.' The truth of this Cræsus found, when he was put in chains by Cyrus, and condemned to die.

¹⁹ Pompey, in the midst of his glory, fell into a dangerous fit of sickness, at Naples. A great many cities then made public supplications for him. He recovered, was beaten at Pharsalia, fled to Ptolemy, king of Egypt; and, instead of receiving protection at his court, had his head struck off by his orders, to please Cæsar.

But public prayers imposed on Heaven, to give
Their much loved leader an unkind reprieve.
The city's fate and his conspired to save
The head, reserved for an Egyptian slave.

Cethegus²⁰, though a traitor to the state,
And tortured, scaped this ignominious fate :
And Sergius²¹, who a bad cause bravely tried,
All of a piece, and undiminish'd, died.

To Venus the fond mother makes a prayer
That all her sons and daughters may be fair :
True, for the boys a mumbling vow she sends ;
But for the girls the vaulted temple rends :
They must be finish'd pieces : 'tis allow'd
Diana's beauty made Latona proud ;
And pleased, to see the wondering people pray
To the new rising sister of the day.

And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow ;
And fair Virginia²² would her fate bestow
On Rutila ; and change her faultless make
For the foul rumple of her camel back.

But, for his mother's boy, the beau, what frights
His parents have by day, what anxious nights !
Form join'd with virtue is a sight too rare ;
Chaste is no epithet to suit with fair.
Suppose the same traditionary strain
Of rigid manners in the house remain ;

²⁰ Cethegus was one that conspired with Catiline, and was put to death by the senate.

²¹ Catiline died fighting.

²² Virginia was killed by her own father, to prevent her being exposed to the lust of Appius Claudius, who had ill designs upon her. The story at large is in Livy's third book ; and it is a remarkable one, as it gave occasion to the putting down the power of the Decemviri ; of whom Appius was one.

Inveterate truth, an old plain Sabine's heart :
Suppose that nature, too, has done her part ;
Infused into his soul a sober grace,
And blush'd a modest blood into his face
(For nature is a better guardian far,
Than saucy pedants, or dull tutors are) :
Yet still the youth must ne'er arrive at man
(So much almighty bribes and presents can) ;
E'en with a parent, where persuasions fail,
Money is impudent, and will prevail.

We never read of such a tyrant king,
Who gelt a boy deform'd to hear him sing :
Nor Nero, in his more luxurious rage,
E'er made a mistress of an ugly page :
Sporus's spouse nor crooked was, nor lame ;
With mountain back, and belly, from the game
Cross-barr'd : but both his sexes well became.
Go, boast your Springal, by his beauty cursed
To ills ; nor think I have declared the worst ;
His form procures him journeywork ; a strife
Betwixt town madams and the merchant's wife :
Guess, when he undertakes this public war,
What furious beasts offended cuckolds are.

Adulterers are with dangers round beset :
Born under Mars, they cannot scape the net ;
And from revengeful husbands oft have tried
Worse handling than severest laws provide :
One stabs ; one slashes ; one with cruel art
Makes Colon suffer for the peccant part.

But your Endymion, your smooth, smock'd-
faced boy,
Unrival'd, shall a beauteous dame enjoy.
Not so : one more salacious, rich, and old,
Outbids, and buys her pleasure for her gold.

Now he must toil and drudge for one he loathes :
She keeps him high in equipage and clothes ;
She pawns her jewels and her rich attire,
And thinks the workman worthy of his hire :
In all things else immoral, stingy, mean ;
But, in her lusts, a conscionable quean.

‘ She may be handsome, yet be chaste,’ you say ;
Good observator, not so fast away :
Did it not cost the modest youth²³ his life,
Who shunn’d the embraces of his father’s wife ?
And was not the other stripling²⁴ forced to fly,
Who coldly did his patron’s queen deny ;
And pleaded laws of hospitality ?
The ladies charged them home, and turn’d the tale :
With shame they reddened, and with spite grew
’Tis dangerous to deny the longing dame ; [pale.
She loses pity who has lost her shame.

Now Silius²⁵ wants thy counsel, give advice ;
Wed Cæsar’s wife, or die : the choice is nice.
Her comet-eyes she darts on every grace,
And takes a fatal liking to his face.
Adorn’d with bridal pomp, she sits in state ;
The public notaries and Aruspex wait :

²³ Hippolitus, the son of Theseus, was loved by his mother in law, Phædra. But he not complying with her, she procured his death.

²⁴ Bellerophon, the son of king Glaucus, residing some time at the court of Prætus, king of the Argives ; the queen, Ste-nobœa, fell in love with him. But he refusing her, she turned the accusation upon him ; and he narrowly escaped Prætus’s vengeance.

²⁵ Messalina, wife to the emperor Claudius, infamous for her lewdness. She set her eyes upon C. Silius, a fine youth ; forced him to quit his own wife, and marry her with all the formalities of a wedding, whilst Claudius Cæsar was sacrificing at Ostia. Upon his return, he put both Silius and her to death.

The genial bed is in the garden dress'd ;
The portion paid, and every rite express'd
Which in a Roman marriage is profess'd.
'Tis no stolen wedding, this ; rejecting awe,
She scorns to marry, but in form of law :
In this moot case, your judgment :—to refuse
Is present death ; besides, the night you lose :
If you consent, 'tis hardly worth your pain ;
A day or two of anxious life you gain,
Till loud reports through all the town have pass'd,
And reach the prince : for cuckolds hear the last.
Indulge thy pleasure, youth, and take thy swing ;
For not to take is but the selfsame thing :
Inevitable death before thee lies ;
But looks more kindly through a lady's eyes.

What then remains ? Are we deprived of will,
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill ?
Receive my counsel, and securely move ;
Intrust thy fortune to the powers above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want.
In goodness as in greatness they excel ;
Ah, that we loved ourselves but half so well !
We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
Are hot for action, and desire to wed ;
Then wish for heirs : but to the gods alone
Our future offspring, and our wives, are known ;
The' audacious strumpet, and ungracious son.

Yet not to rob the priests of pious gain,
That altars be not wholly built in vain ;
Forgive the gods the rest, and stand confined
To health of body, and content of mind :
A soul, that can securely death defy,
And count it nature's privilege to die :

Serene and manly, harden'd to sustain
The load of life, and exercised in pain :
Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire ;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire :
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquets, and ignoble ease.

The path to peace is virtue : what I show
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow :
Fortune was never worship'd by the wise ;
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE XI.

BY MR. CONGREVE.

The Argument.

The design of this Satire is to expose and reprehend all manner of intemperance and debauchery; but more particularly touches that exorbitant luxury used by the Romans in their feasting. The poet draws the occasion from an invitation, which he here makes to his friend, to dine with him; very artfully preparing him, with what he was to expect from his treat, by beginning his Satire with a particular invective against the vanity and folly of some persons, who, having but mean fortunes in the world, attempted to live up to the height of men of great estates and quality. He shows us the miserable end of such spendthrifts and gluttons; with the manner and courses which they took to bring themselves to it; advising men to live within bounds, and to proportion their inclinations to the extent of their fortune. He gives his friend a bill of fare of the entertainment he has provided for him; and from thence takes occasion to reflect upon the temperance and frugality of the greatest men in former ages: to which he opposes the riot and intemperance of the present; attributing to the latter a visible remissness in the care of Heaven over the Roman state. He instances some lewd practices at their feasts, and, by the by, touches the nobility with making vice and

debauchery the chiefest of their pleasures. He concludes with a repeated invitation to his friend; advising him (in one particular somewhat freely) to a neglect of all cares and disquiets for the present; and a moderate use of pleasures for the future.

If noble Atticus¹ make plenteous feasts,
And with luxurious food indulge his guests,
His wealth and quality support the treat;
In him nor is it luxury, but state:
But when poor Rutilus² spends all his worth,
In hopes of setting one good dinner forth;
'Tis downright madness; for what greater jests
Than begging gluttons, or than beggars' feasts?

But Rutilus is so notorious grown
That he's the common theme of all the town.

A man, in his full tide of youthful blood,
Able for arms, and for his country's good;
Urged by no power, restrain'd by no advice,
But following his own inglorious choice,
'Mongst common fencers, practises the trade³:
That end debasing for which arms were made;

¹ The name of a very eminent person in Rome: but here it is meant to signify any one of great wealth and quality.

² One who by his own extravagant gluttony was at length reduced to the most shameful degree of poverty. This likewise is here made use of as a common name to all beggarly gluttons, such whose unreasonable appetites remain after their estates are consumed.

³ Sometimes persons were compelled, by the tyranny of Nero, to practise the trade of fencing, and to fight upon the stage, for his inhuman diversion; otherwise, seldom any but common slaves or condemned malefactors were so employed: which made it the greater reflection on any person, who either voluntarily, or forced by his own extravagance, for a livelihood (like Rutilus) applied himself to that wretched state.—

Arms, which to man ne'er dying fame afford!
But his disgrace is owing to his sword.
Many there are of the same wretched kind,
Whom their despairing creditors may find
Lurking in shambles; where, with borrow'd coir
They buy choice meats, and in cheap plenty dine
Such, whose sole bliss is eating; who can give
But that one brutal reason why they live.
And yet what's more ridiculous: of these
The poorest wretch is still most hard to please;
And he, whose thin transparent rags declare
How much his tatter'd fortune wants repair,
Would ransack every element for choice
Of every fish and fowl, at any price;
If brought from far, if very dear has cost,
It has a flavour then, which pleases most,
And he devours it with a greater gust.
In riot thus, while money lasts, he lives,
And that exhausted, still new pledges gives;
Till forced, of mere necessity, to eat,
He comes to pawn his dish, to buy his meat;
Nothing of silver or of gold he spares,
Not what his mother's sacred image bears;
The broken relic⁵ he with speed devours,
As he would all the rest of his ancestors,
If wrought in gold, or if exposed to sale,
They'd pay the price of one luxurious meal.

⁵ 'Restrain'd by no advice.' Hinting, that though he was not compelled to such a practice of fencing; yet it was a shame that he was suffered to undertake it; and not advised or commanded, by the magistracy, to the contrary.

⁴ *Viz.* Reduced to poverty by riotous living.

⁵ Broken, or defaced; that it might not be discovered to be his mother's picture, when exposed to sale.

Thus certain ruin treads upon his heels,
 The stings of hunger soon and want he feels;
 And thus is he reduced at length, to serve
 Fencers for miserable scraps, or starve.

Imagine now you see a splendid feast:
 The question is, at whose expense 'tis dress'd?
 In great Ventidius⁶ we the bounty prize;
 In Rutilus the vanity despise;
 Strange ignorance! that the same man, who knows
 How far yon mount above this molehill shows,
 Should not perceive a difference as great
 Between small incomes and a vast estate!
 From Heaven to mankind, sure, that rule was sent,
 Of 'know thyself;' and by some god was meant
 To be our never erring pilot here,
 Through all the various courses which we steer.
 Thersites⁷, though the most presumptuous Greek,
 Yet durst not for Achilles' armour speak;
 When scarce Ulysses⁸ had a good pretence,
 With all the' advantage of his eloquence.

⁶ A noble Roman who lived hospitably.

⁷ An impudent, deformed, ill tongued fellow (as Homer describes him, *Iliad* 2), who accompanied the Grecian army to the siege of Troy; where he took a privilege, often to rail and snarl at the commanders. Some relate, that at last Achilles, for his sauciness, killed him with a blow of his fist. Therefore, we are not to understand Juvenal here, as relating a matter of fact; but Thersites is used here, to signify any body of the same kind: as before, Atticus and Rutilus. The meaning is, that such as he ought not (neither would he, had he been present) have presumed to oppose Ajax and Ulysses, in contending for Achilles's armour. See his character admirably improved by Mr. Dryden, in his Tragedy of 'Truth found too late.'

⁸ The most eloquent of all the Grecian princes. After Achilles's death, Ajax (a famed Grecian warrior) pretended to his armour; Ulysses opposed him before a council of war; and, by his admirable eloquence, obtained the prize. *Ov. Met.* 13.

Whoe'er attempts weak causes to support
Ought to be very sure he's able for't;
And not mistake strong lungs and impudence
For harmony of words, and force of sense:
Fools only make attempts beyond their skill;
A wise man's power's the limit of his will.

If fortune has a niggard been to thee,
Devote thyself to thrift, not luxury:
And wisely make that kind of food thy choice,
To which necessity confines thy price.
Well may they fear some miserable end,
Whom gluttony and want at once attend;
Whose large voracious throats have swallow'd all,
Both land and stock, interest and principal:
Well may they fear at length vile Pollio's fate⁹,
Who sold his very ring to purchase meat;
And, though a knight, 'mongst common slaves
now stands,

Begging an alms with undistinguish'd hands.
Sure, sudden death to such should welcome be,
On whom each added year heaps misery,
Scorn, poverty, reproach, and infamy.
But there are steps in villany, which these
Observe to tread and follow by degrees.
Money they borrow and from all that lend,
Which, never meaning to restore, they spend;
But that and their small stock of credit gone,
Lest Rome should grow too warm, from thence they
For of late years 'tis no more scandal grown, [run:
For debt and roguery to quit the town,
Than, in the midst of summer's scorching heat,
From crowds and noise and business to retreat.

⁹ Brought to that pass, by his gluttony, that he was forced to sell his ring; the mark of honour and distinction worn by Roman knights.

One only grief such fugitives can find;
Reflecting on the pleasures left behind;
The plays and loose diversions of the place:
But not one blush appears for the disgrace.
Ne'er was of modesty so great a dearth,
That out of countenance virtue's fled from earth;
Baffled, exposed to ridicule and scorn,
She's with Astræa gone¹⁰, ne'er to return.

This day, my Persicus¹¹, thou shalt perceive
Whether, myself, I keep those rules I give,
Or else an unsuspected glutton live;
If moderate fare and abstinence I prize
In public, yet in private gormandize.
Evander's feast¹² revived, to-day thou'lt see;
The poor Evander, I; and thou shalt be
Alcides¹³ and Æneas both to me.
Meantime, I send you now your bill of fare;
Be not surprised that 'tis all homely cheer:
For nothing from the shambles I provide,
But from my own small farm the tenderest kid,
And fattest of my flock; a suckling yet,
That ne'er had nourishment but from the teat:

¹⁰ The goddess of Justice, whom the poets feign to have fled to heaven after the golden age:

Ultima Coelestium Terras Astræa reliquit. OVID.

¹¹ Juvenal's friend, to whom he makes an invitation, and addresses this Satire.

¹² A prince of Arcadia, who, unluckily killing his father, forsook his own country and came into Italy; settling in that place where afterwards Rome was built. Virgil (*Æn.* 8) tells us that he entertained both Hercules and Æneas, when he was in a low condition.

¹³ Hercules, so called from his grandfather Alcæus.

No bitter willow-tops have been its food,
Scarce grass; its veins have more of milk than
blood.

Next that, shall mountain 'sparagus be laid,
Pull'd by some plain but cleanly country-maid:
The largest eggs, yet warm within the nest,
Together with the hens which laid them, dress'd;
Clusters of grapes, preserved for half a year,
Which plump and fresh as on the vines appear;
Apples of a ripe flavour, fresh and fair,
Mix'd with the Syrian and the Signian pear,
Mellow'd by winter from their cruder juice,
Light of digestion now, and fit for use.

Such food as this would have been heretofore
Accounted riot in a senator:
When the good Curius¹⁴ thought it no disgrace,
With his own hands, a few small herbs to dress;
And from his little garden cull'd a feast,
Which fetter'd slaves would now disdain to taste:
For scarce a slave but has to dinner, now,
The well dress'd paps of a fat pregnant sow¹⁵.

But heretofore 'twas thought a sumptuous treat,
On birthdays, festivals, or days of state,
A salt dry fitch of bacon to prepare;
If they had fresh meat, 'twas delicious fare!
Which rarely happen'd, and 'twas highly prized
If aught was left of what they sacrificed¹⁶.

¹⁴ Curius Dentatus, a great man, who had been three times consul of Rome, and had triumphed over many kings; yet as great an example of temperance as courage.

¹⁵ A dish in great esteem among the Romans:

— Nil vulva pulcrius ampla. HORAT.

¹⁶ If they killed a sacrifice, and any flesh remained to spare, it was prized as an accidental rarity.

To entertainments of this kind would come
The worthiest and the greatest men in Rome;
Nay, seldom any at such treats were seen,
But those who had at least thrice Consuls been ¹⁷;
Or the Dictator's ¹⁸ office had discharged,
And now, from honourable toil enlarged,
Retired to husband and manure their land,
Humbling themselves to those they might command.

Then might y' have seen the good old general haste,
Before the' appointed hour ¹⁹, to such a feast;
His spade aloft, as 'twere in triumph, held,
Proud of the conquest of some stubborn field.
'Twas then, when pious Consuls bore the away,
When Vice, discouraged, pale and trembling lay:
Our Censors ²⁰ then were subject to the law,
E'en Power itself of Justice stood in awe.

¹⁷ By the tyranny of Tarquinius Superbus (the last Roman king) the very name of king became hateful to the people. After his expulsion, they assembled, and resolved to commit the government for the future into the hands of two persons, who were to be chosen every year anew, and whom they called Consuls.

¹⁸ Dictator was a general chosen upon some emergent occasion; his office was limited for six months; which time expired (if occasion were) they chose another, or continued the same, by a new election. The dictator differed in nothing from a king but in his name and the duration of his authority: his power being full as great, but his name not so hateful to the Romans.

¹⁹ It was accounted greediness and shameful to eat before the usual hour, which was their ninth hour; and our three o'clock, afternoon. But upon festival days, it was permitted them to prevent the ordinary hour; and always excusable in old people.

²⁰ Censors were two great officers, part of whose business was to inspect the lives and manners of men; they had power

It was not then a Roman's anxious thought,
 Where largest tortoise-shells were to be bought;
 Where pearls might of the greatest price be had,
 And shining jewels to adorn his bed ²¹,
 That he at vast expense might loll his head.
 Plain was his couch, and only rich his mind;
 Contentedly he slept, as cheaply as he dined.
 The soldier then, in Grecian arts unskill'd ²²,
 Returning rich with plunder from the field;
 If cups of silver or of gold he brought,
 With jewels set, and exquisitely wrought,
 To glorious trappings straight the plate he turn'd,
 And with the glittering spoil his horse adorn'd;
 Or else a helmet for himself he made,
 Where various warlike figures were inlaid:
 The Roman wolf suckling the twins was there ²³,
 And Mars himself, arm'd with his shield and spear,
 Hovering above his crest, did dreadful show,
 As threatening death to each resisting foe.

even to degrade knights and exclude senators, when guilty of great misdemeanors: and in former days they were so strict that they stood in awe one of another.

²¹ The manner of the Romans eating, was to lie upon beds or couches about the table; which formerly were made of plain wood, but afterwards, at great expense, adorned with tortoise-shells, pearls, and ivory.

²² The Romans copied their luxury from the Greeks; the imitation of whom was among them as fashionable as of the French among us; which occasions this saying, with so much indignation in our poet, Sat. iii.

— Non possum ferre, Quirites, Græcam Urbem.

²³ Romulus and Remus, twins, and founders of the Roman empire; whom the poets feign were nursed by a wolf: the woman's name being Lupa.

No use of silver, but in arms, was known;
Splendid they were in war, and there alone.
No sideboards, then, with gilded plate were
dress'd,
No sweating slaves with massive dishes press'd;
Expensive riot was not understood,
But earthen platters held their homely food.
Who would not envy them that age of bliss,
That sees with shame the luxury of this?
Heaven unwearied then did blessings pour,
And pitying Jove foretold each dangerous hour;
Mankind were then familiar with the god,
He snuff'd their incense with a gracious nod:
And would have still been bounteous, as of old,
Had we not left him for that idol, gold.
His golden statues²⁴ hence the god hath driven:
For well he knows, where our devotion's given,
'Tis gold we worship, though we pray to Heaven.
Woods of our own afforded tables then,
Though none can please us now but from Japan.
Invite my lord to dine, and let him have
The nicest dish his appetite can crave;
But let it on an oaken board be set,
His lordship will grow sick, and cannot eat:
Something's amiss, he knows not what to think,
Either your venison's rank, or ointments stink²⁵.
Order some other table to be brought,
Something at great expense in India bought,

²⁴ Formerly the statues of the gods were made of clay; but now of gold: which extravagance was displeasing even to the gods themselves.

²⁵ The Romans used to anoint themselves with sweet ointments, at their feasts, immediately after bathing.

Beneath whose orb large yawning panthers lie,
Carved on rich pedestals of ivory²⁶:

He finds no more of that offensive smell,
The meat recovers, and my lord grows well.
An ivory table is a certain whet;

You would not think how heartily he'll eat,
As if new vigour to his teeth were sent,
By sympathy from those of the' elephant.

But such fine feeders are no guests for me;
Riot agrees not with frugality:

Then, that unfashionable man am I,
With me they'd starve, for want of ivory:
For not one inch does my whole house afford,
Not in my very tables or chess-board;
Of bone, the handles of my knives are made,
Yet no ill taste from thence affects the blade,
Or what I carve; nor is there ever left
Any unsavoury haut-goût from the heft.

A hearty welcome to plain wholesome meat
You'll find, but served up in no formal state;
No sewers nor dexterous carvers have I got,
Such as by skilful Trypherus²⁷ are taught;
In whose famed schools the various forms appear
Of fishes, beasts, and all the fowls of the' air;
And where, with blunted knives, his scholars learn
How to dissect, and the nice joints discern;
While all the neighbourhood are with noise oppress'd,
From the harsh carving of his wooden feast.

²⁶ Ivory was in great esteem among them, and preferred to silver.

²⁷ There were in Rome professors of the art of carving; who taught publicly in schools. Of this kind, Trypherus was the most famous.

On me attends a raw unskilful lad,
On fragments fed, in homely garments clad,
At once my carver, and my Ganymede²⁸;
With diligence he'll serve us while we dine,
And in plain beechen vessels fill our wine.
No beauteous boys I keep, from Phrygia²⁹ brought,
No Catamites, by shameful Pandars taught.
Only to me two homebred youths belong,
Unskill'd in any but their mother-tongue;
Alike in feature both and garb appear,
With honest faces, though with uncurl'd hair.
This day thou shalt my rural pages see,
For I have dress'd them both to wait on thee:
Of country swains they both were born, and one
My ploughman's is, the other my shepherd's son;
A cheerful sweetness in his looks he has,
And innocence unartful in his face:
Though sometimes sadness will o'ercast the joy,
And gentle sighs break from the tender boy;
His absence from his mother oft he'll mourn,
And with his eyes look wishes to return;
Longing to see his tender kids again,
And feed his lambs upon the flowery plain:
A modest blush he wears, not form'd by art,
Free from deceit his face, and full as free his heart.
Such looks, such bashfulness, might well adorn
The cheeks of youths that are more nobly born;
But noblemen those humble graces scorn.
This youth to-day shall my small treat attend,
And only he with wine shall serve my friend;

²⁸ Cupbearer.

²⁹ Phrygia: whence pretty boys were brought to Rome, and sold publicly in the markets, to vile uses.

With wine from his own country brought, and
made

From the same vines, beneath whose fruitful shade
He and his wanton kids have often play'd.

But you, perhaps, expect a modish feast,
With amorous songs and wanton dances graced ³⁰;
When sprightly females, to the middle bare,
Trip lightly o'er the ground, and frisk in air;
Whose pliant limbs in various postures move,
And twine and bound, as in the rage of love.
Such sights, the languid nerves to action stir,
And jaded lust springs forward with this spur.
Virtue ³¹ would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
Which husbands now do with their wives behold;

³⁰ An usual part of the entertainment, when great men feasted, was to have wanton women dance after a lascivious manner.

³¹ Virtue would shrink to hear this lewdness told,
Which husbands now do with their wives behold :

These lines in Juvenal,

*Spectant hos nuptæ, juxta recubante marito,
Quod pudeat narrasse aliquem presentibus ipsis.*

in some late editions are placed nearer the latter end of this Satire; and in the order of this translation would so have followed after line 15, 16, in page 41; viz.

Such shows as these were not for us design'd,
But vigorous youth, to active sports inclined.

But I have continued them in this place after Lubin. Besides, the example of the learned Holyday for the same position, agreeing better here, in my mind, with the sense both before and after. For the Megalensian games consisting chiefly of races, and such like exercises, I cannot conceive where the extraordinary cause of shame lay in female spectators. But it was a manifest immodesty for them to lie by their husbands, and see the lewd actions of their own sex in the manner described.

A needful help, to make them both approve
The dry embraces of long-wedded love :
In nuptial cinders this revives the fire,
And turns their mutual loathing to desire.
But she, who by her sex's charter must
Have double pleasure paid, feels double lust ;
Apace she warms with an immoderate heat,
Strongly her bosom heaves, and pulses beat ;
With glowing cheeks and trembling lips she lies,
With arms expanded, and with naked thighs,
Sucking in passion both at ears and eyes.
But this becomes not me, nor my estate ;
These are the vicious follies of the great.
Let him who does on ivory tables dine,
Whose marble floors with drunken spawlings
shine ;

Let him lascivious songs and dances have :
Which, or to see or hear, the lewdest slave,
The vilest prostitute in all the stews,
With bashful indignation would refuse.
But fortune, there, extenuates the crime ;
What's vice in me is only mirth in him :
The fruits which murder, cards, or dice afford,
A vestal ravish'd, or a matron whored,
Are laudable diversions in a lord.

But my poor entertainment is design'd
To' afford you pleasures of another kind ;
Yet with your taste your hearing shall be fed,
And Homer's sacred lines and Virgil's read ;
Either of whom does all mankind excel,
Though which exceeds the other none can tell.
It matters not with what ill tone they're sung ;
Verse so sublimely good no voice can wrong.

Now then be all thy weighty cares away,
 Thy jealousies and fears; and, while you may,
 To peace and soft repose give all the day.
 From thoughts of debt, or any worldly ill,
 Be free; be all uneasy passions still.
 What though thy wife do with the morning light
 (When thou in vain hast toil'd and drudged all
 night)

Steal from thy bed and house, abroad to roam;
 And, having quench'd her flame, comes breathless
 home,

Fleck'd in her face, and with disorder'd hair,
 Her garments ruffled, and her bosom bare;
 With ears still tingling, and her eyes on fire,
 Half drown'd in sin, still burning in desire:
 Whilst you are forced to wink, and seem content,
 Swelling with passion, which you dare not vent;
 Nay, if you would be free from night alarms,
 You must seem fond, and doting on her charms,
 Take her (the last of twenty) to your arms.

Let this, and every other anxious thought,
 At the' entrance of my threshold be forgot;
 All thy domestic griefs at home be left,
 The wife's adultery, with the servant's theft;
 And (the most racking thought which can intrude)
 Forget false friends and their ingratitude.

Let us our peaceful mirth at home begin,
 While Megalensian³² shows are in the Circus³³
 seen:

³² Games in honour of Cybele, the mother of the gods. She was called *μειγάλη μήτηρ*, *Magna Mater*; and from thence these games Megalesia, or Ludi Megalenses: they began upon the 4th of April, and continued six days.

³³ The place where those games were celebrated.

There (to the bane of horses) in high state
 The Pretor²⁴ sits, on a triumphal seat:
 Vainly with ensigns and with robes adorn'd,
 As if with conquest from the wars return'd.
 This day all Rome (if I may be allow'd,
 Without offence to such a numerous crowd,
 To say all Rome) will in the Circus sweat;
 Echoes already do their shouts repeat:
 Methinks I hear the cry——' Away, away,
 The green²⁵ have won the honour of the day.'

Oh! should these sports be but one year forborne,
 Rome would in tears her loved diversion mourn;
 For that would now a cause of sorrow²⁶ yield,
 Great as the loss of Cannæ's²⁷ fatal field.
 Such shows as these were not for us design'd,
 But vigorous youth, to active sports inclined.
 On beds of roses laid, let us repose,
 While round our heads refreshing ointment flows;

²⁴ An officer not unlike our mayor or sheriff. He was to oversee these sports, and sat in great state while they were acting; to the destruction of many horses, which were spoiled in running the races.

²⁵ In running the races in the Circus, with horses in chariots, there were four distinct factions, known by their liveries: which were green, a kind of russet red, white, and blue. One of these factions was always favoured by the court, and at this time probably the green: which makes our poet fancy he hears the shouts, for joy of their party. Afterward, Domitian added too more, the golden and purple factions.

²⁶ Reflecting on the immoderate fondness the Romans had for such shows.

²⁷ A small town, near which Hannibal obtained a great victory over the Romans. In that battle were slain 40,000 men, and so many gentlemen, that he sent three bushels full of rings to Carthage, as a token of his victory.

Our aged limbs we'll bask in Phœbus' rays,
And live this day devoted to our ease.
Early to-day we'll to the bath repair,
Nor need we now the common censure³⁸ fear:
On festivals, it is allow'd no crime
To bathe, and eat, before the usual time:
But that continued would a loathing give,
Nor could you thus a week together live:
For frequent use would the delight exclude;
'Pleasure's a toil when constantly pursued.'

³⁸ See the notes at Fig. 19.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE XII.

BY MR. THOMAS POWER,

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

The Argument.

The poet invites Corvinus to assist at the performance of a sacrifice he had vowed to the gods, and was now thankfully offering up, for the safety of his friend Catullus the merchant, who with the loss of his goods had escaped the double danger of fire and water. He professes the reality of his friendship, and the sincerity of his intentions; that what he did in this nature was without any design upon Catullus, or prospect of advantage from him, who had three children to leave his estate to. And here, taking the hint, he exercises his satirical vein upon the *Hæredipetæ*, or legacy-hunters; who made their court to, and largely presented, and in their sickness sacrificed for the health of rich childless men, in hopes to be considered in their will. Among the rest he singles out one Pacuvius, a fellow very dexterous at and notorious for this practice: and concludes all with a wish for Pacuvius: which some covetous persons would think pleasant enough, but really is a curse.

THIS day's, this joyful day's solemnity,
Does with my birthdays more than equal vie;
Of grassy turfs the rural altar's rear'd,
Expect the firstlings of the flock and herd:

To royal Juno¹, and the warlike maid,
Shall in a lamb to each my vows be paid ;
A steer of the first head in the whole drove,
Reserve we sacred to Tarpeian Jove².
Forward he bounds his rope's extended length,
With pushing front: proud since he tried his
strength,
And budding horns, against an adverse oak ;
Fit for the altar, and the fatal stroke.
Were but my fortunes equal to my mind,
My bounteous love more nobly had design'd :
A bull high-fed should fall the sacrifice ;
One of Hispulla's³ huge prodigious size ;
Not one of those our neighbouring pastures feed,
But of Clitumnus'⁴ whitest sacred breed ;

¹ The queen of the gods ; so called by the poets, as being wife to Jupiter, who was the supreme deity of the Greeks and Romans. By the 'warlike maid' is meant Pallas or Minerva, the goddess of learning and war. They had their peculiar sacrifices appointed them in the rituals or books of ceremonies of the ancients : white bulls were offered to Jupiter ; white cows to Juno and Minerva. The poet, though not able to undergo the charge of so great a sacrifice, yet willing to show his devotion, and pay his vow for his friend's safe arrival, proportionable to his estate, offers to Juno an ewe lamb, another to Minerva, and to Jupiter a young bullock.

² On Mount Capitol, otherwise called the Tarpeian Hill, from the vestal virgin Tarpeia, that betrayed it to the Sabines, Jupiter had a temple, whence he was named Tarpeian and Capitoline.

³ A fat sensual lady, noted as infamous for keeping a player. Sat. vi.

⁴ A river that divides Tuscany and Umbria, whose water (as Pliny relates) makes the cows that drink of it calve their young *white* : whence the Romans, as Virgil and Claudian observe, were plentifully furnished with sacrifices for Jupiter Capitoline.

The lively tincture of whose gushing blood,
Should clearly prove the richness of his food :
A neck so strong, so large, as would demand
The speeding blow of some uncommon hand¹.

This for my friend, or more, I would perform,
Who, danger free, still trembles at the storm ;
Presenting forms so hideous to his sight,
As safety scarce allays the wild affright.

First from a cloud that heaven all o'ercast,
With glance so swift the subtle lightning pass'd,
As split the sailyards; trembling and half dead,
Each thought the blow was level'd at his head:
The flaming shrouds so dreadful did appear,
All judg'd a wreck could no proportion bear.
So fancy paints, so does the poet write,
When he would work a tempest to the height,
This danger pass'd, a second does succeed ;
Again with pity and attention heed :
No less this second, though of different kind ;
Such as, in Isis'² temple you may find
On votive tablets, to the life portray'd;
Where painters are employ'd, and earn their bread.

¹ The *grandis minister* of Juvenal, some interpret in a sense referring to the quality of the person; as if the chief pontiff, and not one of the pope's or ordinary officers, was to give the blow. But as it is unseemly to make the chief pontiff descend to so mean an office; so it is more probable, the poet meant not the dignity, but the size and strength of the person.

² The Egyptian goddess, looked upon by merchants and seamen as their patroness; to whom they made their vows in their extremity. The custom was, for those that escaped to hang upon the walls of her temple the picture of a wreck or storm, which was called a 'votive table;' and her votaries, it seems, were so numerous, that she was forced to employ a whole company of painters in her service.

What painters in their liveliest draughts express
May be a copy of my friend's distress.
For now a sea into the hold was got;
Wave upon wave another sea had wrought,
And nigh o'er set the stern on either side:
The hoary pilot his best skill applied;
But useless all when he despairing found,
Catullus then did with the winds compound.
Just as the beaver⁷, that wise thinking brute,
Who, when hard hunted on a close pursuit,
Bites off his stones, the cause of all the strife,
And pays them down a ransom for his life.
'Over with all (he cries), with all that's mine;
Without reserve I freely all resign.'
Rich garments, purple dyed in grain, go o'er;
No soft Mecænas⁸ ever choicer wore:
And others of that fleece that, never dyed
Or stain'd by art, is rich in nature's pride:
Such as its tincture from the soil does bear,
By noble springs improved, and Bætic⁹ air.

⁷ A proper simile, and good moral allusion: but the ground is wholly fabulous; and has experimentally been proved so, by Sestius, a physician, as it stands related by Pliny. Dr. Brown, in his book of 'Vulgar Errors,' says, That the testicles, properly so called, are seated inwardly upon the loins; and therefore it were not only a fruitless attempt, but an impossible act, to castrate itself: and might be a hazardous practice of art, if at all attempted by others.

⁸ Augustus's great favourite; and patron to Virgil and Horace. Juvenal here taxes him of being over soft and delicate; which Horace has done too, though covertly, and under another name.

⁹ In Bætic Spain (now Andalusia, and the best part of Granada) the sheep's fleeces are naturally of a colour betwixt red and black, resembling the purple dye; which the ancients imputed to the goodness of the air and the soil: and they put a great value on it, as we do now on the Spanish wool for its fineness.



JUVENAL.

Over with all his name, with all that name,
Without remorse I freely all renounce.

Lucan.

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Nor stopp'd he so; but over went his plate
 Made by Parthenius ¹⁰, followed by a great
 And massy goblet, a two gallon draught,
 Might set a thirsty Centaur when he quaff'd;
 Or drench the wife of Fuscus ¹¹: add to these
 Baskets of Britain ¹², rarities of Greece,
 A set of plate most artfully imboss'd;
 No less a bribe than what Olynthus ¹³ cost.
 Show me the man, that other he, would dare
 His very life and soul to gold prefer;
 Now money serves not life's most noble ends,
 But slavish life imperious wealth attends.
 Thus, most of the ship's freight went overboard:
 Yet all this waste could small relief afford;
 So fierce the storm, necessity at last
 Does loudly call to ease her of her mast:
 Hard is the case, and dangerous the distress,
 When what we would preserve we must make less.

¹⁰ A great master in the art of graving.

¹¹ Fuscus was a judge, mentioned in the last Satire, noted by Martial for a drunkard; as his wife is here put by Juvenal in the good company of Pholus the Centaur.

¹² *Bascauda*, the British word for a basket, was by the Romans made Latin. They so much fancied the baskets of our island, that they would claim the invention to themselves. *Mart. Lib. 14.*

Barbara de Pictis veni bascauda Britannis,
 Sed me jam mavult dicere Roma suam.

From British Picts the barbarous basket came;
 But now Rome gladly would the' invention claim.

¹³ A strong fortified city of Thrace; not to be taken by a storm or siege. Philip of Macedon made a considerable present of plate to Lasthenes, who was entrusted with the government of it by the Athenians; and he, being corrupted with so great a bribe, treacherously surrendered it to Philip.

Go now, go trust the wind's uncertain breath,
Removed four fingers from approaching death,
Or seven at most, when thickest is the board:
Go with provision, biscuit, brandy stored;
But if you reasonably hope to speed,
You must produce your axe in time of need.

Now when the sea grew calm, the winds were
laid,

And the pleased *Parcæ*¹⁴ spun a whiter thread;
When Fate propitious sent a gentle gale;
The shatter'd vessel, with one wretched sail,
Beside what gowns and coats her crew could lend
To help her on her course, did homeward bend:
The south wind lessening still, the sun appears,
And into lively hope converts their fears:
And now, in prospect sweet, his cheerful light
The Alban¹⁵ cliffs confesses to their sight;
Where Alba's pile *Iulus* founding rear'd,
When to Lavinium he that seat preferr'd;
And call'd it Alba, from the white sow named,
That for her thirty sucking pigs was famed.
At last within the mighty mole she gets,
Our Tuscan *Pharos*¹⁶, that the mid sea meets

¹⁴ The Destinies: they were three sisters, *Clotho*, *Lachesis*, and *Atropos*, perpetually employed in spinning. If the thread they spun was white, it was the sign of life and prosperity; if black, of death and adversity.

¹⁵ Near them was built *Alba Longa*, by *Ascanius*, who left his step-mother *Lavinia*, in the city of *Lavinium*, built by his father *Aeneas*, and called by her name. *Ascanius* called his own city *Longa*, from the long form of it; and *Alba*, from the white sow with thirty pigs sucking her, that was seen by the Trojans a little after their landing; and where the city was built, according to the command of the oracle. *VIRG.*

¹⁶ *Pharos* was a port in Egypt, famous for its watch tower, wherein were placed lights for the benefit and direction of

With its embrace, and leaves the land behind:
A work so wondrous, nature ne'er design'd.
Through it the joyful steersman clears his way,
And comes to anchor in its inmost bay;
Where smallest vessels ride, and are secured,
And the shorn sailors ¹⁷ boast what they endured.

Go then, my boys, the sacred rites prepare:
With awful silence and attention hear:
With bran the knives, with flowers the altars dress;
And in your diligence your zeal express.
I'll follow straight; and, having paid my vows,
Thence home again, where chaplets wreath the
brows

Of all my little waxen deities;
And incense shall domestic Jove appease:
My shining household gods shall revel there,
And all the colours of the violet wear.
All's right: my portal shines with verdant bays,
And consecrated tapers early blaze.

Suspect me not, Corvinus, of design;
Far be such guilt from any thought of mine:
My altars smoke not for so base an end;
Catullus, though a father, is my friend,

sailors by night. Juvenal calls the port of Ostia, where
Tyber disburdens itself into the sea, the Tuscan Pharos. It
was designed by Augustus, after the model of that in Egypt.
Claudius Cæsar (as Suetonius says) carried on, and finished
the Mole, with vast labour and charges; having for eleven
years together kept 30,000 men at work upon it. It was af-
terwards repaired by Trajan.

¹⁷ It was a custom among the ancients, when in distress at
sea, to invoke the aid of some god or other, with a solemn
vow of cutting off their hair, and offering it to him as an ac-
knowledgment to whose assistance they owed their safety.
To this St. Paul probably alludes, Acts xxvii. 34. 'There
shall not an hair of your head perish.' As if he had said,
They should not need to vow their hair; for without such a
vow, and the performance of it, they should all escape.

Nay, to that height the wicked rogue proceeds,
His Iphigenia²¹, his daughter, bleeds
If need require; though he was sure to find
No dexterous sleight to change her for a hind.
My fellow citizen I must commend,
For what's a fleet to a bequeathing friend?
For if he chance to scape this dismal bout,
The former legatees are blotted out;
Upon Pacuvius all must be conferr'd;
So great a merit claims no less reward.
Pacuvius struts it, and triumphant goes
In the dejected crowd of rival foes:
You see the fruit of his projecting brain,
In offering up his daughter to his gain.
As great as Nero's²² plunder be his store;
High, mountain high, be piled the shining ore:
Then may he life to Nestor's²³ age extend,
Nor ever be, nor ever find, a friend.

²¹ The story, in short, is this: The Grecian fleet lying wind-bound at Aulis, the oracle was consulted, and answer returned, 'No wind could be had for their purpose, unless Agamemnon, commander in chief in the expedition, would offer up his daughter Iphigenia, to appease Diana's anger, who was offended with the Greeks for killing an hind consecrated to her. Agamemnon, for the public good, brings his daughter to the altar; but the goddess, relenting, conveyed her away to the Tauric Chersonese, and substituted an hind in her place. The application of this to Pacuvius is obvious enough.

²² The prodigious sums he extorted from the provinces by unreasonable taxes, confiscations, &c. are almost incredible. He gave no office without this charge: 'Thou knowest what I want; let us make it our business, that nobody may have anything.'

²³ Grown now to a proverb; who lived, as Homer says, to complete the third age of man: the word age is an equivocal term, and diversely taken by many; but if we take it in its full extent, as it comprehends an hundred years, it will serve very well Juvenal's purpose.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE XIII.

BY MR. THOMAS CREECH,

FELLOW OF ALL SOULS COLLEGE IN OXFORD.

The Argument.

Corvinus had trusted one of his old friends and acquaintance with a bag of money; this friend denies the trust, and forswears it too. Corvinus is very much disturbed at this cheat, storms and rages, accuses Providence; and is ready to conclude, that God takes no care of things below, because some sudden and remarkable vengeance did not fall upon this perjured false wretch. Juvenal, hearing of Corvinus's loss, and unmanly behaviour, writes this Satire to him, both to comfort him after his loss, and instruct him how to bear it; and thence takes occasion to speak of the vileness and villany of his times. He begins with the condition of the wicked man, and tells him; I. That the sinner must needs hate himself; and, II. That he will be hated by all mankind: III. He puts Corvinus in mind that he hath a good estate, and that this loss will not break him: IV. and V. That a great many have suffered the like misfortunes; that cheats were common, his loss but little, and therefore not to be resented with so violent a passion. Hence, VI. He expatiates on the vileness of the times; and, VII. Compares his age with the golden one, which he tediously describes. VIII. He continues his reflections on the general wickedness of the times: IX. Makes some

observations on the confidence of some sinners: and, X. endeavours to give some account of this. He observes, that some are atheists: XI. Others believe a God, but fancy the money they get by their perjury will do them more good than the punishment he inflicts will do them harm: at least, XII. That as God is merciful, they may be pardoned or escape in the crowd of sinners: since some are forgiven, and all do not meet with punishments equal to their deserts. XIII. He corrects his friend for his atheistical passion, and rude accusations of Providence; and, XIV. Advises him to be more cool; and consider, that, XV. Such cheats are common, and he hath suffered no more than other men; and, XVI. That every day he may meet with greater crimes, which require his concernment. That, XVII. His passion is idle and fruitless; because revenge, which is the only end of passion, will do him no good, it will not retrieve his loss; and besides is an argument of a base mind and mean temper. Then coming closer to his point, he tells him, XVIII. The wicked are severely punished by their own consciences; XIX. Vengeance waits upon them: and, XX. describes the miserable life and terrible death of the wicked man. And, XXI. Closes all with observing, that few men stop at their first sin, but go on till their crimes provoke Providence: and therefore, XXII. Corvinus need not fear but this perjured friend of his would do so too, and then he should see some remarkable judgment fall upon him.

 I.

HE that commits a sin, shall quickly find¹
 The pressing guilt lie heavy on his mind;
 Though bribes or favour shall assert his cause,
 Pronounce him guiltless, and elude the laws;
 None quits himself; his own impartial thought
 Will damn, and conscience will record the fault.

¹ Some read, *Extemplo quodcumque malum, &c.*

II.

This first the wicked feels : then public hate
Pursues the cheat, and proves the villain's fate.

III.

But more Corvinus : thy estate can bear
A greater loss, and not implore thy care;
Thy stock's sufficient, and thy wealth too great
To feel the damage of a petty cheat.

IV.

Nor are such losses to the world unknown,
A rare example, and thy chance alone;
Most feel them, and in fortune's lottery lies
A heap of blanks, like this, for one small prize.

V.

Abate thy passion, nor too much complain ;
Grief should be forced, and it becomes a man
To let it rise no higher than his pain.
But you, too weak the slightest loss to bear,
Too delicate the common fate to share,
Are on the fret of passion, boil and rage,
Because, in so debauch'd and vile an age,
Thy friend, and old acquaintance, dares disown
The gold you lent him, and forswear the loan.

What, start at this ! when sixty years have spread
Their gray experience o'er thy hoary head !
Is this the all observing age could gain,
Or hast thou known the world so long in vain ?

Let stoics, ethics, haughty rules advance,
To combat fortune, and to conquer chance ;
Yet happy those, though not so learn'd, are thought,
Whom life instructs, who, by experience taught,

For new to come, from past misfortunes look ;
Nor shake the yoke which galls the more 'tis shook.

VI.

What day's so sacred, but its rest's profaned
By violent robbers, or by murders stain'd ?
Here hired assassins for their gain invade,
And treacherous poisoners urge their fatal trade.

Good men are scarce, the just are thinly sown,
They thrive but ill, nor can they last, when grown ;
And should we count them, and our store compile,
Yet Thebes more gates would show, more mouths
the Nile ².

Worse than the iron age, and wretched times
Roll on ; and use hath so improved our crimes
That baffled nature knows not how to frame
A metal base enough to give the age a name.
Yet you exclaim as loud as those that praise,
For scraps and coach hire, a young noble's plays ;
You thunder, and as passion rolls along
Call heaven and earth to witness to your wrong.

Gray-headed infant ! and in vain grown old !
Art thou to learn that in another's gold
Lie charms resistless ? That all laugh to find
Unthinking plainness so o'erspread thy mind.
That thou couldst seriously persuade the crowd
To keep their oaths, and to believe a god ?

VII.

This they could do, whilst Saturn fill'd the throne,
Ere Juno burnish'd, or young Jove was grown ;

² Thebes had but seven gates, and the river Nile but seven mouths.

Ere private he left Ida's close retreat,
Or made rebellion by example great;
And whilst his hoary sire to Latium fled,
Usurp'd his empire, and defiled his bed.
Whilst gods dined singly, and few feasts above,
No beauteous Hebe mix'd the wine with love;
No Phrygian boy: but Vulcan stain'd the pole
With sooty hands, and fill'd the sparing bowl.
Ere gods grew numerous, and the heavenly crowd
Press'd wretched Atlas with a lighter load:
Ere chance unenvied Neptune's lot confined
To rule the ocean, and oppose the wind:
Ere Proserpine with Pluto shared the throne,
Ere furies lash'd, or ghosts had learn'd to groan:
But free from punishment as free from sin,
The shades lived jolly, and without a king.
Then vice was rare; e'en rudeness, kept in awe,
Felt all the rigour of avenging law:
And had not men the hoary heads revered,
Or boys paid reverence when a man appear'd,
Both must have died, though richer skins they
wore³,
And saw more heaps of acorns in their store:
Four years advance did such respect engage,
And youth was revered then like sacred age.

VIII.

Now if one honest man I chance to view,
Contemning interest, and to virtue true;
I rank him with the prodigies of fame,
With plough'd-up fishes, and with icy flame;

³ That is, were of better quality, and had more wealth: skins and acorns being the primitive clothes and food, according to the poets.

With things which start from nature's common
rules,

With bearded infants, and with teeming mules :
As much amazed at the prodigious sign
As if I saw bees cluster'd on a shrine⁴;
A shower of stones, or rivers changed to blood,
Roll wondrous waves, or urge a milky flood.

IX.

A little sum you mourn, while most have met
With twice the loss, and by as vile a cheat :
By treacherous friends, and secret trust betray'd,
Some are undone; nor are the gods our aid.
Those conscious powers we can with ease contemn,
If, hid from men, we trust our crimes with them.

Observe the wretch who hath his faith forsook,
How clear his voice, and how assured his look !
Like innocence, and as serenely bold
As truth, how loudly he forswears thy gold !
By Neptune's trident, by the bolts of Jove,
And all the magazine of wrath above :
Nay, more, in curses he goes boldly on,
He damns himself, and thus devotes his son—
If I'm forsworn, you injured gods, renew
Thyestes' feast⁵, and prove the fable true.

X.

Some think that Chance rules all, that Nature
steers
The moving seasons, and turns round the years :
These run to every shrine, these boldly swear,
And keep no faith, because they know no fear.

⁴ If a swarm of bees pitched upon a temple, it was looked upon as an omen of some very great mischief.

⁵ Thyestes was treated with a hash made of his own son.

XI.

Another doubts, but as his doubts decline,
He dreads just vengeance, and he starts at sin;
He owns a god: and yet the wretch forswears;
And thus he reasons to relieve his fears:—
'Let Isis rage⁶, so I securely hold
The coin forsworn, and keep the ravish'd gold;
Let blindness, lameness come; are legs and eyes
Of equal value to so great a prize?
Would starving Ladas⁷, had he leave to choose
And were not frantic, the rich gout refuse?
For can the glory of the swiftest pace
Procure him food; or can he feast on praise?

XII.

'The gods take aim before they strike their blow,
Though sure their vengeance, yet the stroke is slow;
And should at every sin their thunder fly,
I'm yet secure, nor is my danger nigh:
But they are gracious, but their hands are free,
And who can tell but they may reach to me?
Some they forgive, and every age relates
That equal crimes have met unequal fates;
That sins alike, unlike rewards have found,
And whilst this villain's crucified, the other's
crown'd.'

The man that shiver'd on the brink of sin,
Thus steel'd and harden'd, ventures boldly in;

⁶ An Egyptian goddess, supposed to be much concerned in inflicting diseases and maladies on mankind.

⁷ An excellent footman, who won the prize in the Olympian games.

Dare him to swear, he with a cheerful face
 Flies to the shrine, and bids thee mend thy pace;
 He urges, goes before thee, shows the way,
 Nay, pulls thee on, and chides thy dull delay:
 For confidence in sin, when mix'd with zeal,
 Seems innocence, and looks to most as well.

XIII.

Thus like the waggish slave in —— play⁸,
 He spreads the net, and takes the easy prey.
 You rage and storm, and blasphemously loud,
 As Stentor⁹ bellowing to the Grecian crowd,
 Or Homer's Mars¹⁰, with too much warmth exclaim;
 Jove, dost thou hear, and is thy thunder tame?
 Wert thou all brass, thy brazen arm should rage,
 And fix the wretch a sign to future age:
 Else why should mortals to thy feasts repair,
 Spend useless incense, and more useless prayer?
 Bathyllus' statue¹¹ at this rate may prove
 Thy equal rival, or a greater Jove.

XIV.

Be cool, my friend, and hear my muse dispense
 Some sovereign comforts drawn from common
 sense;
 Not fetch'd from stoics' rigid schools, nor wrought
 By Epicurus' more indulgent thought;

⁸ Catullus, a dramatic poet, had written a comedy, called *Phasma*, or the Apparition; in which, it seems, there was a spirit, that answered and mocked some poor man, till it made him stretch his voice as loud as Homer's Stentor.

⁹ A famous crier in the Grecian army, whose single voice was as loud as that of fifty men together.

¹⁰ Homer says, that Mars, being wounded by Diomedes, made as great an outcry as ten thousand men shouting to the battle.

¹¹ A fiddler and a player: but put here for an idle scoundrel or insignificant fellow.

Who, led by nature, did with ease pursue [true.
The rules of life; guess'd best, though miss'd the
A desperate wound must skilful hands employ,
But thine is curable by Philip's boy¹².

XV.

Look o'er the present and the former time :
If no example of so vile a crime
Appears, then mourn; admit no kind relief,
But beat thy breast, and I applaud thy grief;
Let sorrow then appear in all her state,
Keep mournful silence, and shut fast thy gate,
Let solemn grief on money lost attend,
Greater than waits upon a dying friend;
None feigns, none acted mournings forced to show,
Or squeeze his eyes to make that torrent flow;
For money lost demands a heartier due;
Then tears are real, and the grief is true.

But if at each assize and term we try
A thousand rascals of as deep a dye;
If men forswear the deeds and bonds they draw,
Though sign'd with all formality of law,
And though the writing and the seal proclaim
The barefaced perjury, and fix the shame;
Go, fortune's darling, nor expect to bear
The common lot, but to avoid thy share!
Heaven's favourite thou, for better fates design'd
Than we the dregs and rubbish of mankind!

XVI.

This petty sinner scarce deserves thy rage,
Compared with the great villains of the age.

¹² A surgeon of no great credit and reputation.

Here hired assassins kill; there, sulphur thrown,
By treacherous hands, destroys the frightened town.
Bold sacrilege, invading things divine,
Breaks through a temple or destroys a shrine;
The reverend goblets, and the ancient plate,
Those grateful presents of a conquering state,
Or pious king; or if the shrine be poor,
The image spoils: nor is the god secure.
One seizes Neptune's beard, one Castor's crown,
Or Jove himself, and melts the thunderer down.

Here poisoners murder, there the impious son,
With whom a guiltless ape¹³ is doom'd to drown,
Prevents old age; and with a hasty blow
Cuts down his sire, and quickens fates too slow.

Yet what are these to those vast heaps of crimes,
Which make the greatest business of our times,
Which terms prolong, and which from morn to night
Amaze the juries, and the judges fright?

Attend the court, and thou shalt briefly find
In that one place the manners of mankind;
Hear the indictments, then return again,
Call thyself wretch, and if thou darest, complain.

Whom, midst the Alps, do hanging throats
surprise?

Who stares, in Germany, at watchet eyes?
Or who in Meroë, when the breast, reclined,
Hangs o'er the shoulder to the child behind,
And bigger than the boy? for wonder's lost
When things grow common, and are found in most.

When cranes invade, his little sword and shield
The pigmy takes, and straight attends the field:

¹³ The villain that killed his father was to be put into a bag with a dog, a cock, a serpent, and an ape, and thrown into the sea.

XVIII.

But why must those be thought to scape, that
feel

Those rods of scorpions, and those whips of steel,
Which conscience shakes, when she with rage
controls,

And spreads amazing terrors through their souls?

Not sharp revenge, not hell itself, can find
A fiercer torment than a guilty mind.

Which day and night doth dreadfully accuse,
Condemns the wretch, and still the charge renews.

XIX.

A trusted Spartan was inclined to cheat
(The coin look'd lovely, and the bag was great,
Secret the trust), and with an oath defend

The prize, and baffle his deluded friend:

But weak in sin, and of the gods afraid,

And not well versed in the forswearing trade,

He goes to Delphos; humbly begs advice;

And thus the priestess by command replies—

‘ Expect sure vengeance, by the gods decreed,
To punish thoughts, not yet improved to deed.’

At this he started, and forbore to swear,

Not out of conscience of the sin, but fear.

Yet plagues ensued, and the contagious sin

Destroy'd himself, and ruin'd all his kin.

Thus suffer'd he for the imperfect will

To sin, and bare design of doing ill:

For he that but conceives a crime in thought,

Contracts the danger of an actual fault:

Then what must he expect, that still proceeds

To finish sin, and work up thoughts to deeds?

XX.

Perpetual anguish fills his anxious breast,
Not stopp'd by business, nor composed by rest:
No music cheers him, and no feast can please,
He sits like discontented Damocles¹⁵;
When by the sportive tyrant wisely shown
The dangerous pleasures of a flatter'd throne.

Sleep flies the wretch; or when his care's op-
And his toss'd limbs are wearied into rest, [press'd,
Then dreams invade, the injured gods appear,
All arm'd with thunder, and awake his fear.
What frights him most, in a gigantic size,
Thy sacred image flashes in his eyes:
These shake his soul, and, as they boldly press,
Bring out his crimes, and force him to confess.
This wretch will start at every flash that flies,
Grow pale at the first murmur of the skies,
Ere clouds are form'd, and thunder roars, afraid;
And Epicurus¹⁶ can afford no aid;
His notions fail: and the destructive flame
Commission'd falls, not thrown by chance, but aim.
One clap is pass'd, and now the skies are clear,
A short reprieve but to increase his fear:
Whilst arms divine, revenging crimes, below,
Are gathering up to give the greater blow.

But if a fever fires his sulphurous blood
In every fit he feels the hand of God,

¹⁵ Damocles having very much extolled the happiness of kings, in the presence of Dionysius king of Syracuse; Dionysius invited him to dinner, placed him on a rich throne, and gave him a very splendid entertainment; but just over his head hung a sword by a hair, with the point downward.

¹⁶ A philosopher, who thought all things were by chance.

And heaven-born flame. Then drown'd in deep
He dares not offer one repenting prayer; [despair,
Nor vow one victim to preserve his breath;
Amazed he lies, and sadly looks for death:
For how can hope with desperate guilt agree?
And the worst beast is worthier life than he.

XXI.

He that once sins, like him that slides on ice,
Goes swiftly down the slippery ways of vice;
Though conscience checks him, yet, those rubs
gone o'er,
He slides on smoothly, and looks back no more.
What sinners finish where they first begin;
And with one crime content their lust to sin?
Nature, that rude, and in her first essay,
Stood boggling at the roughness of the way;
Used to the road, unknowing to return,
Goes boldly on, and loves the path when worn.

XXII.

Fear not, but pleased with this successful bait,
Thy perjured friend will quickly tempt his fate;
He will go on, until his crimes provoke
The arm divine to strike the fatal stroke:
Then thou shalt see him plunged, when least he
At once accounting for his deep arrears; [fears,
Sent to those narrow isles, which throng'd we see
With mighty exiles, once secure as he;
Drawn to the gallows, or condemn'd to chains:
Then thou shalt triumph in the villain's pains,
Enjoy his groans; and with a grateful mind
Confess, that Heaven is neither deaf nor blind.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE XIV.

BY MR. JOHN DRYDEN, JUN.

The Argument.

Since domestic examples easily corrupt our youth, the poet prudently exhorts all parents, that they themselves should abstain from evil practices : amongst which, he chiefly points at dice and gaming, taverns, drunkenness, and cruelty which they exercised upon their slaves : lest, after their pernicious example, their sons should copy them in their vices, and become gamesters, drunkards, and tyrants, les-trigons, and cannibals to their servants. For, if the father, says Juvenal, love the box and dice, the boy will be given to an itching elbow. Neither is it to be expected that the daughter of Larga the adulteress should be more continent than her mother : since we are all, by nature, more apt to receive ill impressions than good ; and are besides more pliant in our infancy and youth than when we grow up to riper years. Thus, we are more apt to imitate a Catiline than a Brutus, or the uncle of Brutus, Cato Uticensis. For these reasons, he is instant with all parents, that they permit not their children to hear lascivious words ; and that they banish pimps, whores, and parasites, from their houses. If they are careful, says the poet, when they make any invitation to their friends, that all things shall be clean, and set in order ; much more it is their duty to their children, that nothing appear corrupt or indecent in their family. Storks and vultures, because they are fed by the old ones with snakes and carrion, naturally, and without

instruction, feed on the same uncleanly diet: but the generous eaglet, who is taught by her parents to fly at hares, and souse on kids, disdains afterwards to pursue a more ignoble game. Thus the son of Centronius was prone to the vice of raising stately structures, beyond his fortune; because his father had ruined himself by building. He whose father is a Jew is naturally prone to superstition, and the observation of his country laws. From hence the poet descends to a satire against avarice, which he esteems to be of worse example than any of the former. The remaining part of the poem is wholly employed on this subject, to show the misery of this vice. He concludes, with limiting our desire of riches to a certain measure; which he confines within the compass of what hunger, and thirst, and cold, require for our preservation and subsistence: with which necessities if we are not contented, then the treasures of Croesus, of the Persian king, or of the eunuch Narcissus, who commanded both the will and the fortunes of Claudius the emperor, would not be sufficient to satisfy the greediness of our desires.

TO HIS FRIEND FUSCINUS.

FUSCINUS, those ill deeds that sully fame,
And lay such blots upon an honest name,
In blood once tainted, like a current run,
From the lewd father to the lewder son.
If gaming does an aged sire entice,
Then my young master swiftly learns the vice,
And shakes in hanging sleeves the little box and
dice.

Thus the voluptuous youth, bred up to dress,
For his fat grandsire, some delicious mess;
In feeding high, his tutor will surpass,
As heir apparent of the gourmand race.
And should a thousand grave philosophers
Be always holloing virtue in his ears,

They would, at last, their loss of time lament;
And give him o'er for glutton in descent.

Can cruel Rutilus¹, who loves the noise
Of whips far better than a Siren's voice;
Can Polyphemus², or Antiphates³, [these
Who gorge themselves with man? can such as
Set up to teach humanity, and give,
By their example, rules for us to live?
Can they preach up equality of birth,
And tell us how we all began from earth?
The' inhuman lord⁴, who, with a cruel gust,
Can a red fork in his slave's forehead thrust;
Because the' unlucky criminal⁵ was caught
With little theft of two coarse towels⁶ fraught;
Can he a son to soft remorse incite,
Whom gaols⁶, and blood, and butchery delight?
Who would expect the daughter, should be other
Than common punk, if Larga⁷ be the mother?
Whose lovers' names in order to run o'er;
The girl took breath full thirty times, and more:

¹ Some person in the poet's time, noted for his cruelty.

² Polyphemus, a famous giant with one eye, and a cannibal.

³ Antiphates, a king of the Læstrygons, who were all meat eaters. I doubt not but the Læstrygons, who were a people of Italy, learned this diet of king Saturn, when he hid himself among them; and gave this example, by making a meal of his own children.

⁴ By this lord, is still meant the same cruel Rutilus.

⁵ 'Supposed bath-rubbers.' The Romans were fond of bathers.

⁶ Country gaols, where they kept their working slaves in great numbers.

⁷ Larga, a fictitious name for some very common woman.

She, when but yet a tender minx, began
To hold the door, but now sets up for man;
And to her gallants, in her own hand-writing,
Sends billets-doux of the old bawd's inditing.
So nature prompts; so soon we go astray,
When old experience puts us in the way:
Our green youth copies what gray sinners act;
When venerable age commends the fact.

Some sons, indeed, some very few, we see
Who keep themselves from this infection free,
Whom gracious Heaven for nobler ends design'd,
Their looks erected, and their clay refined:
The rest are all by bad example led,
And in their father's slimy track they tread.
Is't not enough we should ourselves undo,
But that our children we must ruin too?
Children, like tender osiers, take the bow,
And as they first are fashion'd, always grow.
By nature, headlong to all ills we run,
And virtue, like some dreadful monster, shun.
Survey the world, and where one Cato⁸ shines,
Count a degenerate herd of Catilines⁹.

Suffer no lewdness or undecent speech
The' apartment of the tender youth to reach;
Far be from thence the glutton parasite¹⁰,
Singing his drunken catches all the night:

⁸ Cato of Utica, a Roman patriot, who slew himself rather than he would submit to Julius Cæsar.

⁹ Catiline, a plotter against the commonwealth of Rome.

¹⁰ Parasite, a Greek word; among the Romans used for a flatterer and feast-hunter. This sort of creature they slighted in those days, and used very scurvily, terming such a one an *umbra*; that is a shadow, an apparition, &c.

But further still be woman; woman first
Was evil's cause, herself of ills the worst.
Boys, e'en from parents, may this reverence claim;
For when thou dost at some vile action aim,
Say, should the harmless child withhold thy hand,
Would it not put thy fury to a stand?
Then may we not conclude the sire unjust,
Who (when his son, o'ercome with drink and lust,
Is by the censor¹¹ of good manners caught,
And suffers public penance for his fault)
Rails, and reviles, and turns him out of door,
For what himself so oft has done before?
A son so copied from his vice, so much
The very same in every little touch;
That should he not resemble too his life,
The father justly might suspect his wife.

This very reverend lecher, quite worn out
With rheumatisms, and crippled with his gout,
Forgets what he in youthful times has done,
And swings his own vices in his son.
To entertain a guest, with what a care
Would he his household ornaments prepare;
Harass his servants, and overseer stand,
To keep them working with a threatening wand:
'Clean all my plate (he cries), let not one stain
Sully the figured silver, or the plain;
Rub all the floors, make all the pillars bright,
No hanging cobwebs leave to shock the sight.'
O wretched man! is all this hurry made
On this account, because thou art afraid

¹¹ This censor of good manners was an officer of considerable power in Rome; in some respects not unlike our midnight magistrate, but not altogether so saucy.

A dirty hall or entry should offend
The curious eyes of thy invited friend?
Reform thy family: one son at home
Concerns thee more than many guests to come.
If to some useful art¹² he be not bred,
He grows mere lumber, and is worse than dead:
For what we learn in youth, to that alone
In age we are by second nature prone.
The callow storks with lizard and with snake
Are fed, and soon as e'er to wing they take,
At sight, those animals for food pursue,
The first delicious bit they ever knew.
E'en so 'tis nature in the vulture's breed,
On dogs and human carcasses to feed.
Jove's bird¹³ will souse upon the timorous hare,
And tender kids with his sharp talons tear:
Because such food was laid before him first,
When from his shell the labouring eaglet burst.
Centronius¹⁴ does high costly villas raise
With Grecian marble, which the sight amaze:
Some stand upon Cajeta's winding shore,
At Tybur's tower, and at Præneste more.

¹² The old Romans were careful to breed up their sons so that afterwards they might be useful to their country in peace or war, or ploughing the ground: *Utilis agris* (as Juvenal has it): an exercise that would break the hearts of our modern beaux.

¹³ 'Jove's bird.' The eagle; so called for the great service he did Jupiter, in bringing Ganymede, a lovely boy, on his back to him.

¹⁴ Centronius, a famous extravagant architect, who with his son (who took after him) built away all his estates; and had so many palaces at last, that he was too poor to live in any of them.

The dome of Hercules and fortune show,
 To his tall fabrics, like small cots below :
 So much his palaces o'erlook them all,
 As gelt Posides¹⁵ does our Capitol.
 His son builds on, and never is content,
 Till the last farthing is in structure spent.

The Jews, like their bigoted sires before,
 By gazing on the clouds, their god adore¹⁶ :
 So superstitious, that they'll sooner dine
 Upon the flesh of men than that of swine.
 Our Roman customs they condemn and jeer,
 But learn and keep their country rites with fear:
 That worship only they in reverence have,
 Which in dark volumes their great Moses gave.
 Ask them the road, and they shall point you
 wrong,

Because you do not to their tribe belong :
 They'll not betray a spring to quench your thirst,
 Unless you show them circumcision first.
 So they are taught, and do it to obey
 Their fathers, who observe the sabbath day.

Young men to imitate all ills are prone,
 But are compell'd to avarice alone :
 For then in virtue's shape they follow vice ;
 Because a true distinction is so nice
 That the base wretch who hoards up all he can
 Is praised, and call'd a careful thrifty man :

¹⁵ As gelt Posides, viz. The palace of the eunuch Posides.
 As in Virgil, *Jam proximus ardet—Ucalegon*.

¹⁶ Juvenal, though he was wise enough to laugh at his own
 country gods, yet had not, or would not have, a right notion
 of the true Deity ; which makes him ridicule the Jews' man-
 ner of worship.

The fabled dragon¹⁷ never guarded more
The golden fleece than he his ill got store:
What a profound respect where'er he goes
The multitude to such a monster shows?
Each father cries—' My son, example take,
And, led by this wise youth, thy fortunes make;
Who day and night ne'er ceased to toil and sweat,
Drudged like a smith, and on the anvil beat,
Till he had hammer'd out a vast estate.
Side with that sect, who learnedly deny
That e'er content was join'd with poverty;
Who measure happiness by wealth increased,
And think the moneyed man alone is bless'd.'
Parents the little arts of saving teach,
Ere sons the top of avarice can reach;
When with false weights their servants' guts they
And pinch their own to cover the deceit: [cheat,
Keep a stale crust till it looks blue, and think
Their flesh ne'er fit for eating till it stink;
The least remains of which they mince, and dress
It o'er again, to make another mess;
Adding a leek, whose every string is told,
For fear some pilfering hand should make too bold:
And with a mark distinct, seal up a dish
Of thrice-boil'd beans, and putrid summer fish.
A beggar on the bridge¹⁸ would loathe such food,
And send it to be wash'd in Tyber's flood.

¹⁷ This dragon was guardian of the golden fleece, which hung in the temple of Mars, at Colchos; and hereby hangs a tale, or a long story of Jason and Medea, with which I will not trouble you.

¹⁸ Beggars took their stations then, as they do now, in the greatest thoroughfares, which were their bridges; of which there were many over the river Tiber, in Rome.

But, to what end these ways of sordid gain?
It shows a manifest unsettled brain,
Living, to suffer a low starving fate,
In hopes of dying in a wealthy state.
For, as thy strutting bags with money rise,
The love of gain is of an equal size.
Kind fortune does the poor man better bless,
Who though he has it not, desires it less.
One villa therefore is too little thought;
A larger farm at a vast price is bought:
Uneasy still within these narrow bounds,
Thy next design is on thy neighbour's grounds:
His crop invites, to full perfection grown,
Thy own seems thin, because it is thy own:
The purchase therefore is demanded straight,
And if he will not sell, or makes thee wait,
A team of oxen in the night are sent
(Starved for the purpose, and with labour spent)
To take free quarter, which in one half hour
The pains and product of a year devour:
Then, some are basely bribed to vow, it looks
Most plainly done by thieves with reaping-hooks
Such mean revenge, committed underhand,
Has ruin'd many an acre of good land.
What if men talk, and whispers go about,
Pointing the malice and its author out?
He values not what they can say or do;
For who will dare a moneyed man to sue?
Thus he would rather cursed and envied be
Than loved and praised in honest poverty.

But to possess a long and happy life,
Freed from diseases, and secure from strife;

Give me, ye gods, the product of one field,
As large as that which the first Romans till'd";
That so I neither may be rich nor poor,
And having just enough, not covet more.

'Twas then, old soldiers cover'd o'er with scars
(The marks of Pyrrhus²⁰, or the Punic wars"),
Thought all past services rewarded well,
If to their share at last two acres fell;
(Their country's frugal bounty); so of old
Was blood and life at a low market sold.

Yet, then, this little spot of earth well till'd,
A numerous family with plenty fill'd;
The good old man and thrifty housewife spent
Their days in peace, and fatten'd with content,
Enjoy'd the dregs of life, and lived to see
A long descending healthful progeny.
The men were fashion'd in a larger mould;
The women fit for labour, big and bold.
Gigantic hinds, as soon as work was done,
To their huge pots of boiling pulse would run:
Fell to, with eager joy, on homely food;
And their large veins beat strong with wholesome
blood.

Of old, two acres were a bounteous lot,
Now, scarce they serve to make a garden plot.

¹⁹ The field of Mars, or Campus Martius, which was the greatest part of the Roman empire, when in its infancy under Romulus, and Tatius the Sabine, his copartner; admitted for the sake of the fair ladies he brought with him.

²⁰ Pyrrhus, king of the Epirots, a formidable enemy to the Romans, though at last overcome by them. He died a very little death (as it is the fate of some heroes) being martyred by the fall of a tile from a house.

²¹ Wars against the Carthaginians.

From hence the greatest part of ills descend,
When lust of getting more will have no end:
That, still, our weaker passions does command,
And puts the sword and poison in our hand.
Who covets riches cannot brook delay,
But spurs, and bears down all that stops his way:
Nor law, nor checks of conscience, will he hear,
When in hot scent of gain, and full career.

But hark, how ancient Marsus²² did advise;
My sons, let these small cots and hills suffice:
Let us the harvest of our labour eat;
'Tis labour makes the coarsest diet sweet:
Thus much to the kind rural gods we owe,
Who pitied suffering mortals long ago;
When on harsh acorns²³ hungrily they fed,
And gave them nicer palates, better bread.
The country peasant meditates no harm,
When clad with skins of beasts to keep him warm,
In winter weather, unconcern'd he goes,
Almost knee deep through mire, in clumsy shoes.
Vice dwells in palaces, is richly dress'd,
There glows in scarlet, and the Tyrian vest.
The wiser ancients these instructions gave:
But now a covetous old crafty knave,
At dead of night shall rouse his son, and cry,
' Turn out, you rogue, how like a beast you lie:
Go, buckle to the law; is this an hour
To stretch your limbs? You'll ne'er be chancellor.

²² Marsus, a thrifty husbandman, from whom the Marsi were so called; a laborious people, some fifteen miles distant from Rome.

²³ Mankind fed on acorns till Ceres, the goddess of corn, instructed them to sow grain.

Or else yourself to Lælius recommend,
To such broad shoulders Lælius²⁴ is a friend :
Fight under him, there's plunder to be had,
A captain is a very gainful trade :
And when in service your best days are spent,
In time you may command a regiment.
But if the trumpet's clangor you abhor,
And dare not be an alderman of war ;
Take to a shop, behind a counter lie,
Cheat half in half ; none thrive by honesty :
Never reflect upon the sordid ware
Which you expose ; be gain your only care.
He that grows rich by scouring of a sink,
Gets wherewithal to justify the stink.
This sentence, worthy Jove himself, record
As true, and take it on a poet's word :
' To' have money is a necessary task,
From whence 'tis got the world will never ask.'

Taught by their nurses, little children get
This saying sooner than their alphabet.
What care a father takes to teach his son,
With ill timed industry, to be undone !
Leave him to nature, and you'll quickly find
The tender cockeril takes just after kind :
The forward youth will without driving go,
And learn to' outshoot you in your proper bow,
As much as Ajax his own sire excell'd,
And was the brawnier blockhead in the field.
Let nature in the boy but stronger grow,
And all the father soon itself will show.
When first the down appears upon his chin,
For a small sum he swears through thick and thin ;

²⁴ Some general officer in the Roman army.

At Ceres' altar vents his perjury,
And blasts her holy image with a lie :
If a rich wife he marries, in her bed
She's found, by dagger, or by poison, dead !
While merchants make long voyages by sea,
To get estates, he cuts a shorter way ;
In mighty mischiefs little labour lies :
' I never counsel'd this,' the father cries.
But still, base man, he copied this from thee ;
Thine was the prime, original villany.
For he who covets gain to such excess
Does by dumb signs himself as much express
As if in words at length he show'd his mind ;
Thy bad example made him sin, by kind.
But how can youth, let loose to vice, restrain ?
When once the hard-mouth'd horse has got the rein,
He's past thy power to stop : young Phaëton,
By the wild courses of his fancy drawn,
From east to north, irregularly hurl'd,
First set on fire himself, and then the world.

Astrologers assure long life, you say ?—
Your son can tell you better much than they ;
Your son and heir, whose hopes your life delay.
Poison will work against the stars : beware ;
For every meal an antidote prepare :
And let Archigenes some cordial bring
Fit for a wealthy father, or a king.

What sight more pleasant in his public shows,
Did ever pretor on the stage expose,
Than are such men as every day we see,
Whose chief mishap, and only misery,
Is to be overstock'd with ready coin, [shrine²⁵ ;
Which now they bring to watchful Castor's

²⁵ Not that the shrine was secured by the care of the god Castor ; for Juvenal knew their gods could have no such thing

Since Mars, whom we the great revenger call,
Lost his own helmet, and was stripp'd of all.
'Tis time dull theatres we should forsake,
When busy men much more diversion make.
The tumbler's gambols some delight afford,
No less the nimble caperer on the cord ;
But these are still insipid stuff to thee,
Coop'd in a ship, and toss'd upon the sea.
Base wretch ! exposed by thy own covetous mind
To the deaf mercy of the waves and wind.
The dancer on the rope, with doubtful tread,
Gets wherewithal to clothe and buy him bread,
Nor covets more than hunger to prevent ;
But nothing less than millions thee content :
What shipwrecks and dead bodies choke the sea ;
The numerous fools that were betray'd by thee !
For at the charming call of powerful gain,
Whole fleets equipp'd, appear upon the main ;
And spite of Libyan and Carpathian²⁶ gale,
Beyond the limits of known earth they sail.
A labour worth the while, at last to brag
(When safe return'd, and with a strutting bag)
What finny seagods thou hast had in view,
More than our lying poets ever knew.
What several madnesses in men appear !
Orestes²⁷ runs from fancied furies here ;

as care ; but it was lined with a strong guard of soldiers, who had an eye to their god as well as their moneys, lest he should be stolen, or unrigged, as Mars was. Our poet calls him ' watchful Castor ' jeeringly.

²⁶ ' Libyan and Carpathian gale.' The first a south-west ; the latter (as we term it at sea) a strong Levant.

²⁷ Orestes, said to be haunted by Furies, for killing his mother Clytemnestra, the wife of Agamemnon.

Ajax²⁸ belabours there an harmless ox,
 And thinks that Agamemnon feels the knocks.
 Nor is indeed that man less mad than these,
 Who freights a ship to venture on the seas;
 With one frail interposing plank to save
 From certain death, roll'd on by every wave:
 Yet silver makes him all this toil embrace,
 Silver, with titles stamp'd, and a dull monarch's
 face.

When gathering clouds o'ershadow all the skies,
 And shoot quick lightnings, ' Weigh, my boys (he
 cries):

A summer's thunder, soon it will be pass'd!
 Yet, hardy fool, this night may prove thy last:
 When thou (thy ship o'erwhelm'd with waves) shalt
 Forced to plunge naked in the raging sea; [be
 Thy teeth hard press'd, a purse full of dear gold,
 The last remains of all thy treasure, hold.

Thus he——

Whose sacred hunger, all the stores that lie
 In yellow Tagus²⁹ could not satisfy;
 Does now in tatter'd clothes, at some lane's end,
 A painted storm, for charity, extend.

With care and trouble great estates we gain;
 When got, we keep them with more care and pain.
 Rich Licinus's³⁰ servants ready stand,
 Each with a water-bucket in his hand,
 Keeping a guard, for fear of fire, all night;
 Yet Licinus is always in a fright.

²⁸ Ajax, the son of Telamon, who ran mad because Agamemnon gave the armour of Achilles from him to Ulysses.

²⁹ Tagus, a river in Spain, said to be full of gold sand. This Tagus has lost its good qualities time out of mind, or the Spaniards have coined it dry: for now they fetch their gold from the Indies, and then other nations fetch it from them.

³⁰ Some noted rich man in Rome.

His curious statues, amber-works, and plate,
Still fresh increasing pangs of mind create.
The naked Cynic's³¹ jar ne'er flames; if broken
'Tis quickly solder'd, or a new bespoken.

When Alexander first beheld the face
Of the great Cynic in that narrow space;
His own condition thus he did lament:
'How much more happy thou, that art content
To live within this little hole, than I
Who after empire, that vain quarry, fly;
Grappling with dangers wheresoe'er I roam,
While thou hast all the conquer'd world at home.'

Fortune a goddess is to fools alone,
The wise are always masters of their own.
If any ask me what would satisfy
To make life easy; thus I would reply:—
As much as keeps out hunger, thirst, and cold,
Or what contented Socrates³² of old:
As much as made wise Epicurus bless'd,
Who in small gardens spacious realms possess'd;
This is what nature's wants may well suffice:
He that would more is covetous, not wise.
But since among mankind so few there are
Who will conform to philosophic fare;
Thus much I will indulge thee for thy ease,
And mingle something of our times to please:
Therefore enjoy a plentiful estate,
As much as will a knight of Rome create

³¹ 'Naked Cynic.' Diogenes, a snarling dog-philosopher (for there have been dog-philosophers as well as poets in doggerel).

³² Socrates and Epicurus, two wise philosophers, contented with the bare necessities of life: the first of these was esteemed the best moral philosopher; the latter, the best natural.

By Roscian law³³: and if that will not do,
Double, and take as much as will make two:
Nay, three; to satisfy the last desire:
But if to more than this thou dost aspire;
Believe me, all the riches of the east,
The wealth of Cræsus cannot make thee bless'd
The treasure Claudius³⁴ to Narcissus gave,
Would make thee, Claudius like, an errant slave
Who to obey his mighty minion's will,
Did his loved empress Messalina kill.

³³ 'Roscian law;' so called from Roscius Otho, Tribune of the People; who made a law, that none should sit in the fourteen first seats of the theatre, unless they were worth 40 sestertertiums *per annum*; that is, above 3000*l.* of our money and these were esteemed noblemen, *ipso facto*.

³⁴ Claudius, the fifth Cæsar, who had no better luck in wife than his predecessors, Julius and Augustus, and most of the great men in history.

JUVENAL.

SATIRE XV.

BY MR. TATE.

The Argument.

In this Satire against the superstition and cruelty of the Egyptians it is probable our author had his old friend Crispinus (who was of that country) in his eye; and to whom he had paid his respects more than once before. The scene is now removed from Rome, which shows our author a professed enemy to vice wheresoever he meets with it. But if by the change of place his subject and performance in this Satire be (as some think) more barren than in his others (the people being obscure and mean rabble, whose barbarous fact he relates); we find in it, however, sprinklings of the same moral sentiments and reflections that adorn the rest.

How Egypt, mad with superstition grown,
Makes gods of monsters, but too well is known:
One sex devotion to Nile's serpent¹ pays;
Others to Ibis², that on serpents preys.

¹ The crocodile.

² A sort of bird in those parts, that is a great destroyer of serpents.

Where, Thebes³, thy hundred gates lie unrepair'd,
 And where maim'd Memnon's⁴ magic harp is heard,
 Where these are mouldering, let the sots combine
 With pious care a monkey to enshrine!
 Fish-gods you'll meet, with fins and scales o'er-
 grown;
 Diana's dogs adored in every town;
 Her dogs have temples, but the goddess none!
 'Tis mortal sin an onion to devour,
 Each clove of garlic is a sacred power.
 Religious nations sure, and bless'd abodes,
 Where every orchard is o'errun with gods!
 To kill, is murder; sacrilege to eat
 A kid or lamb,—man's flesh is lawful meat!
 Of such a practice when Ulysses⁵ told,
 What think you? Could Alcinoüs' guests withhold
 From scorn or rage? 'Shall we (cries one) permit
 This lewd romancer, and his bantering wit?
 Nor on Charybdis' rock beat out his brains,
 Or send him to the Cyclops whom he feigns?
 Of Scylla's dogs, and stranger flams than these,
 Cyanè's rocks⁶ that justle in the seas,

³ Thebes, in Bœotia, had seven gates; this in Egypt an hundred, and therefore called Hecatompylus.

⁴ This colossus, or marble statue of Memnon, held a harp in its hand, which uttered musical sounds when struck by the beams of the rising sun; which Strabo tells us, that he both saw and heard; but confesses he is not able to assign a cause. He adds that one half of this statue was fallen in an earthquake; from which mutilation and continuance of the strange sounds (supposed to proceed from magic), our author says, *Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ*.

⁵ Homer introduces Ulysses shipwrecked at the island Corcyra, and treated by Alcinoüs, who there reigned king of the Phæacians; at whose table he recited the following passages.

⁶ The Symplegades, two rocks in the mouth of the Bospho-

Of winds in bags (for mirth sake) let him tell,
And of his mates turn'd swine by Circè's spell;
But men to eat men, human faith supasses :
This traveller takes us islanders for asses.'
Thus the incredulous Phæac (having yet
Drank but one round) replied in sober fret.
Nor without reason truly, since the board
(For proof of the' fact) had but Ulysses' word.
What I relate's more strange, and e'en exceeds
All registers of purple tyrants' deeds :
Portentous mischiefs they but singly act,
A multitude conspired to this more horrid fact.
Prepare, I say, to hear of such a crime
As tragic poets, since the birth of time,
Ne'er feign'd, a thronging audience to amaze;
But true, and perpetrated in our days.

Ombus and Tentyr, neighbouring towns, of late
Broke into outrage of deep fester'd hate.
A grudge in both, time out of mind, begun,
And mutually bequeath'd from sire to son.
Religious spite and pious spleen bred first
This quarrel, which so long the bigots nursed.
Each calls the other's god a senseless stock,
His own, divine; though from the selfsame block
One carver framed them, differing but in shape;
A serpent this resembling, that an ape.

The Tentyrites, to execute their crime
Think none so proper as a sacred time,
Which call'd the' Ombites forth to public rites :
Seven days they spent in feasts, seven sleepless
nights.

rus, which, being at like distance from each other, seem to
strike upon one another, as the sailors pass by them.

(For scoundrels as these wretched Ombites be,
Canopus⁷ they exceed in luxury)
Them reveling thus the Tentyrites invade,
By giddy heads and staggering legs betray'd :
Strange odds ! where crop-sick drunkards must en-
A hungry foe, and arm'd with sober rage. [gape
At first both parties in reproaches jar,
And make their tongues the trumpets of the war.
Words break no bones, and in a railing fray
Women and priests can be as stout as they.
Words serve but to inflame our warlike lists,
Who, wanting weapons, clutch their horny fists ;
Yet thus make shift to' exchange such furious
blows,

Scarce one escapes with more than half a nose.
Some stand their ground with half their visage
But with the remnant of a face fight on. [gone,
Such transform'd spectacles of horror grow,
That not a mother her own son would know.
One eye, remaining, for the other spies,
Which now on earth a trampled jelly lies.
Yet, hitherto, both parties think the fray
But mockery of war, mere children's play : [meet,
Though traversing, with streams of blood they
They tread no carcass yet beneath their feet :
And scandal think't to have none slain outright,
Between two hosts that for religion fight.

This whets their rage to search for stones as large
As they could lift, or with both hands discharge :
Not (altogether) of a size, if match'd
With those which Ajax once, or Turnus, snatch'd
For their defence, or by Tydides thrown,
That brush'd Æneas' crest, and struck him down ;

⁷ A city in Egypt, infamous for riots and debauchery.

Of weight would make two men strain hard to raise,
 Such men as lived in honest Homer's⁸ days:
 Whom giants yet to us we must allow,
 Dwindled into a race of pigmies now;
 The mirth and scorn of gods that see us fight,
 Such little wasps, and yet so full of spite:
 For bulk mere insects, yet in mischief strong,
 And spent so ill, our short life's much too long!

Fresh forces now of Tentyrites, from town,
 With swords and darts, to aid their friends, come
 Who with fleet arrows, level'd from afar, [down.
 Ere they themselves approach'd, secure the war.
 Hard set before, what could the Ombites do?
 They fly; their pressing foes as fast pursue.
 An Ombite wretch (by headlong haste betray'd,
 And falling down in the' rout) is prisoner made;
 Whose flesh torn off by lumps, the ravenous foe
 In morsels cut, to make it further go;
 His bones clean pick'd, his very bones they gnaw;
 No stomach's balk'd because the corpse is raw.
 'T had been lost time to dress him—keen desire
 Supplies the want of kettle, spit, and fire.
 Prometheus' ghost is sure o'erjoy'd to see
 His heaven-stolen fire from such disaster free:
 Nor seems the sparkling element less pleased
 than he).

The guests are found too numerous for the treat;
 But all, it seems, who had the luck to eat,
 Swear they ne'er tasted more delicious meat.
 They swear, and such good palates you should
 trust;

Who doubts the relish of the first free gust?

⁸ Alluding to that passage of Homer, in the *Iliad*, 'Ο ἰ δόο
 γ' ἀνδρῶν φέρονται, οἷοι νῦν βροτοὶ εἶναι'.

Since one who had in the' rear excluded been,
And could not for a taste of the' flesh come in,
Licks the soil'd earth; which he thinks full as good,
While reeking with a mangled Ombite's blood.

The Vascons⁹ once with man's flesh (as 'tis said)
Kept life and soul together.—Grant they did,
Their case was different; with long siege distress'd,
And all extremities of war oppress'd.

(For miserable to the last degree,

The' excuse of such a practice ought to be).

With creatures, vermin, herbs, or weeds sustain'd,

While creatures, vermin, herbs, or weeds remain'd;

Till to such meagre spectacles reduced

As e'en compassion in the foe produced :

Acquitted by the manes of the dead,

And ghosts of carcasses on which they fed.

By Zeno's¹⁰ doctrine we are taught, 'tis true,

For life's support no harmful thing to do :

But Zeno never to the Vascons read

('Tis since their days that civil arts have spread :

'Twas lately British lawyers, from the Gaul,

Learn'd to harangue, and eloquently bawl.

Thulè hopes next to' improve her northern style,

And plant, where yet no spring did ever smile,

With flowers of rhetoric her frozen isle).

That brave the Vascons were, we must confess,

Who fortitude preserved in such distress;

Yet not the brightest their example shines,

Eclipsed by the more noble Saguntines¹¹;

⁹ In the town Caligulis, besieged by Metellus.

¹⁰ The principal of the Stoics.

¹¹ The Confederates of Rome, who being besieged by Hannibal for eight months, and having suffered all extremities, at

Who both the foe and famine to beguile,
For dead and living raised one common pile.

Mæotis first did impious rites devise,
Of treating gods with human sacrifice:
But savage Egypt's cruelty exceeds [bleeds,
The Scythian shrine¹²; where, though the captive
Secure of burial when his life is fled,
The murdering knife's thrown by, when once the
victim's dead.

Did famine to this monstrous fact compel,
Or did the miscreants try this conjuring spell,
In time of drought to make the Nile to swell?
Amongst the rugged Cimbrians, or the race
Of Gauls, or fiercer Tartars, can you trace
An outrage of revenge like this pursued
By an effeminate scoundrel multitude?
Whose utmost daring is to cross the Nile
In painted boats, to fright the crocodile.
Can men, or more resenting gods, invent,
Or hell inflict, proportion'd punishment
On varlets, who could treat revenge and spite
With such a feast, as famine's self would fright?

Compassion proper to mankind appears;
Which Nature witness'd, when she lent us tears:
Of tender sentiments we only give
Those proofs: to weep is our prerogative;
To show, by pitying looks and melting eyes,
How with a suffering friend we sympathize!

last erected one great pile, in which they burned themselves
with their dead, as also all their goods, to leave the enemy no
plunder.

¹² The temple of Diana Tauricæ, where they sacrificed
strangers.

Nay, tears will e'en from a wrong'd orphan slide,
When his false guardian at the bar is tried :
So tender, so unwilling to accuse,
So oft the roses on his cheek bedews,
So soft his tresses, fill'd with trickling pearl,
You'd doubt his sex, and take him for a girl.
By' impulse of nature (though to us unknown
The party be) we make the loss our own;
And tears steal from our eyes, when in the street
With some betrothed virgin's herse we meet;
Or infant funeral from the cheated womb
Convey'd to earth, and cradled in a tomb.
Who can all sense of others' ills escape
Is but a brute, at best, in human shape.
This natural piety did first refine
Our wit, and raised our thoughts to things divine :
This proves our spirit of the gods' descent,
While that of beasts is prone and downward bent.
To them but earthborn life they did dispense;
To us, for mutual aid, celestial sense :
From straggling mountaineers, for public good
To rank in tribes, and quit the savage wood,
Houses to build, and them contiguous make,
For cheerful neighbourhood and safety's sake :
In war, a common standard to erect,
A wounded friend in battle to protect;
The summons take of the same trumpet's call
To sally from one port, or man one public wall.
But serpents now more amity maintain !
From spotted skins the leopard does refrain :
No weaker lion's by a stronger slain :
Nor from his larger tusks, the forest boar
Commission takes his brother swine to gore :

Tiger with tiger, bear with bear you'll find
In leagues offensive and defensive join'd.
But lawless man the anvil dares profane,
And forged that steel by which a man is slain!
Which earth, at first, for ploughshares did afford,
Nor yet the smith had learn'd to form a sword.
An impious crew we have beheld, whose rage
Their enemies' very life could not assuage,
Unless they banquet on the wretch they slew,
Devour the corpse, and lick the blood they drew!
What think you would Pythagoras have said
Of such a feast, or to what desert fled,
Who flesh of animals refused to eat,
Nor held all sorts of pulse for lawful meat?

JUVENAL.

SATIRE XVI.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

The Argument.

The poet in this Satire proves that the condition of a soldier is much better than that of a countryman : first, because a countryman, however affronted, provoked, and struck himself, dares not strike a soldier, who is only to be judged by a court martial : and by the law of Camillus, which obliges him not to quarrel without the trenches, he is also assured to have a speedy hearing, and quick dispatch. Whereas, the townsman or peasant is delayed in his suit by frivolous pretences, and not sure of justice when he is heard in the court. The soldier is also privileged to make a will, and to give away his estate, which he got in war, to whom he pleases ; without consideration of parentage or relations, which is denied to all other Romans. This Satire was written by Juvenal when he was a commander in Egypt. It is certainly his, though I think it not finished : and if it be well observed, you will find he intended an invective against a standing army.

WHAT vast prerogatives, my Gallus, are
Accruing to the mighty man of war !
For, if into a lucky camp I light,
Though raw in arms, and yet afraid to fight ;
Befriend me, my good stars, and all goes right.

One happy hour is to a soldier better
Than mother Juno's ¹ recommending letter,
Or Venus, when to Mars she would prefer
My suit, and own the kindness done to her.

See what our common privileges are:
As, first, no saucy citizen shall dare
To strike a soldier, nor, when struck, resent
The wrong, for fear of further punishment:
Not though his teeth are beaten out, his eyes
Hang by a string, in bumps his forehead rise,
Shall he presume to mention his disgrace,
Or beg amends for his demolish'd face.
A booted judge shall sit to try his cause,
Not by the statute, but by martial laws;
Which old Camillus' ² order'd, to confine
The brawls of soldiers to the trench and line:
A wise provision! and from thence 'tis clear
That officers a soldier's cause should hear:
And taking cognizance of wrongs received,
An honest man may hope to be relieved,
So far 'tis well: but with a general cry,
The regiment will rise in mutiny,
The freedom of their fellow rogue demand,
And, if refused, will threaten to disband.
Withdraw thy action, and depart in peace;
The remedy is worse than the disease:

¹ Juno was mother to Mars, the god of war. Venus was his mistress.

² Camillus (who being first banished by his ungrateful countrymen the Romans, afterwards returned, and freed them from the Gauls) made a law, which prohibited the soldiers from quarreling without the camp; lest, upon that pretence, they might happen to be absent, when they ought to be on duty.

This cause is worthy him³, who in the hall
Would for his fee and for his client bawl:
But wouldest thou, friend, who hast two legs alone
(Which, Heaven be praised, thou yet mayst call
thy own),

Wouldest thou to run the gauntlet these expose
To a whole company of hob-nail'd shoes⁴?
Sure the good breeding of wise citizens
Should teach them more good nature to their shins.

Besides, whom canst thou think so much thy
friend,

Who dares appear thy business to defend?
Dry up thy tears, and pocket up the' abuse,
Nor put thy friend to make a bad excuse:
The judge cries out, 'Your evidence produce.'
Will he who saw the soldier's mutton-fist,
And saw thee maul'd, appear within the list,
To witness truth? When I see one so brave:
The dead, think I, are risen from the grave;
And with their long spade beards, and matted hair,
Our honest ancestors are come to take the air.
Against a clown, with more security,
A witness may be brought to swear a lie,
Than, though his evidence be full and fair,
To vouch a truth against a man of war.

More benefits remain, and claim'd as rights,
Which are a standing army's perquisites.
If any rogue vexatious suits advance
Against me, for my known inheritance;

³ The poet names a Modenese lawyer, whom he calls Vagellius; who was so impudent that he would plead any cause, right or wrong, without shame or fear.

⁴ The Roman soldiers wore plates of iron under their shoes, or stuck them with nails; as countrymen do now.

Enter by violence my fruitful grounds,
Or take the sacred landmark from my bounds;
Those bounds which, with possession and with
prayer,

And offer'd cakes⁵, have been my annual care;
Or if my debtors do not keep their day,
Deny their hands, and then refuse to pay;
I must with patience all the terms attend,
Among the common causes that depend,
Till mine is call'd; and that long look'd for day
Is still encumber'd with some new delay.
Perhaps the cloth of state⁶ is only spread,
Some of the quorum may be sick abed;
That judge is hot, and doffs his gown, while this
O'er night was bousy, and goes out to piss:
So many rubs appear, the time is gone
For hearing, and the tedious suit goes on:
But buff and belt-men never know these cares,
No time, nor trick of law, their action bars:
Their cause they to an easier issue put:
They will be heard, or they lug out and cut.

Another branch of their revenue still
Remains, beyond their boundless right to kill;
Their father⁷ yet alive, impower'd to make a will.

⁵ Landmarks were used by the Romans almost in the same manner as now: and as we go once a year in procession about the bounds of parishes, and renew them, so they offered cakes upon the stone, or landmark.

⁶ The courts of judicature were hung, and spread, as with us; but spread only before the hundred judges were to sit, and judge public causes, which were called by lot.

⁷ The Roman soldiers had the privilege of making a will, in their father's lifetime, of what they had purchased in the wars, as being no part of their patrimony. By this will, they had power of excluding their own parents, and giving the estates

For what their prowess gain'd, the law declares
Is to themselves alone, and to their heirs :
No share of that goes back to the begetter,
But if the son fights well, and plunders better,
Like stout Coranus, his old shaking sire
Does a remembrance in his will desire ;
Inquisitive of fights, and longs in vain
To find him in the number of the slain :
But still he lives, and, rising by the war,
Enjoys his gains, and has enough to spare :
For 'tis a noble general's prudent part
To cherish valour, and reward desert ;
Let him be daub'd with lace, live high, and
whore ;
Sometimes be lousy, but be never poor.

so gotten to whom they pleased : therefore, says the poet,
Coranus (a soldier contemporary with Juvenal, who had
raised his fortune by the wars) was courted by his own father
to make him his heir.

THE
SATIRES
OF
AULUS PERSIUS FLACCUS.
TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN
BY
MR. DRYDEN.



TO
MR. DRYDEN,
ON HIS
TRANSLATION OF PERSIUS.

As when, of old, heroic story tells
Of knights imprison'd long by magic spells,
Till future time the destined hero send,
By whom the dire enchantment is to end;
Such seems this work, and so reserved for thee,
Thou great revealer of dark poesy.

Those sullen clouds, which have for ages past
O'er Persius' too long suffering muse been cast,
Disperse, and fly before thy sacred pen;
And, in their room, bright tracks of light are
seen.

Sure Phœbus' self thy swelling breast inspires,
The god of music and poetic fires:
Else, whence proceeds this great surprise of light?
How dawns this day forth from the womb of night?

Our wonder, now, does our past folly show,
Vainly contemning what we did not know:
So unbelievers impiously despise
The sacred oracles in mysteries.
Persius, before, in small esteem was had,
Unless what to antiquity is paid;

But like Apocrypha, with scruple read
(So far our ignorance our faith misled),
Till you, Apollo's darling priest, thought fit
To place it in the poet's sacred writ.

As coin which bears some awful monarch's
face,

For more than its intrinsic worth will pass;
So your bright image, which we here behold,
Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold.
To you we all this following treasure owe,
This Hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.

Old stoic virtue, clad in rugged lines,
Polish'd by you, in modern brilliant shines:
And as before, for Persius, our esteem
To his antiquity was paid, not him;
So now, whatever praise from us is due,
Belongs not to old Persius, but the new.
For still obscure, to us no light he gives;
Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.

So stubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
Till art and force the' unwilling sparks reveal;
But through your skill, from those small seeds
of fire

Bright flames arise, which never can expire.

WILL. CONGREVE.

PERSIUS.

SATIRE I.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

Argument of the Prologue.

The Design of the author was to conceal his name and quality. He lived in the dangerous times of the tyrant Nero; and aims particularly at him in most of his Satires: for which reason, though he was a Roman knight, and of a plentiful fortune, he would appear in this Prologue but a beggarly poet, who writes for bread. After this, he breaks into the business of the first Satire, which is chiefly to decry the poetry then in fashion, and the impudence of those who were endeavouring to pass their stuff upon the world.

PROLOGUE.

I NEVER did on cleft Parnassus' dream,
Nor taste the sacred Heliconian stream;
Nor can remember when my brain, inspired,
Was by the Muses into madness fired.

¹ Parnassus and Helicon were hills consecrated to the Muses; and the supposed place of their abode. Parnassus was forked on the top; and from Helicon ran a stream, the spring of which was called the Muses' Well.

My share in pale Pyrenè² I resign,
 And claim no part in all the mighty Nine.
 Statues, with winding ivy crown'd³, belong
 To nobler poets, for a nobler song:
 Heedless of verse, and hopeless of the crown,
 Scarce half a wit, and more than half a clown,
 Before the shrine⁴ I lay my rugged numbers
 down.

Who taught the parrot human notes to try,
 Or with a voice endued the chattering pie?
 'Twas witty want, fierce hunger to appease:
 Want taught their masters, and their masters
 these.

Let gain, that gilded bait, be hung on high,
 The hungry witlings have it in their eye:
 Pies, crows, and daws poetic presents bring;
 You say they squeak; but they will swear they
 sing.

² Pyrenè, a fountain in Corinth; consecrated also to the Muses.

³ The statues of the poets were crown'd with ivy about their brows.

⁴ 'Before the shrine;' that is, before the shrine of Apollo, in his temple at Rome, called the Palatine.

SATIRE I.

The Argument.

I need not repeat, that the chief aim of the author is against bad poets in this Satire : but I must add, that he includes also bad orators, who began at that time (as Petronius in the beginning of his book tells us) to enervate manly eloquence by tropes and figures, ill placed and worse applied. Amongst the poets Persius covertly strikes at Nero ; some of whose verses he recites with scorn and indignation. He also takes notice of the noblemen and their abominable poetry, who in the luxury of their fortune set up for wits and judges. The Satire is in dialogue, betwixt the author and his friend or monitor ; who dissuades him from this dangerous attempt of exposing great men. But Persius, who is of a free spirit, and has not forgotten that Rome was once a commonwealth, breaks through all those difficulties, and boldly arraigns the false judgment of the age in which he lives. The reader may observe that our poet was a Stoic philosopher ; and that all his moral sentences, both here, and in all the rest of his Satires, are drawn from the dogmas of that sect.

DIALOGUE BETWIXT THE POET AND HIS FRIEND, OR MONITOR.

PERSIUS.

How anxious are our cares ; and yet how vain
The bent of our desires !

FR. Thy spleen contain :
For none will read thy Satires.

PER. This to me?

FR. None; or, what's next to none, but tw
'Tis hard, I grant. [or three

PER. 'Tis nothing; I can bear
That paltry scribblers have the public ear;
That this vast universal fool, the town,
Should cry up Labeo's stuff¹, and cry me down
They damn themselves; nor will my Muse descend
To clap with such, who fools and knaves commend
Their smiles and censures are to me the same;
I care not what they praise, or what they blame
In full assemblies let the crowd prevail;
I weigh no merit by the common scale.
The conscience is the test of every mind;
Seek not thyself, without thyself, to find. [say
But where's that Roman?—Somewhat I would
But fear;—let fear, for once, to truth give way
Truth lends the stoic courage. When I look
On human acts, and read in nature's book,
From the first pastimes of our infant age,
To elder cares, and man's severer page;
When stern as tutors, and as uncles hard,
We lash the pupil, and defraud the ward;
Then, then I say,—or would say, if I durst—
But thus provoked, I must speak out, or burst
FR. Once more forbear.

PER. I cannot rule my spleen;
My scorn rebels, and tickles me within.

First, to begin at home: our authors write
In lonely rooms, secured from public sight;

¹ Nothing is remaining of Atticus Labeo (so he is called by the learned Casaubon); nor is he mentioned by any other poet besides Persius: Casaubon, from an old commentator Persius, says, that he made a very foolish translation of Homer's Iliad.

Whether in prose or verse, 'tis all the same;
The prose is fustian, and the numbers lame:
All noise and empty pomp, a storm of words,
Labouring with sound, that little sense affords.
They comb, and then they order every hair²:
A gown, or white, or scour'd to whiteness, wear,
A birthday jewel bobbing at their ear.
Next, garglewell their throats, and, thus prepared,
They mount, a-God's name, to be seen and heard
From their high scaffold; with a trumpet cheek:
And ogling all their audience ere they speak.
The nauseous nobles, e'en the chief of Rome,
With gaping mouths to these rehearsals come,
And pant with pleasure, when some lusty line
The marrow pierces, and invades the chine.
At open fulsome bawdry they rejoice,
And slimy jest applaud with broken voice.
Base prostitute! thus dost thou gain thy bread?
Thus dost thou feed their ears, and thus art fed?
At his own filthy stuff he grins and brays,
And gives the sign where he expects their praise.

Why have I learn'd, sayst thou, if, thus confined,
I choke the noble vigour of my mind?
Know, my wild fig tree³, which in rocks is bred,
Will split the quarry, and shoot out the head.
Fine fruits of learning! old ambitious fool,
Darest thou apply that adage of the school;

² He describes a poet preparing himself to rehearse his works in public, which was commonly performed in August. A room was hired, or lent by some friend; a scaffold was raised, and a pulpit placed for him who was to hold forth; who borrowed a new gown, or scowered his old one; and adorned his ears with jewels, &c.

³ Trees of that kind grow wild in many parts of Italy: and make their way through rocks: sometimes splitting the tomb-stones.

As if 'tis nothing worth that lies conceal'd,
And science is not science till reveal'd?
Oh, but 'tis brave to be admired; to see
The crowd with pointing fingers, cry, That's he!
That's he, whose wondrous poem is become
A lecture for the noble youth of Rome!
Who, by their fathers, is at feasts renown'd,
And often quoted when the bowls go round:
Full gorged and flush'd, they wantonly rehearse,
And add to wine the luxury of verse.
One, clad in purple, not to lose his time,
Eats and recites some lamentable rhyme:
Some senseless Phillis, in a broken note,
Snuffling at nose, and croaking in his throat:
Then graciously the mellow audience nod,
Is not the' immortal author made a god?
Are not his manes bless'd such praise to have?
Lies not the turf more lightly on his grave?
And roses (while his loud applause they sing)
Stand ready from his sepulchre to spring?

All these, you cry, but light objections are,
Mere malice, and you drive the jest too far.
For does there breathe a man who can reject
A general fame, and his own lines neglect?
In cedar tablets⁴ worthy to appear,
That need not fish or frankincense to fear?

Thou, whom I make the adverse part to bear,
Be answer'd thus:—If I by chance succeed
In what I write (and that's a chance indeed);
Know, I am not so stupid, or so hard,
Not to feel praise, or fame's deserved reward:

⁴ The Romans wrote on cedar and cypress tables, in regard of the duration of the wood. Ill verses might justly be afraid of frankincense; for the papers in which they were written were fit for nothing but to wrap it up.

But this I cannot grant; that thy applause
Is my work's ultimate, or only cause.
Prudence can ne'er propose so mean a prize;
For mark what vanity within it lies.
Like Labeo's Iliads; in whose verse is found
Nothing but trifling care and empty sound:
Such little elegies as nobles write,
Who would be poets in Apollo's spite.
Them, and their woful works, the Muse defies:
Products of citron beds⁵, and golden canopies.
To give thee all thy due, thou hast the heart
To make a supper, with a fine dessert;
And to thy threadbare friend a cast old suit impart.
Thus bribed, thou thus bespeak'st him, 'Tell
me, friend

(For I love truth, nor can plain speech offend),
What says the world of me and of my Muse?"

The poor dare nothing tell but flattering news:
But shall I speak? Thy verse is wretched rhyme,
And all thy labours are but loss of time:
Thy strutting belly swells, thy paunch is high;
Thou writest not, but thou pissest poetry.

All authors to their own defects are blind:
Hadst thou but, Januslike, a face behind⁶,
To see the people, what splay-mouths they make;
To mark their fingers, pointed at thy back:

⁵ Writings of noblemen, whose bedsteads were of the wood of citron.

⁶ Janus was the first king of Italy: who refuged Saturn, when he was expelled by his son Jupiter from Crete (or, as we now call it, Candia). From his name the first month of the year is called January. He was pictured with two faces, one before and one behind; as regarding the time past and the future. Some of the mythologists think he was Noah, for the reason given above.

Their tongues loll'd out, a foot beyond the pitch,
 When most athirst, of an Apulian bitch:
 But noble scribblers are with flattery fed;
 For none dare find their faults who eat their bread.
 To pass the poets of patrician blood,
 What is 't the common reader takes for good?
 The verse in fashion is, when numbers flow,
 Soft without sense, and without spirit slow:
 So smooth and equal, that no sight can find
 The rivet, where the polish'd piece was join'd.
 So even all, with such a steady view,
 As if he shut one eye to level true.

Whether the vulgar vice his satire stings,
 The people's riots, or the rage of kings,
 The gentle poet is alike in all;

His reader hopes no rise and fears no fall. [thing

FR. Hourly we see some raw pin-feather'd
 Attempt to mount, and fights and heroes sing;
 Who for false quantities was whipp'd at school
 But the' other day, and breaking grammar rule;
 Whose trivial art was never tried above
 The bare description of a native grove;
 Who knows not how to praise the country store,
 The feasts, the baskets, nor the fatted boar;
 Nor paint the flowery fields that paint them-
 selves before.

Where Romulus⁷ was bred, and Quintius born,
 Whose shining ploughshare was in furrows worn.
 Met by his trembling wife, returning home,
 And rustically joy'd, as chief of Rome;

⁷ He speaks of the country in the foregoing verses; the praises of which are the most easy theme for poets; but which a bad poet cannot naturally describe. Then he makes a digression to Romulus, the first king of Rome, who had a



P E R C Y
Met by his brother, who returns home
And makes to him a speech of love
Since the day

Printed by A. and C. B.

Printed by A. and C. B.

The whole of the play is in the
original form.



PERSIUS

Metby has tranking to the returning home
and running (ova he ment' of) down



She wiped the sweat from the dictator's brow;
And o'er his back his robe did rudely throw:
The lictors bore in state their lord's triumphant
plough.

Some love to hear the fustian poet roar:
And some on antiquated authors pore:
Rummage for sense; and think those only good
Who labour most, and least are understood.
When thou shalt see the blear-eyed fathers teach
Their sons this harsh and mouldy sort of speech;
Or others new affected ways to try,
Of wanton smoothness, female poetry:
One would inquire from whence this motley style
Did first our Roman purity defile:
For our old dotards cannot keep their seat:
But leap and catch at all that's obsolete.

Others, by foolish ostentation led,
When call'd before the bar, to save their head,
Bring trifling tropes instead of solid sense:
And mind their figures more than their defence.
Are pleased to hear their thick-skull'd judges cry
Well moved, 'Oh finely said, and decently!'
'Theft (says the accuser) to thy charge I lay,
O Pedius!' What does gentle Pedius say?
Studious to please the genius of the times,
With periods, points, and tropes⁸ he slurs his
crimes:

'He robb'd not, but he borrow'd from the poor;
And took but with intention to restore.'

rustical education; and enlarges upon Quintus Cincinnatus, a Roman senator, who was called from the plough to be dictator of Rome.

⁸ Persius here names antitheses, or seeming contradictions; which in this place are meant for rhetorical flourishes; as I think, with Casaubon.

He lards with flourishes his long harangue;
 'Tis fine, say'st thou; what, to be praised, and hang?
 Effeminate Roman, shall such stuff prevail
 To tickle thee, and make thee wag thy tail?
 Say, should a shipwreck'd sailor sing his woe,
 Wouldst thou be moved to pity, or bestow
 An alms? what's more preposterous than to see
 A merry beggar? mirth in misery?

PER. He seems a trap for charity to lay:
 And cons by night his lesson for the day.

FR. But to raw numbers, and unfinish'd verse,
 Sweet sound is added now, to make it terse:
 'Tis tagg'd with rhyme, like Berecynthian Atys,
 The mid part chimes with art, which never flat is:
 The dolphin brave, that cut the liquid wave,
 Or he who, in his line, can chine the long-ribb'd

PER. All this is doggerel stuff. [Apennine.]

FR. What if I bring

A nobler verse? 'Arms and the man I sing'⁹

PER. Why name you Virgil with such fops as
 He's truly great; and must for ever please: [these?
 Nor fierce, but awful, in his manly page;
 Bold in his strength, but sober in his rage.

FR. What poems think you soft? and to be read
 With languishing regards, and bending head?

PER. 'Their crooked horns'¹¹ the Mimallo-
 nian crew

With blasts inspired; and Bassaris who slew

⁹ Foolish verses of Nero, which the poet repeats; and which cannot be translated properly into English.

¹⁰ 'Arms and the man,' &c. The first line of Virgil's *Æneis*.

¹¹ 'Their crooked horns,' &c. Other verses of Nero, that were mere bombast. I only note, that the repetition of these and the former verses of Nero might justly give the poet a caution to conceal his name.

The scornful calf, with sword advanced on high,
Made from his neck his haughty head to fly:
And Mænas, when, with ivy bridles bound,
She led the spotted lynx, then Evion rung around;
Evion, from woods and floods repairing echo's
sound.'

Could such rude lines a Roman mouth become,
Were any manly greatness left in Rome?
Mænas and Atys¹² in the mouth were bred;
And never hatch'd within the labouring head:
No blood from bitten nails those poems drew;
But churn'd, like spittle from the lips they flew.

FR. 'Tis fustian all; 'tis execrably bad:
But if they will be fools, must you be mad?
Your satires, let me tell you, are too fierce;
The great will never bear so blunt a verse:
Their doors are barr'd against a bitter flout:
Snarl, if you please, but you shall snarl without.
Expect such pay as railing rhymes deserve,
You're in a very hopeful way to starve.

PER. Rather than so, uncensured let them be;
All, all is admirably well, for me.
My harmless rhyme shall scape the dire disgrace
Of common sewers, and every pissing place;
Two painted serpents¹³ shall, on high, appear;
'Tis holy ground; you must not urine here.'

¹² Mænas and Atys, poems on the Mænades, who were priestesses of Bacchus; and of Atys, who made himself an eunuch to attend on the sacrifices of Cybele, called Berecynthia by the poets; she was mother of the gods.

¹³ 'Two painted serpents,' &c. Two snakes, twined with each other, were painted on the walls, by the ancients, to show the place was holy.

This shall be writ to fright the fry away,
Who draw their little baubles when they play.

Yet old Lucilius ¹⁴ never fear'd the times,
But lash'd the city, and dissected crimes:
Mutius and Lupus both by name he brought;
He mouth'd them, and between his grinders caught.
Unlike in method, with conceal'd design,
Did crafty Horace his low numbers join;
And, with a sly insinuating grace,
Laugh'd at his friend, and look'd him in the face:
Would raise a blush, where secret vice he found;
And tickle, while he gently probed the wound.
With seeming innocence the crowd beguiled;
But made the desperate passes when he smiled.

Could he do this; and is my Muse control'd
By servile awe? born free, and not be bold?
At least, I'll dig a hole within the ground:
And to the trusty earth commit the sound:
The reeds shall tell you what the poet fears,
'King Midas ¹⁵ has a snout and asses' ears,'
This mean conceit, this darling mystery,
Which thou think'st nothing, friend, thou shalt
not buy;

¹⁴ 'Yet old Lucilius,' &c. Lucilius wrote long before Horace; who imitates his manner of satire, but far excels him in the design.

¹⁵ The story is vulgar, that Midas, king of Phrygia, was made judge betwixt Apollo and Pan, who was the best musician: he gave the prize to Pan; and Apollo in revenge gave him asses' ears. He wore his hair long to hide them; but his barber discovering them, and not daring to divulge the secret, dug a hole in the ground, and whispered into it. The place was maraby; and when the reeds grew up, they repeated the words which were spoken by the barber. By Midas the poet meant Nero.

Nor will I change for all the flashy wit
That flattering Labeo in his Iliads writ.

Thou¹⁶, if there be a thou in this base town,
Who dares, with angry Eupolis, to frown;
He who, with bold Cratinus, is inspired
With zeal, and equal indignation fired:
Who at enormous villany turns pale,
And steers against it with a full blown sail,
Like Aristophanes; let him but smile
On this my honest work, though writ in homely
style;

And if two lines or three in all the vein
Appear less drossy, read those lines again:
May they perform their author's just intent;
Glow in thy ears, and in thy breast ferment.
But from the reading of my book and me,
Be far, ye foes of virtuous poverty:
Who fortune's fault¹⁷ upon the poor can throw,
Point at the tatter'd coat, and ragged shoe;
Lay nature's failings to their charge, and jeer
The dim weak eyesight, when the mind is clear;
When thou thyself, thus insolent in state,
Art but, perhaps, some country magistrate,
Whose power extends no further than to speak
Big on the bench, and scanty weights to break.

Him, also, for my censor I disdain,
Who thinks all science as all virtue vain;

¹⁶ Eupolis and Cratinus, as also Aristophanes, mentioned afterwards, were all Athenian poets; who wrote that sort of comedy which was called the 'Old Comedy,' where the people were named who were satirized by those authors.

¹⁷ The people of Rome, in the time of Persius, were apt to scorn the Grecian philosophers, particularly the Cynics and Stoics, who were the poorest of them.

Who counts geometry, and numbers, toys;
And with his foot¹⁸, the sacred dust destroys:
Whose pleasure is to see a strumpet tear
A cynic's beard, and lug him by the hair.
Such, all the morning, to the pleadings run;
But when the business of the day is done,
On dice, and drink, and drabs, they spend their
afternoon.

¹⁸ Arithmetic and geometry were taught on floors, which were strewed with dust or sand; in which the numbers and diagrams were made and drawn, which they might strike out again.

PERSIUS.

SATIRE II.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

The Argument.

This Satire contains a most grave and philosophical argument concerning prayers and wishes. Undoubtedly it gave occasion to Juvenal's tenth Satire, and both of them had their original from one of Plato's dialogues, called 'The Second Alcibiades.' Our author has introduced it with great mastery of art, by taking his rise from the birthday of his friend; on which occasions prayers were made, and sacrifices offered by the native. Persius, commending the purity of his friend's vows, descends to the impious and immoral requests of others. The Satire is divided into three parts: the first is the exordium to Macrinus, which the poet confines within the compass of four verses: the second relates to the matter of the prayers and vows, and an enumeration of those things, wherein men commonly sinned against right reason, and offended in their requests: the third part consists in showing the repugnances of those prayers and wishes to those of other men, and inconsistencies with themselves. He shows the original of these vows, and sharply inveighs against them: and lastly, not only corrects the false opinion of mankind concerning them, but gives the true doctrine of all addresses made to Heaven; and how they may be made acceptable to the powers above, in excellent precepts, and more worthy of a Christian than a heathen.

DEDICATED TO HIS FRIEND PLOTIUS MACRINUS,

On his Birthday.

LET this auspicious morning be express'd
With a white stone¹, distinguish'd from the rest:
White as thy fame, and as thy honour clear;
And let new joys attend on thy new-added year.
Indulge thy genius, and o'erflow thy soul,
Till thy wit sparkle like the cheerful bowl.
Pray; for thy prayers the test of Heaven will bear;
Nor need'st thou take the gods aside to hear:
While others, e'en the mighty men of Rome,
Big swell'd with mischief, to the temples come;
And in low murmurs, and with costly smoke,
Heaven's help, to prosper their black vows, invoke.
So boldly to the gods mankind reveal
What from each other they, for shame, conceal.
Give me good fame, ye powers, and make me just!
Thus much the rogue to public ears will trust:
In private then:—when wilt thou, mighty Jove,
My wealthy uncle from this world remove?
Or—O thou thunderer's son, great Hercules²!
That once thy bounteous deity would please
To guide my rake, upon the chinking sound
Of some vast treasure, hidden under ground!
O were my pupil fairly knock'd on the' head:
I should possess the' estate, if he were dead!
He's so far gone with rickets, and with evil,
That one small dose will send him to the devil.

¹ The Romans were used to mark their fortunate days, or any thing that luckily befell them, with a white stone, which they had from the island Creta; and their unfortunate, with a coal.

² Hercules was thought to have the key and power of bestowing all hidden treasure.

This is my neighbour Neri^{us}'s third spouse,
Of whom in happy time he rids his house :
But my eternal wife !—grant, Heaven, I may
Survive to see the fellow of this day !
Thus, that thou mayst the better bring about
Thy wishes, thou art wickedly devout :
In Tyber ducking thrice, by break of day,
To wash the' obscenities of night away².
But prithee tell me (tis a small request)
With what ill thoughts of Jove art thou possess'd ?
Wouldst thou prefer him to some man ? suppose
I dipp'd among the worst, and Staius chose ?
Which of the two would thy wise head declare
The trustier tutor to an orphan heir ?
Or put it thus :—unfold to Staius straight
What to Jove's ear thou didst impart of late :
He'll stare, and, O good Jupiter ! will cry ;
Canst thou indulge him in this villany !
And think'st thou Jove himself, with patience then,
Can hear a prayer condemn'd by wicked men ?
That, void of care, he lolls supine in state,
And leaves his business to be done by fate ?
Because his thunder splits some burly tree,
And is not darted at thy house and thee ?
Or that his vengeance falls not at the time,
Just at the perpetration of thy crime ;
And makes thee a sad object of our eyes,
Fit for Ergenna's⁴ prayer and sacrifice ?

² The ancients thought themselves tainted and polluted by night itself, as well as bad dreams in the night ; and therefore purified themselves by washing their heads and hands every morning ; which custom the Turks observe to this day.

⁴ When any one was thunderstruck, the soothsayer (who is here called Ergenna) immediately repaired to the place, to expiate the displeasure of the gods, by sacrificing two sheep.

What well fed offering to appease the god,
What powerful present to procure a nod,
Hast thou in store? what bribe hast thou prepared,
To pull him, thus unpunish'd, by the beard?

Our superstitions with our life begin:
The' obscene old grandam, or the next of kin,
The newborn infant from the cradle takes,
And first of spittle a lustration makes⁵:
Then in the spawl her middle finger dips,
Anoints the temples, forehead, and the lips,
Pretending force of magic to prevent,
By virtue of her nasty excrement.
Then dandles him with many a mutter'd prayer
That Heaven would make him some rich miser's
Lucky to ladies; and, in time, a king; [heir,
Which to ensure, she adds a length of navel string.
But no fond nurse is fit to make a prayer:
And Jove, if Jove be wise, will never hear:
Not though she prays in white, with lifted hands:
A body made of brass the crone demands
For her loved nursling, strung with nerves of wire,
Tough to the last, and with no toil to tire.
Unconscionable vows! which when we use,
We teach the gods in reason to refuse.
Suppose they were indulgent to thy wish:
Yet the fat entrails in the spacious dish
Would stop the grant: the very overcare,
And nauseous pomp, would hinder half the prayer.
Thou hopest with sacrifice of oxen slain
To compass wealth, and bribe the god of gain

⁵ The poet laughs at the superstitious ceremonies which the old women made use of in their lustration or purification days, when they named their children; which was done on the eighth day to females, and on the ninth to males.

To give thee flocks and herds, with large increase;
Fool! to expect them from a bullock's grease!
And think'st, that when the fatten'd flames aspire,
Thou seest the' accomplishment of thy desire!
Now, now my bearded harvest gilds the plain,
The scanty folds can scarce my sheep contain;
And showers of gold come pouring in amain;
Thus dreams the wretch, and vainly thus dreams on,
Till his lank purse declares his money gone.

Should I present thee with rare figured plate,
Or gold as rich in workmanship as weight;
O how thy rising heart would throb and beat,
And thy left side, with trembling pleasure, sweat!
Thou measurest by thyself the powers divine;
Thy gods are burnish'd, gold and silver is their
Thy puny godlings of inferior race, * [shrine;
Whose humble statues are content with brass;
Should some of these, in visions purged from
phlegm⁶,
Foretell events, or in a morning dream;
E'en those thou wouldst in veneration hold;
And, if not faces, give them beards of gold.

⁶ It was the opinion, both of Grecians and Romans, that the gods, in visions or dreams, often revealed to their favourites a cure for their diseases, and sometimes those of others. Thus Alexander dreamed of an herb which cured Ptolemy. These gods were principally Apollo and Æsculapius; but, in aftertimes, the same virtue and good will was attributed to Isis and Osiris. Which brings to my remembrance an odd passage in Sir Thomas Brown's *Religio Medici*, or in his 'Vulgar Errors;' the sense whereof is, 'That we are beholden, for many of our discoveries in physic, to the courteous revelation of spirits.' By the expression of 'visions purged from phlegm,' our author means such dreams or visions as proceed not from natural causes, or humours of the body; but such as are sent from Heaven; and are, therefore, certain remedies.

The priests in temples, now no longer care
 For Saturn's brass⁷, or Numa's earthen ware⁸;
 Or vestal urns, in each religious rite:
 This wicked gold has put them all to flight.
 O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found;
 Fat minds, and ever groveling on the ground!
 We bring our manners to the bless'd abodes,
 And think what pleases us must please the gods.
 Of oil and Cassia one the' ingredients takes,
 And of the mixture a rich ointment makes;
 Another finds the way to dye in grain,
 And makes Calabrian wool receive the Tyrian
 stain⁹;
 Or from the shells their orient treasure takes,
 Or for their golden ore in rivers rakes;
 Then melts the mass: all these are vanities!
 Yet still some profit from their pains may rise.
 But tell me, priest, if I may be so bold,
 What are the gods the better for this gold?

⁷ 'For Saturn's brass,' &c. Brazen vessels, in which the public treasures of the Romans were kept. It may be, the poet meant only old vessels, which were called *Κρόνια*, from the Greek name of Saturn.

⁸ Under Numa, the second king of Rome, and for a long time after him, the holy vessels for sacrifice were of earthen ware, according to the superstitious rites which were introduced by the same Numa: though afterwards, when Memmius had taken Corinth, and Paulus Emilius had conquered Macedonia, luxury began amongst the Romans; and then their utensils of devotion were of gold and silver, &c.

⁹ The wool of Calabria was of the finest sort in Italy, as Juvenal also tells us. The Tyrian stain is the purple colour dyed at Tyrus; and I suppose (but dare not positively affirm) that the richest of that dye was nearest our crimson, and not scarlet; or that other colour more approaching to the blue. I have not room to justify my conjecture.

The wretch that offers from his wealthy store
 These presents bribes the powers to give him
 As maids to Venus offer baby-toys¹⁰, [more :
 To bless the marriage bed with girls and boys.
 But let us for the gods a gift prepare,
 Which the great man's great charges cannot bear :
 A soul, where laws, both human and divine,
 In practice more than speculation shine ;
 A genuine virtue, of a vigorous kind,
 Pure in the last recesses of the mind :
 When with such offerings to the gods I come ;
 A cake, thus given¹¹, is worth a hecatomb !

¹⁰ Those baby-toys were little babies, -or poppets, as we call them ; in Latin *pupæ* ; which the girls, when they came to the age of puberty or childbearing, offered to Venus ; as the boys at fourteen or fifteen years of age offered their *bullæ*, or bosses.

¹¹ ' A cake thus given,' &c. A cake of barley, or coarse wheat-meal, with the bran in it : the meaning is, that god is pleased with the pure and spotless heart of the offerer ; and not with the riches of the offering. Laberius, in the fragments of his *Mimes*, has a verse like this :

Puras, Deus, non plenas aspicit manus——

What I had forgotten before in its due place I must here tell the reader, that the first half of this Satire was translated by one of my sons, now in Italy ; but I thought so well of it, that I let it pass without any alteration.

PERSIUS.

SATIRE III.

BY MR. DRYDEN,

The Argument.

Our author has made two Satires concerning study; the first and the third. The first related to men; this to young students whom he desired to be educated in the Stoic philosophy: he himself sustains the person of the master, or preceptor, in this admirable Satire, where he upbraids the youth of sloth, and negligence in learning. Yet he begins with one scholar reproaching his fellow students with late rising to their books: after which he takes upon him the other part of the teacher; and addressing himself particularly to young noblemen, tells them, that by reason of their high birth, and the great possessions of their fathers, they are careless of adorning their minds with precepts of moral philosophy; and withal inculcates to them the miseries which will attend them in the whole course of their life, if they do not apply themselves betimes to the knowledge of virtue, and the end of their creation; which he pathetically insinuates to them. The title of this Satire, in some ancient manuscripts, was 'The Reproach of Idleness;' though in others of the Scholiasts it is inscribed, 'Against the Luxury and Vices of the Rich.' In both of which the intention of the poet is pursued; but principally in the former.

(I remember I translated this Satire when I was a king's scholar at Westminster School, for a Thursday night's exercise; and believe that it, and many other of my exercises of this nature, in English verse, are still in the hands of my learned master, the Rev. Doctor Busby.)

Is this thy daily course? the glaring sun
Breaks in at every chink: the cattle run
To shades, and noontide rays of summer shun,
Yet plunged in sloth we lie; and snore supine,
As fill'd with fumes of undigested wine.

This grave advice some sober student bears;
And loudly rings it in his fellow's ears.
The yawning youth, scarce half awake, essays
His lazy limbs and dozy head to raise:
Then rubs his gummy eyes, and scrubs his pate;
And cries, 'I thought it had not been so late:
My clothes! make haste: why when!'—If none
be near,

He mutters first, and then begins to swear:
And brays aloud, with a more clamorous note
Than an Arcadian ass can stretch his throat.

With much ado, his book before him laid,
And parchment¹, with the smoother side display'd;
He takes the papers; lays them down again;
And with unwilling fingers tries the pen:
Some peevish quarrel straight he strives to pick;
His quill writes double, or his ink's too thick:
Infuse more water; now 'tis grown so thin
It sinks, nor can the characters be seen.

O wretch, and still more wretched every day!
Are mortals born to sleep their lives away?
Go back to what thy infancy began,
Thou who wert never meant to be a man:

¹ The students used to write their notes on parchments: the inside, on which they wrote, was white; the other side was hairy, and commonly yellow. Quintilian reproves this custom, and advises rather table-books lined with wax, and a style, like that we use in our vellum table books, as more easy.

Eat pap and spoon-meat; for thy gewgaws cry:
Be sullen, and refuse the lullaby.

No more accuse thy pen; but charge the crime
On native sloth, and negligence of time.

Think'st thou thy master, or thy friends, to cheat?

Fool! 'tis thyself, and that's a worse deceit.

Beware the public laughter of the town;

Thou spring'st a leak already in thy crown.

A flaw is in thy ill baked vessel found;

'Tis hollow, and returns a jarring sound.

Yet thy moist clay is pliant to command,

Unwrought, and easy to the potter's hand:

Now take the mould; now bend thy mind² to feel

The first sharp motions of the forming wheel.

But thou hast land; a country seat, secure

By a just title; costly furniture;

A fuming pan³ thy lares to appease:

What need of learning when a man's at ease?

If this be not enough to swell thy soul,

Then please thy pride, and search the herald's roll,

Where thou shalt find thy famous pedigree

Drawn from the root of some old Tuscan tree⁴;

And thou, a thousand off, a fool of long degree,

Who, clad in purple⁴, canst thy censor greet;

And loudly call him 'cousin,' in the street.

² Before eating it was customary to cut off some part of the meat; which was first put into a pan, or little dish; then into the fire, as an offering to the household gods: this they called a libation.

³ The Tuscans were accounted of most ancient nobility. Horace observes this, in most of his compliments to Mecænas, who was derived from the old kings of Tuscany, since the dominion of the great duke.

⁴ The Roman knights, attired in the robe called *trabea*,

Such pageantry be to the people shown;
 There boast thy horse's trappings, and thy own:
 I know thee to thy bottom; from within
 Thy shallow centre to the utmost skin:
 Dost thou not blush to live so like a beast,
 So trim, so dissolute, so loosely dress'd?

But 'tis in vain:—The wretch is drench'd too
 His soul is stupid, and his heart asleep; [deep;
 Fatten'd in vice; so callous, and so gross,
 He sins, and sees not; senseless of his loss.
 Down goes the wretch at once, unskill'd to swim,
 Hopeless to bubble up, and reach the water's brim.

Great father of the gods! when, for our crimes,
 Thou send'st some heavy judgment on the times;
 Some tyrant king, the terror of his age,
 The type and true vicegerent of thy rage;
 Thus punish him:—Set virtue in his sight,
 With all her charms adorn'd, with all her graces
 bright;

But set her distant, make him pale to see
 His gains outweigh'd by lost felicity!

Sicilian tortures⁵, and the brazen bull,
 Are emblems, rather than express the full
 Of what he feels: yet what he fears is more:—

were summoned by the censor to appear before him; and to salute him in passing by, as their names were called over. They led their horses in their hand. See more of this in Pompey's Life, written by Plutarch.

⁵ Some of the Sicilian kings were so great tyrants that the name is become proverbial. The brazen bull is a known story of Phalaris, one of those tyrants; who when Perillus, a famous artist, had presented him with a bull of that metal hollowed within, which, when the condemned person was inclosed in it, would render the sound of a bull's roaring, caused the workman to make the first experiment. *Docuitque suum murgire Juvencum.*

The wretch⁶, who, sitting at his plenteous board,
Look'd up, and view'd on high the pointed sword
Hang o'er his head, and hanging by a twine,
Did with less dread, and more securely dine.
E'en in his sleep he starts, and fears the knife,
And, trembling, in his arms takes his accomplice-
wife ;

Down, down he goes ; and from his darling friend
Conceals the woes his guilty dreams portend.

When I was young, I, like a lazy fool,
Would blear my eyes with oil, to stay from school :
Averse from pains, and loath to learn the part
Of Cato, dying with a dauntless heart :
Though much my master that stern virtue praised,
Which o'er the vanquisher the vanquish'd raised :
And my pleased father came with pride to see
His boy defend the Roman liberty.

But then my study was to cog the dice,
And dexterously to throw the lucky sice ;
To shun ames-ace, that swept my stakes away ;
And watch the box, for fear they should convey
False bones, and put upon me in the play :
Careful, besides, the whirling top to whip,
And drive her giddy, till she fell asleep.

Thy years are ripe, nor art thou yet to learn
What's good or ill, and both their ends discern :

⁶ He alludes to the story of Damocles, a flatterer of one of those Sicilian tyrants, namely Dionysius. Damocles had infinitely extolled the happiness of kings. Dionysius, to convince him of the contrary, invited him to a feast, and clothed him in purple ; but caused a sword, with the point downward, to be hung over his head by a silken twine ; which, when he perceived, he could eat nothing of the delicacies that were set before him.

Thou⁷ in the stoic-porch, severely bred,
Hast heard the dogmas of great Zeno read;
Where on the walls, by Polygnotus⁸ hand,
The conquer'd Medians in trunk-breeches stand.
Where the shorn youth to midnight lectures rise,
Roused from their slumbers, to be early wise:
Where the coarse cake, and homely husks of beans,
From pampering riot the young stomach weans;
And where the Samian Y⁹ directs thy steps to run
To virtue's narrow steep, and broad way vice to
shun.

And yet thou snoorest; thou draw'st thy drunken
breath,

Sour with debauch; and sleep'st the sleep of death:
Thy chaps are fallen, and thy frame disjoin'd;
Thy body as dissolved as is thy mind.

Hast thou not, yet, proposed some certain end,
To which thy life, thy every act may tend?
Hast thou no mark, at which to bend thy bow?
Or, like a boy, pursuest the carrion crow
With pellets, and with stones, from tree to tree:
A fruitless toil, and livest extempore?

⁷ The Stoics taught their philosophy under a *Porticus*, to secure their scholars from the weather. Zeno was the chief of that sect.

⁸ Polygnotus, a famous painter, who drew the pictures of the Medes and Persians conquered by Miltiades, Themistocles, and other Athenian captains, on the walls of the Portico, in their natural habits.

⁹ Pythagoras of Samos made the allusion of the Y, or Greek *upsilon*, to vice and virtue. One side of the letter being broad, characters vice, to which the ascent is wide and easy; the other side represents virtue, to which the passage is straight and difficult: and perhaps our Saviour might also allude to this, in those noted words of the Evangelist, 'The way to Heaven,' &c.

Watch the disease in time: for, when within
The dropsy rages and extends the skin,
In vain for hellebore the patient cries,
And fees the doctor; but too late is wise:
Too late, for cure, he proffers half his wealth;
Conquest and Gibbons cannot give him health.
Learn, wretches, learn the motions of the mind,
Why you were made, for what you were design'd;
And the great moral end of humankind.
Study thyself: what rank, or what degree,
The wise Creator has ordain'd for thee:
And all the offices of that estate
Perform; and with thy prudence guide thy fate.
Pray justly, to be heard: nor more desire
Than what the decencies of life require.
Learn what thou owest thy country and thy friend;
What's requisite to spare, and what to spend:
Learn this; and after, envy not the store
Of the greased advocate, that grinds the poor:
Fat fees¹⁰ from the defended Umbrian draws;
And only gains the wealthy client's cause:
To whom the Marsians¹¹ more provision send
Than he and all his family can spend.
Gammons, that give a relish to the taste,
And potted fowl, and fish come in so fast,
That ere the first is out the second stinks;
And mouldy mother gathers on the drinks.
But, here, some captain of the land or fleet,
Stout of his hands, but of a soldier's wit;

¹⁰ Casaubon here notes, that among all the Romans, who were brought up to learning, few besides the orators, or lawyers, grew rich.

¹¹ The Marsians, or Umbrians, were the most plentiful of all the provinces of Italy.

Cries, ' I have sense to serve my turn, in store ;
And he's a rascal who pretends to more.
Damme, whate'er those book-learn'd blockheads
Solon's the veriest fool in all the play. [say,
Top-heavy drones, and always looking down
(As over-ballasted within the crown),
Muttering betwixt their lips some mystic thing,
Which, well examined, is flat conjuring ;
Mere madmen's dreams. For what the schools
have taught
Is only this,—that nothing can be brought
From nothing; and, what is, can ne'er be turn'd
to nought.

Is it for this they study? to grow pale,
And miss the pleasures of a glorious meal?
For this, in rags accoutred, are they seen,
And made the may-game of the public spleen?
Proceed, my friend, and rail: but hear me tell
A story, which is just thy parallel.
A spark, like thee, of the man-killing trade
Fell sick; and thus to his physician said—
' Methinks I am not right in every part;
I feel a kind of trembling at my heart:
My pulse unequal, and my breath is strong;
Besides a filthy fur upon my tongue.'
The doctor heard him, exercised his skill;
And after,—bid him for four days be still.
Three days he took good counsel, and began
To mend, and look like a recovering man:
The fourth he could nothold from drink; but sends
His boy to one of his old trusty friends;
Adjuring him, by all the powers divine,
To pity his distress, who could not dine
Without a flagon of his healing wine.

He drinks a swilling draught; and, lined within,
Will supple, in the bath, his outward skin :
Whom should he find but his physician there,
Who, wisely, bade him once again beware.
'Sir, you look wan, you hardly draw your breath;
Drinking is dangerous, and the bath is death.'
' 'Tis nothing;' says the fool : but says the friend,
' This nothing, sir, will bring you to your end.
Do I not see your dropsy belly swell?
Your yellowskin?'—' No more of that; I'm well.
I have already buried two or three,
That stood betwixt a fair estate and me ;
And, doctor, I may live to bury thee.
Thou tell'st me I look ill; and thou look'st worse.'
' I've done (says the physician), take your course.'
The laughing sot, like all unthinking men,
Bathes and gets drunk; then bathes and drinks
again :

His throat half throttled with corrupted phlegm,
And breathing through his jaws a belching steam;
Amidst his cups with fainting shivering seized,
His limbs disjointed, and all o'er diseased,
His hand refuses to sustain the bowl ;
And his teeth chatter, and his eyeballs roll ;
Till, with his meat, he vomits out his soul.
Then trumpets, torches, and a tedious crew
Of hireling mourners; for his funeral due.
Our dear departed brother lies in state,
His heels stretch'd out, and pointing to the gate¹²;
And slaves, now manumised, on their dead master
wait :

¹² The Romans were buried without the city; for which reason the poet says, that the dead man's heels were stretch'd out towards the gate.

They hoist him on the bier, and deal the dole;
And there's an end of a luxurious fool.
' But what's thy fulsome parable to me?
My body is from all diseases free:
My temperate pulse does regularly beat:
Feel, and be satisfied, my hands and feet;
These are not cold, nor those oppress'd with
heat:

Or lay thy hand upon my naked heart,
And thou shalt find me hale in every part.'

I grant this true: but still the deadly wound
Is in thy soul; 'tis there thou art not sound.
Say, when thou seest a heap of tempting gold,
Or a more tempting harlot dost behold;
Then, when she casts on thee a sidelong glance,
Then try thy heart, and tell me if it dance.

Some coarse cold salad is before thee set;
Bread with the bran, perhaps, and broken meat;
Fall on, and try thy appetite to eat.
These are not dishes for thy dainty tooth:
What, hast thou got an ulcer in thy mouth;
Why stand'st thou picking? Is thy palate sore?
That beet and radishes will make thee roar?
Such is the 'unequal temper of thy mind;
Thy passions, in extremes, and unconfined:
Thy hair so bristles with unmanly fears,
As fields of corn, that rise in bearded ears;
And, when thy cheeks with flushing fury glow,
The rage of boiling caldrons is more slow;
When fed with fuel and with flames below.
With foam upon thy lips, and sparkling eyes,
Thou say'st, and dost, in such outrageous wise;

That mad Orestes¹³, if he saw the show,
Would swear thou wert the madder of the two.

¹³ Orestes was son to Agamemnon and Clytemnestra. Agamemnon, at his return from the Trojan wars, was slain by Ægysthus, the adulterer of Clytemnestra. Orestes, to revenge his father's death, slew both Ægysthus and his mother: for which he was punished with madness by the Eumenides, or Furies, who continually haunted him.

PERSIUS.

SATIRE IV.

BY MR. DRYDEN.

The Argument.

Our author, living in the time of Nero, was contemporary and friend to the noble poet Lucan: both of them were sufficiently sensible, with all good men, how unskilfully he managed the commonwealth; and perhaps might guess at his future tyranny, by some passages during the latter part of his first five years: though he broke not out into his great excesses, while he was restrained by the counsels and authority of Seneca. Lucan has not spared him in the poem of his *Pharsalia*: for his very compliment looked asquint, as well as Nero. Persius has been bolder, but with caution likewise: for here, in the person of young Alcibiades, he arraigns his ambition of meddling with state affairs, without judgment or experience. It is probable that he makes Seneca, in this Satire, sustain the part of Socrates, under a borrowed name: and, withal, discovers some secret vices of Nero, concerning his lust, his drunkenness, and his effeminacy, which had not yet arrived to public notice. He also reprehends the flattery of his courtiers, who endeavoured to make all his vices pass for virtues. Covetousness was undoubtedly none of his faults; but it is here described as a veil cast over the true meaning of the poet, which was to satirize his prodigality and voluptuousness; to which he makes a transition. I find no instance, in history, of that emperor's being a pathic; though Persius seems to brand him with it. From the two dialogues of Plato, both called 'Alcibiades,' the poet took the arguments of the Second and Third Satire; but he

inverted the order of them: for the Third Satire is taken from the first of those dialogues.

The commentators before Casaubon were ignorant of our author's secret meaning; and thought he had only written against young noblemen in general, who were too forward in aspiring to public magistracy. But this excellent Scholiast has unraveled the whole mystery; and made it apparent that the sting of this Satire was particularly aimed at Nero.

WHOE'ER thou art, whose forward years are bent
On state affairs, to guide the government;
Hear, first, what Socrates of old has said¹
To the loved youth, whom he at Athens bred.

Tell me, thou pupil to great Pericles²,
Our second hope, my Alcibiades;
What are the grounds from whence thou dost
prepare

To undertake, so young, so vast a care?
Perhaps thy wit? (A chance not often heard,
That parts and prudence should prevent the beard:)
'Tis seldom seen, that senators so young
Know when to speak and when to hold their tongue.
Sure thou art born to some peculiar fate;
When the mad people rise against the state,

¹ Socrates, whom the oracle of Delphos praised as the wisest man of his age, lived in the time of the Peloponnesian war. He, finding the uncertainty of natural philosophy, applied himself wholly to the moral. He was master to Xenophon and Plato, and to many of the Athenian young noblemen: among the rest to Alcibiades, the most lovely youth then living; afterwards a famous captain, whose life is written by Plutarch.

² Pericles was tutor, or rather overseer of the will of Clinias, father to Alcibiades. While Pericles lived, who was a wise man, and an excellent orator, as well as a great general, the Athenians had the better of the war.

To look them into duty : and command
An awful silence with thy lifted hand.
Then to bespeak them thus : ‘ Athenians ! know
Against right reason all your counsels go :
This is not fair, nor profitable that ;
Nor the’ other question proper for debate.’
But thou, no doubt, canst set the business right,
And give each argument its proper weight :
Know’st with an equal hand to hold the scale ;
Seest where the reasons pinch, and where they
fail,

And where exceptions o’er the general rule prevail.
And taught by inspiration, in a trice,
Canst punish crimes³, and brand offending vice.

Leave, leave to fathom such high points as these,
Nor be ambitious the time to please :
Unseasonably wise, till age and eares
Have form’d thy soul, to manage great affairs.
Thy face, thy shape, thy outside, are but vain ;
Thou hast not strength such labours to sustain :
Drink hellebore⁴, my boy, drink deep and purge
thy brain.

What aim’st thou at, and whither tends thy care,
In what thy utmost good ? Delicious fare :
And, then, to sun thyself in open air.

³ ‘ Canst punish crimes,’ &c. That is, by death. When the judges would condemn a malefactor, they cast their votes into an urn ; as, according to the modern custom, a balloting-box. If the suffrages were marked with Θ, they signified the sentence of death to the offender : as being the first letter of Θάνατος, which in English is death.

⁴ ‘ Drink hellebore,’ &c. The poet would say, that such an ignorant young man, as he here describes, is fitter to be governed himself than to govern others : he therefore advises him to drink hellebore, which purges the brain.

Hold, hold; are all thy empty wishes such?
A good old woman would have said as much.
But thou art nobly born: 'tis true; go boast
Thy pedigree, the thing thou valuest most.
Besides, thou art a beau: what's that, my child?
A fop well dress'd, extravagant and wild:
She that cries herbs has less impertinence;
And, in her calling, more of common sense.

None, none descends into himself, to find
The secret imperfections of his mind:
But every one is eagle-eyed, to see
Another's faults, and his deformity. [wretch
Say, dost thou know Vectidius⁵?—Who: the
Whose lands beyond the Sabines largely stretch;
Cover the country, that a sailing kite
Can scarce o'erfly them in a day and night;
Him dost thou mean, who, spite of all his store,
Is ever craving, and will still be poor?
Who cheats for halfpence, and who doffs his coat
To save a farthing in a ferry boat?
Ever a glutton, at another's cost;
But in whose kitchen dwells perpetual frost?
Who eats and drinks with his domestic slaves;
A verier hind than any of his knaves?
Born with the curse and anger of the gods,
And that indulgent genius he defrauds?
At harvest home, and on the sheering day,
When he should thanks⁶ to Pan and Pales pay,

⁵ 'Say, dost thou know Vectidius,' &c. is here used appellatively, to signify any rich covetous man; though perhaps there might be a man of that name then living. I have translated this passage paraphrastically, and loosely; and leave it for those to look on, who are not unlike the picture.

⁶ Pan the god of shepherds, and Pales the goddess presi-

etter Ceres; trembling to approach
 the barrel, which he fears to broach;
 ys the wimble, often draws it back,
 eals to thirsty servants but a smack.
 hort meal he makes a tedious grace,
 the barley pudding comes in place;
 aids fall on: himself, for saving charges,
 'd sliced onion eats, and tipples verjuice.
 s fares the drudge: but thou, whose life's a
 pleasures, takest a worse extreme. [dream
 thy business, business how to shun;
 thy naked body in the sun;
 ug thy stiffen'd joints with fragrant oil:
 in thy spacious garden, walk a while,
 k the moisture up, and soak it in:
 is, thou think'st, but vainly think'st, unseen.
 ow, thou art observed: and there are those
 if they durst, would all thy secret sins ex-
 pilation of thy modest part; [pose.
 tamite, the darling of thy heart,
 gine hand, and every lewder art.
 prone to bear, and patient to receive,
 akest the pleasure which thou canst not give.
 odorous oil thy head and hair are sleek;
 en thou kemb'st the tuzzes on thy cheek:
 se thy barbers take a costly care,
 thy salt tail is overgrown with hair.
 l thy pincers, nor unmanly arts,
 nooth the roughness of thy shameful parts.

or rural affairs, whom Virgil invokes in the beginning
 second Georgic. I give the epithet of better to Ceres,
 she first taught the use of corn for bread, as the poets
 men, in the first rude ages, feeding only on acorns, or
 stead of bread.

Not five⁷, the strongest that the circus breeds,
 From the rank soil can root those wicked weeds:
 Though suppl'd first with soap, to ease thy pain,
 The stubborn fern springs up, and sprouts again.

Thus others we with defamations wound,
 While they stab us; and so the jest goes round.
 Vain are thy hopes to scape censorious eyes,
 Truth will appear through all the thin disguise:
 Thou hast an ulcer which no leech can heal,
 Though thy broad shoulder-belt the wound conceal.

Say thou art sound and hale in every part,
 We know, we know thee rotten at thy heart.
 We know thee sullen, impotent, and proud;
 Nor canst thou cheat thy nerve, who cheat'st the crowd.

But when they praise me in the neighbourhood;
 When the pleased people take me for a god;
 Shall I refuse their incense? not receive
 The loud applauses which the vulgar give?

If thou dost wealth, with longing eyes, behold;
 And, greedily, art gaping after gold;

⁷ The learned Holiday (who has made us amends for his bad poetry in this and the rest of these Satires, with his excellent illustrations) here tells us from good authority, that the number five alludes to five strong men, such as were skilful in the five robust exercises, then in practice at Rome; and were performed in the circus or public place ordained for them. These five he reckons up in this manner: First.—The *cæstus*, or whirlbat, described by Virgil in his fifth *Æneid*; and this was the most dangerous of all the rest. The second was the foot race. The third the *discus*, like the throwing a weighty ball; a sport now used in Cornwall, and other parts of England; we may see it daily practised in Red-lion fields. The fourth was the *saltus*, or leaping; and the fifth wrestling naked, and besmeared with oil. They who were practised in these five manly exercises were called *Πνταθλαί*.

If some alluring girl, in gliding by,
Shall tip the wink, with a lascivious eye,
And thou, with a consenting glance, reply;
If thou thy own solicitor become,
And bidst arise the lumpish pendulum;
If thy lewd lust provokes an empty storm,
And prompts to more than nature can perform;
If, with thy guards⁸, thou scour'st the streets by
night,
And dost in murders, rapes, and spoils delight;
Please not thyself, the flattering crowd to hear;
'Tis fulsome stuff, to feed thy itching ear.
Reject the nauseous praises of the times;
Give thy base poets back their cobbled rhymes:
Survey thy soul⁹, not what thou dost appear,
But what thou art; and find the beggar there.

⁸ Persius durst not have been so bold with Nero as I dare now; and therefore there is only an intimation of that in him which I publicly speak: I mean of Nero's walking in the streets by night in disguise, and committing all sorts of outrages; for which he was sometimes well beaten.

⁹ 'Survey thy soul,' &c. That is, look into thyself, and examine thy own conscience; there thou shalt find, that how wealthy soever thou appearest to the world, yet thou art but a beggar; because thou art destitute of all virtues, which are the riches of the soul. This also was a paradox of the Stoic school.

PERSIUS.

SATIRE V.

BY MR. DRYDEN,

The Argument.

The judicious Casaubon, in his proem to this Satire, tells us, that Aristophanes the grammarian being asked, what poem of Archilochus's iambics he preferred before the rest? answered, the longest. His answer may justly be applied to this Fifth Satire; which, being of a greater length than any of the rest, is also, by far, the most instructive. For this reason I have selected it from all the others, and inscribed it to my learned master, Dr. Busby; to whom I am not only obliged myself for the best part of my own education, and that of my two sons; but have also received from him the first and truest taste of Persius. May he be pleased to find in this translation, the gratitude, or at least some small acknowledgment, of his unworthy scholar; at the distance of twenty-four years from the time when I departed from under his tuition.

This Satire consists of two distinct parts. The first contains the praises of the Stoic philosopher Cornutus, master and tutor to our Persius. It also declares the love and piety of Persius to his well deserving master; and the mutual friendship which continued betwixt them, after Persius was now grown a man: as also his exhortation to young noblemen, that they would enter themselves into his institution. From hence he makes an artful transition into the second part of his subject: wherein he first complains of the sloth of scholars, and afterwards persuades them to the pursuit of their true liberty. Here our author excellently

treats that paradox of the Stoics, which affirms, that the wise or virtuous man is only free; and that all vicious men are naturally slaves: and, in the illustration of this dogma, he takes up the remaining part of this inimitable Satire.

INSCRIBED TO

THE REV. DR. BUSBY.

THE SPEAKERS—PERSIUS AND CORNUTUS.

PER. OF ancient use to poets it belongs
To wish themselves a hundred mouths and
tongues;

Whether to the well lung'd tragedians rage
They recommend their labours of the stage;
Or sing the Parthian, when transfix'd he lies,
Wrenching the Roman javelin from his thighs.

CORN. And why wouldst thou these mighty
morsels choose,
Of words unchew'd, and fit to choke the muse?
Let fustian poets with their stuff be gone,
And suck the mists that hang o'er Helicon;
When Prognè's¹ or Thyestes'² feast they write;
And, for the mouthing actor, verse indite.

¹ Prognè was wife to Tereus, king of Thracia: Tereus fell in love with Philomela, sister to Prognè, ravished her, and cut out her tongue: in revenge of which, Prognè killed Itys, her own son by Tereus, and served him up at a feast, to be eaten by his father!

² Thyestes and Atreus were brothers, both kings: Atreus, to revenge himself of his unnatural brother, killed the sons of Thyestes, and invited him to eat them!

Thou neither, like a bellows, swell'st thy face,
As if thou wert to blow the burning mass
Of melting ore; nor canst thou strain thy throat,
Or murmur in an undistinguish'd note;
Like rolling thunder till it breaks the cloud;
And rattling nonsense is discharged aloud.
Soft elocution does thy style renown,
And the sweet accents of the peaceful gown:
Gentle or sharp, according to thy choice,
To laugh at follies, or to lash at vice.
Hence draw thy theme, and to the stage permit
Rawhead and bloodybones, and hands and feet,
Ragouts for Tereus or Thyestes dress'd;
'Tis task enough for thee to' expose a Roman
feast.

PERS. 'Tis not, indeed, my talent to engage
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
With wind and noise; but freely to impart,
As to a friend, the secrets of my heart;
And, in familiar speech, to let thee know
How much I love thee, and how much I owe.
Knock on my heart: for thou hast skill to find
If it sound solid, or be fill'd with wind;
And, through the veil of words, thou view'st the
naked mind.

For this a hundred voices I desire,
To tell thee what a hundred tongues would tire;
Yet never could be worthily express'd,
How deeply thou art seated in my breast.
When first my childish robe³ resign'd the charge,
And left me, unconfined, to live at large;

³ By the childish robe is meant the *prætexta*, or first gowns which the Roman children of quality wore: these were welled

When now my golden bulla (hung on high
To household gods) declared me past a boy;
And my white shield⁴ proclaim'd my liberty;
When, with my wild companions, I could roll
From street to street, and sin without control;
Just at that age, when manhood set me free,
I then deposed myself, and left the reins to thee.
On thy wise bosom I reposed my head,
And, by my better Socrates⁵, was bred.
Then thy straight rule set virtue in my sight,
The crooked line reforming by the right.
My reason took the bent of thy command,
Was form'd and polish'd by thy skilful hand:
Long summer days thy precepts I rehearse;
And winter nights were short in our converse:
One was our labour, one was our repose,
One frugal supper did our studies close.

Sure on our birth some friendly planet shone;
And, as our souls, our horoscope was one⁶:
Whether the mounting Twins⁷ did heaven adorn,
Or, with the rising Balance⁸ we were born;

with purple; and on those welts were fastened the *bullæ*, or little bells; which when they came to the age of puberty were hung up, and consecrated to the lares, or household gods.

⁴ The first shields which the Roman youths wore were white, and without any impress or device on them; to show they had yet achieved nothing in the wars.

⁵ Socrates, by the oracle, was declared to be the wisest of mankind: he instructed many of the Athenian young noblemen in morality, and amongst the rest Alcibiades.

⁶ Astrologers divide the heaven into twelve parts, according to the number of the twelve signs of the zodiac. The sign or constellation which rises in the east, at the birth of any man, is called the ascendant: Persius therefore judges, that Cornutus and he had the same or a like nativity.

⁷ The sign of Gemini.

⁸ The sign of Libra.

Both have the same impressions from above;
 And both have Saturn's⁹ rage, repell'd by Jove.
 What star I know not, but some star, I find,
 Has given thee an ascendant o'er my mind.

CORN. Nature is ever various in her frame:
 Each has a different will, and few the same.
 The greedy merchants, led by lucre, run
 To the parch'd Indies, and the rising sun;
 From thence hot pepper, and rich drugs they bear,
 Bartering for spices their Italian ware.
 The lazy glutton safe at home will keep,
 Indulge his sloth, and batten with his sleep:
 One bribes for high preferments in the state,
 A second shakes the box, and sits up late;
 Another shakes the bed, dissolving there,
 Till knots upon his gouty joint appear,
 And chalk is in his crippled fingers found;
 Rots like a dodderd oak, and piecemeal falls to
 ground;

Then, his lewd follies he would late repent,
 And his past years, that in a mist were spent.

PERS. But thou art pale, in nightly studies,
 To make the Stoic institutes¹⁰ thy own: [grown,
 Thou long with studious care hast till'd our youth,
 And sown our well purged ears with wholesome
 truth.

From thee both old and young, with profit, learn
 The bounds of good and evil to discern.

CORN. Unhappy he who does this work adjourn,

⁹ Astrologers have an axiom, that whatsoever Saturn ties is loosed by Jupiter. They account Saturn to be a planet of a malevolent nature, and Jupiter of a propitious influence.

¹⁰ Zeno was the great master of the Stoic philosophy; and Cleanthes was second to him in reputation: Cornutus, who was master or tutor to Persius, was of the same school.

And to to-morrow would the search delay :
His lazy morrow will be like to-day.

PERS. But is one day of ease too much to
borrow? [morrow.

CORN. Yes, sure ; for yesterday was once to-
That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd ;
And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd :
For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
And wilt be ever to begin thy task ;
Who, like the hindmost chariot wheels, art curs'd,
Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first.
O freedom ! first delight of humankind !
Not that which bondmen from their masters find,
The privilege of doles ¹¹ : not yet to' inscribe
Their names in this or the' other Roman tribe ¹² :
That false enfranchisement with ease is found ;
Slaves are made citizens by turning round ¹³.
How, replies one, can any be more free ?
Here's Dama, once a groom of low degree,
Not worth a farthing, and a sot beside ;
So true a rogue, for lying's sake he lied :
But, with a turn, a freeman he became ;
Now Marcus Dama ¹⁴ is his worship's name.

¹¹ When a slave was made free, he had the privilege of a Roman born ; which was to have a share in the donatives or doles of bread, &c. which were distributed by the magistrates amongst the people.

¹² The Roman people was distributed into several tribes. He who was made free was enrolled into some one of them, and thereupon enjoyed the common privileges of a Roman citizen.

¹³ The master who intended to enfranchise a slave carried him before the city pretor, and turned him round, using these words : ' I will that this man be free.'

¹⁴ Slaves had only one name before their freedom : after it, they were admitted to a prænomen, like our Christian names : so Dama is now called Marcus Dama.

Good gods! who would refuse to lend a sum,
If wealthy Marcus surety will become?
Marcus is made a judge, and for a proof
Of certain truth, 'He said it,' is enough.
A will is to be proved; put in your claim;
'Tis clear, if Marcus has subscribed his name¹⁵,
This is true liberty¹⁶, as I believe;
What can we further from our caps receive
Than, as we please, without control to live?
Not more to noble Brutus¹⁷ could belong.
Hold, says the Stoic, your assumption's wrong;
I grant true freedom you have well defined;
But, living as you list, and to your mind,
And loosely tack'd, all must be left behind.
What, since the pretor did my fetters loose,
And left me freely at my own dispose,
May I not live without control and awe,
Excepting still the letter of the law¹⁸?

Hear me with patience, while thy mind I free
From those fond notions of false liberty:
'Tis not the pretor's province to bestow
True freedom; nor to teach mankind to know
What to ourselves, or to our friends, we owe.
He could not set thee free from cares and strife,
Nor give the reins to a lewd vicious life:

¹⁵ At the proof of a testament, the magistrates were to subscribe their names, as allowing the legality of the will.

¹⁶ Slaves, when they were set free, had a cap given them in sign of their liberty.

¹⁷ Brutus freed the Roman people from the tyranny of the Tarquins, and changed the form of the government into a glorious commonwealth.

¹⁸ The text of the Roman laws was written in red letters, which was called the rubric; translated here, in more general words, 'the letter of the law.'

As well he for an ass a harp might string,
Which is against the reason of the thing;
For reason still is whispering in your ear,
Where you are sure to fail, the' attempt forbear.
No need of public sanctions this to bind,
Which nature has implanted in the mind:
Not to pursue the work, to which we're not design'd.

Unskill'd in hellebore, if thou shouldst try
To mix it, and mistake the quantity;
The rules of physic would against thee cry.
The high-shoed ploughman, should he quit the
To take the pilot's rudder in his hand, [land,
Artless of stars, and of the moving sand;
The gods would leave him to the waves and wind,
And think all shame was lost in humankind.

Tell me, my friend, from whence hadst thou the
So nicely to distinguish good from ill? [skill,
Or by the sound to judge of gold and brass;
What piece is tinker's metal, what will pass?
And what thou art to follow, what to fly;
This to condemn and that to ratify?
When to be bountiful, and when to spare;
But never craving, or oppress'd with care?
The baits of gifts, and money to despise,
And look on wealth with undesiring eyes?
When thou canst truly call these virtues thine,
Be wise and free, by Heaven's consent, and mine!

But thou, who lately of the common strain
Wert one of us; if still thou dost retain
The same ill habits, the same follies too,
Gloss'd over only with a saintlike show;
Then I resume the freedom which I gave,
Still thou art bound to vice, and still a slave.

Thou canst not wag thy finger, or begin
The least light motion, but it tends to sin.

‘How’s this? Not wag my finger?’ he replies.

No, friend; nor fuming gums, nor sacrifice,
Can ever make a madman free, or wise.

Virtue and vice are never in one soul¹⁹:

A man is wholly wise, or wholly is a fool.

A heavy bumpkin, taught with daily care,
Can never dance three steps with a becoming air.

PERS. In spite of this, my freedom still re-
mains. [chains?

CORN. Free! what; and fetter’d with so many
Canst thou no other master understand

Than him that freed thee by the pretor’s wand²⁰?

Should he, who was thy lord, command thee now,

With a harsh voice, and supercilious brow,

To servile duties, thou wouldst fear no more;

The gallows and the whip are out of door.

But if thy passions lord it in thy breast,

Art thou not still a slave, and still oppress’d?

Whether alone, or in thy harlot’s lap,

When thou wouldst take a lazy morning’s nap;

Up, up, says Avarice; thou snoorest again,

Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn’st, but all in vain:

The tyrant lucre no denial takes:

At his command the unwilling sluggard wakes:

‘What must I do?’ he cries: ‘What?’ (says his lord),

Why rise, make ready, and go straight abroad:

¹⁹ The Stoics held this paradox, that any one vice, or notorious folly, which they called madness, hindered a man from being virtuous: that a man was of a piece, without a mixture, either wholly vicious or good; one virtue or vice, according to them, including all the rest.

²⁰ The pretor held a wand in his hand, with which he softly struck the slave on the head when he declared him free.

With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;
Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
Of pepper, and Sabæan incense, take
With thy own hands, from the tired camel's back;
And with post-haste thy running markets make.
Be sure to turn the penny; lie and swear;
'Tis wholesome sin: but Jove, thou say'st, will
hear:

Swear, fool, or starve: for the dilemma's even:
A tradesman thou! and hope to go to Heaven?
Resolved for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
Each saddled with his burden on his back:
Nothing retards thy voyage now, unless
Thy other lord forbids, Voluptuousness:
And he may ask this civil question: 'Friend,
What dost thou make ashboard? to what end?
Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free? [sea?
Stark, staring mad, that thou wouldst tempt the
Cubb'd in a cabin, on a mattress laid,
On a brown George, with lousy swobbers fed;
Dead wine, that stinks of the borrachio, sup
From a foul jack or greasy maple-cup?
Say, wouldst thou bear all this, to raise thy store
From six in the' hundred to six hundred more?
Indulge, and to thy genius freely give:
For, not to live at ease, is not to live:
Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
Live, while thou livest; for death will make us all
A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.'

Speak; wilt thou avarice or pleasure choose
To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse.
But both, by turns, the rule of thee will have;
And thou, betwixt them both, wilt be a slave.

Nor think when once thou hast resisted one,
That all thy marks of servitude are gone:
The struggling greyhound gnaws his leash in vain,
If, when 'tis broken, still he drags the chain.

Says Phædria²¹ to his man, ' Believe me,
friend,

To this uneasy love I'll put an end:
Shall I run out of all? My friends disgrace,
And be the first lewd unthrift of my race?
Shall I the neighbours' nightly rest invade
At her deaf doors, with some vile serenade?
' Well hast thou freed thyself (his man replies);
Go, thank the gods, and offer sacrifice.'
' Ah! (says the youth) if we unkindly part,
Will not the poor fond creature break her heart?
' Weak soul! and blindly to destruction-led:
She break her heart! she'll sooner break your head.
She knows her man, and when you rant and swear,
Can draw you to her, with a single hair.'
' But shall I not return? Now, when she sues,
Shall I my own, and her desires refuse?
' Sir, take your course; but my advice is plain:
Once freed, 'tis madness to resume your chain.'

Ay; there's the man who, loosed from lust
and pelf,

Less to the pretor owes than to himself.
But write him down a slave, who, humbly proud,
With presents begs preferments from the crowd;

²¹ This alludes to the play of Terence, called the ' Eunuch,' which was excellently imitated of late in English, by Sir Charles Sedley. In the first scene of that comedy, Phædria was introduced with his man Pamphilus, discoursing whether he should leave his mistress Thais, or return to her, now that she had invited him.

That early suppliant who salutes the tribes²²,
And sets the mob to scramble for his bribes :
That some old dotard, sitting in the sun,
On holidays may tell, that such a feat was done :
In future times this will be counted rare.

Thy superstition too may claim a share :
When flowers are strew'd, and lamps in order
placed,
And windows with illuminations graced, [round,
On Herod's day²³; when sparkling bowls go
And tunny's tails in savoury sauce are drown'd,
Thou mutter'st prayers obscene; nor dost refuse
The fasts and sabbaths of the curtail'd Jews.
Then a crack'd egg-shell thy sick fancy frights²⁴,
Besides the childish fear of walking sprites.

²² He who sued for any office amongst the Romans was called a candidate, because he wore 'a white gown,' and sometimes chalked it, to make it appear whiter. He rose early, and went to the levees of those who headed the people: saluted also the tribes severally, when they were gathered together to choose their magistrates; and distributed a largess amongst them, to engage them for their voices: much resembling our elections of parliament men.

²³ The Commentators are divided what Herod this was whom our author mentions; whether Herod the Great, whose birthday might be celebrated after his death by the Herodians; a sect among the Jews, who thought him their Messiah; or, whether Herod Agrippa, living in the author's time, and after it. The latter seems the more probable opinion.

²⁴ The ancients had a superstition, contrary to ours, concerning egg-shells. They thought, that if an egg-shell were cracked, or a hole bored in the bottom of it, they were subject to the power of sorcery. We, as vainly, break the bottom of an egg-shell, and cross it, when we have eaten the egg; lest some hag should make use of it, in bewitching us, or sailing over the sea in it, if it were whole.

The rest of the priests of Isis, and her one eyed or squinting priestess, is more largely treated in the sixth Satire of Juvenal, where the superstitions of women are related.

Of o'ergrown gelding priests thou art afraid;
The timbrel and the squintifego maid
Of Isis awe thee: lest the gods for sin
Should, with a swelling dropsy, stuff thy skin:
Unless three garlic heads the curse avert,
Eaten each morn, devoutly, next thy heart.

Preach this among the brawny guards, say'st
thou,

And see if they thy doctrine will allow:
The dull fat captain, with a hound's deep throat,
Would bellow out a laugh in a base note;
And prize a hundred Zenos just as much
As a clipp'd sixpence, or a schilling Dutch,

PERSIUS.

SATIRE VI.

BY MR. DRYDEN,

The Argument.

This sixth Satire treats an admirable commonplace of moral philosophy, of the true use of riches. They are certainly intended by the Power who bestows them as instruments and helps of living commodiously ourselves; and of administering to the wants of others, who are oppressed by fortune. There are two extremes in the opinions of men concerning them. One error, though on the right hand, yet a great one, is, 'that they are no helps to a virtuous life; the other places all our happiness in the acquisition and possession of them; and this is, undoubtedly, the worst extreme.' The mean betwixt these, is the opinion of the Stoics; which is, that riches may be useful to the leading a virtuous life; in case we rightly understand how to give according to right reason; and how to receive what is given us by others. The virtue of giving well is called liberality: and it is of this virtue that Persius writes in this Satire; wherein he not only shows the lawful use of riches, but also sharply inveighs against the vices which are opposed to it; and especially of those which consist in the defects of giving or spending, or in the abuse of riches. He writes to Cæsius Bassus his friend, and a poet also: inquires first of his health and studies; and afterwards informs him of his own, and where he is now resident. He gives an account of himself, that he is endeavouring by little and little to wear off his vices; and particularly, that he is combating ambition, and the desire of wealth. He

dwells upon the latter vice : and being sensible that few men either desire or use riches as they ought, he endeavours to convince them of their folly ; which is the main design of the whole Satire.

TO CÆSIUS BASSUS,

A LYRIC POET.

HAS winter caused thee, friend, to change thy seat,
 And seek in Sabine air¹ a warm retreat?
 Say, dost thou yet the Roman harp command?
 Do the strings answer to thy noble hand?
 Great master of the Muse! inspired to sing
 The beauties of the first created spring;
 The pedigree of nature to rehearse,
 And sound the Maker's work, in equal verse.
 Now sporting on thy lyre the loves of youth²,
 Now virtuous age, and venerable truth;
 Expressing justly Sappho's wanton art
 Of odes, and Pindar's more majestic part.

For me, my warmer constitution wants
 More cold than our Ligurian winter grants;

¹ All the studious and particularly the poets, about the end of August, began to set themselves on work: refraining from writing during the heats of the summer. They wrote by night, and sat up the greatest part of it: for which reason the product of their studies was called their 'Elucubrations, or Nightly Labours.' They who had country seats, retired to them while they studied: as Persius did to his, which was near the port of the Moon in Etruria; and Bassus to his, which was in the country of the Sabines, nearer Rome.

² This proves Cæsius Bassus to have been a lyric poet. It is said of him, that by an eruption of the flaming mountain Vesuvius, near which the greatest part of his fortune lay, he was burned himself, together with all his writings.

And therefore to my native shores retired,
I view the coast old Ennius once admired;
Where cliffs on either side their points display;
And after, opening in an ampler way,
Afford the pleasing prospect of the bay.
'Tis worth your while, O Romans! to regard
The port of Luna, says our learned bard;
Who, in a drunken dream², beheld his soul
The fifth within the transmigrating roll;
Which first a peacock, then Euphorbus was,
Then Homer next, and next Pythagoras;
And last of all the line did into Ennius pass.

Secure and free from business of the state;
And more secure of what the vulgar prate,
Here I enjoy my private thoughts; nor care
What rots for sheep the southern winds prepare:
Survey the neighbouring fields, and not repine
When I behold a larger crop than mine:
To see a beggar's brat in riches flow
Adds not a wrinkle to my even brow;
Nor, envious at the sight, will I forbear
My plenteous bowl, nor bate my bounteous cheer;

² I call it 'a drunken dream' of Ennius; not that my author, in this place, gives me any encouragement for the epithet; but because Horace, and all who mention Ennius, say he was an excessive drinker of wine. In a dream, or vision (call you it which you please) he thought it was revealed to him that the soul of Pythagoras was transmigrated into him; as Pythagoras, before him, believed that himself had been Euphorbus in the wars of Troy. Commentators differ in placing the order of this soul, and who had it first. I have here given it to the peacock, because it looks more according to the order of nature, that it should lodge in a creature of an inferior species; and so by gradation rise to the informing of a man. And Persius favours me, by saying, that Ennius was the fifth from the Pythagorean peacock.

Nor yet unseal the dregs of wine that stink
Of cask; nor in a nasty flaggon drink:
Let others stuff their guts with homely fare:
For men of different inclinations are;
Though born perhaps beneath one common star.
In minds and manners twins opposed we see
In the same sign, almost the same degree:
One, frugal, on his birthday fears to dine,
Does at a penny's cost in herbs repine;
And hardly dares to dip his fingers in the brine:
Prepared as priest of his own rites to stand,
He sprinkles pepper with a sparing hand.
His jolly brother, opposite in sense,
Laughs at his thrift; and, lavish of expense,
Quaffs, crams, and guttles, in his own defence,
For me, I'll use my own; and take my share:
Yet will not turbots for my slaves prepare;
Nor be so nice in taste myself, to know
If what I swallow be a thrush, or no.
Live on thy annual income; spend thy store;
And freely grind, from thy full threshingfloor:
Next harvest promises as much, or more.
Thus I would live: but friendship's holy band,
And offices of kindness, hold my hand:
My friend is shipwreck'd on the Brutian strand⁴;

⁴ Perhaps this is only a fine transition of the poet, to introduce the business of the Satire; and not that any such accident had happened to one of the friends of Persius. But, however, this is the most poetical description of any in our author: and since he and Lucan were so great friends, I know not but Lucan might help him, in two or three of these verses, which seem to be written in his style. Certain it is, that besides the description of a shipwreck, and two lines more, which are at the end of the Second Satire, our poet has written nothing elegantly.

His riches in the' Ionian main are lost;
 And he himself stands shivering on the coast;
 Where, destitute of help, forlorn and bare,
 He wearies the deaf gods with fruitless prayer:
 Their images, the relics of the wreck,
 Torn from the naked poop, are tided back
 By the wild waves, and, rudely thrown ashore,
 Lie impotent; nor can themselves restore.
 The vessel sticks, and shows her open'd side,
 And on hershatter'd mast the mews in triumph ride.
 From thy new hope⁵, and from thy growing store,
 Now lend assistance, and relieve the poor.
 Come; do a noble act of charity:
 A pittance of thy land will set him free.
 Let him not bear the badges of a wreck,
 Nor beg with a blue table⁶ on his back:
 Nor tell me that thy frowning heir will say,
 'Tismine, that wealth thou squander'st thus away:
 What is't to thee, if he neglect thy urn,
 Or without spices lets thy body burn⁷?

⁵ 'From thy new hope,' &c. The Latin is *Nunc et de cespiti vivo, frange aliquid*. Casaubon only opposes the *caespes vivus*, which, word for word, is the living turf, to the harvest or annual income. I suppose the poet rather means, sell a piece of land already sown, and give the money of it to my friend who has lost all by shipwreck: that is, do not stay till thou hast reaped; but help him immediately, as his wants require.

⁶ 'Nor beg with a blue table,' &c. Holiday translates it a green table. The sense is the same; for the table was painted of the sea colour, which the shipwrecked person carried on his back, expressing his losses thereby, to excite the charity of the spectators.

⁷ The bodies of the rich before they were burned were embalmed with spices; or rather spices were put into the urn with the relics of the ashes. Our author here names cinnamon and cassia, which cassia was sophisticated with cherry

If odours to thy ashes he refuse,
 Or buys corrupted Cassia from the Jews?
 All these, the wiser Bestius will reply,
 Are empty pomp, and dead men's luxury:
 We never knew this vain expense before
 The' effeminated Grecians brought it o'er:
 Now toys and trifles from their Athens come;
 And dates and pepper have unsinew'd Rome.
 Our sweating hinds their sallads now defile,
 Infecting homely herbs with fragrant oil.
 But to thy fortune be not thou a slave:
 For what hast thou to fear beyond the grave?
 And thou who gapest for my estate? draw near;
 For I would whisper somewhat in thy ear.
 Hear'st thou the news, my friend? the' express
 is come
 With laurel'd letters from the camp to Rome:
 Cæsar^s salutes the queen and senate thus:—
 'My arms are on the Rhine victorious!

gum: and, probably enough, by the Jews; who adulterate all things which they sell. But whether the ancients were acquainted with the spices of the Molucca islands, Ceylon and other parts of the Indies; or whether their pepper and cinnamon, &c. were the same with ours, is another question. As for nutmegs and mace, it is plain that the Latin names of them are modern.

^s The Cæsar here mentioned is Caius Caligula, who affected to triumph over the Germans, whom he never conquered, as he did over the Britains; and accordingly sent letters, wrapped about with laurels, to the Senate, and the empress Cæsonia, whom I here call queen; though I know that name was not used amongst the Romans: but the word empress would not stand in that verse, for which reason I adjourned it to another. The dust which was to be swept away from the altars was either the ashes which were left there, after the last sacrifice for victory; or might perhaps mean the dust

From mourning altars sweep the dust away;
Cease fasting, and proclaim a fat thanksgiving
day.'

The goodly empress⁹, jollily inclined,
Is to the welcome bearer wondrous kind:
And, setting her good housewifery aside,
Prepares for all the pageantry of pride.
The captive Germans¹⁰, of gigantic size,
Are rank'd in order, and are clad in frize:
The spoils of kings and conquer'd camps we boast,
Their arms in trophies hang on the triumphal post.

Now, for so many glorious actions done
In foreign parts, and mighty battles won;
For peace at home, and for the public wealth,
I mean to crown a bowl to Cæsar's health:
Besides, in gratitude for such high matters,
Know, I have vow'd two hundred gladiators¹¹.
Say, wouldst thou hinder me from this expense!
I disinherit thee, if thou darest take offence.
Yet more a public largess I design
Of oil and pies, to make the people dine:

or ashes, which were left on the altars, since some former defeat of the Romans, by the Germans: after which overthrow, the altars had been neglected.

⁹ Cæsonia, wife to Caius Caligula, who afterwards, in the reign of Claudius, was proposed, but ineffectually, to be married to him, after he had executed Messalina for adultery.

¹⁰ He means only such as were to pass for Germans in the triumph: large bodied men, as they are still; whom the empress clothed new, with coarse garments, for the greater ostentation of the victory.

¹¹ A hundred pair of gladiators were beyond the purse of any private man to give: therefore, this is only a threatening to his heir, that he could do what he pleased with his estate.

Control me not, for fear I change my will.

And yet methinks I hear thee grumbling still,—

‘You give as if you were the Persian king:

Your land does not so large revenues bring.’

Well; on my terms thou wilt not be my heir?

If thou carest little, less shall be my care:

Were none of all my father’s sisters left;

Nay, were I of my mother’s kin bereft;

None by an uncle’s or a grandam’s side,

Yet I could some adopted heir provide.

I need but take my journey half a day

From haughty Rome, and at Aricia stay,

Where fortune throws poor Manius in my way.

Him will I choose:—‘What! him of humble birth,

Obscure, a foundling, and a son of earth;’

Obscure! Why prithee what am I? I know

My father, grandsire, and great grandsire too:

If further I derive my pedigree,

I can but guess beyond the fourth degree.

The rest of my forgotten ancestors

Were sons of earth, like him, or sons of whores.

Yet why wouldst thou, old covetous wretch,
aspire

To be my heir, who mightst have been my sire?

In nature’s race, shouldst thou demand of me

My torch¹², when I in course run after thee?

Think I approach thee, like the god of gain,

With wings on head and heels as poets feign:

Thy moderate fortune from my gift receive;

Now fairly take it, or as fairly leave.

¹² ‘Shouldst thou demand of me my torch,’ &c. Why shouldst thou, who art an old fellow, hope to outlive me, and be my heir, who am much younger? He who was first, in the course or race, delivered the torch, which he carried, to him who was second.

But take it as it is, and ask no more.
'What, when thou hast embezzled all thy store?
Where's all thy father left?'—'Tis true, I grant,
Some I have mortgaged to supply my want:
The legacies of Tadius too are flown;
All spent, and on the selfsame errand gone.
'How little then to my poor share will fall?'
Little indeed: but yet that little's all.

Nor tell me, in a dying father's tone,
Be careful still of the main chance, my son:
Put out the principal, in trusty hands;
Live on the use, and never dip thy lands:
'But yet what's left for me?'—What's left, my
friend!

Ask that again, and all the rest I spend.
Is not my fortune at my own command?
Pour oil, and pour it with a plenteous hand,
Upon my salads, boy: shall I be fed
With sodden nettles, and a singed sow's head?
'Tis holiday; provide me better cheer:
'Tis holiday, and shall be round the year.
Shall I my household gods and genius cheat,
To make him rich, who grudges me my meat?
That he may loll at ease; and, pamper'd high,
When I am laid, may feed on gible pie?
And, when his throbbing lust extends the vein,
Have wherewithal his whores to entertain?
Shall I in homespun cloth be clad, that he
His paunch in triumph may before him see?

Go, miser, go: for lucre sell thy soul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to
pole:

That men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vast estate he left his son?

How large a family of brawny knaves,
Well fed, and fat as Cappadocian slaves ¹³!
Increase thy wealth, and double all thy store;
'Tis done: now double that, and swell the score;
To every thousand add ten thousand more.
Then say, Chrysippus ¹⁴, thou who wouldst confine
Thy heap, where I shall put an end to mine?

¹³ 'Well fed and fat as Cappadocian slaves.' Who were famous for their lustiness; and being, as we call it, in good liking. They were set on a stall when they were exposed to sale, to show the good habit of their body, and made to play tricks before the buyers, to show their activity and strength.

¹⁴ Chrysippus the Stoic invented a kind of argument, consisting of more than three propositions, which is called *Sorites*, or a heap. But as Chrysippus could never bring his propositions to a certain stint, so neither can a covetous man bring his craving desires to any certain measure of riches, beyond which he could not wish for any more.

THE
ODES OF HORACE.



THE
LIFE OF HORACE.

Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine Poeta,
Quale sopor fessis. VIRGIL.

If we look into the annals of Rome, we shall find no period so abounding in genius and learning as that when Augustus, after the battle of Actium and the reduction of Egypt, being left sole and peaceable master of the world, judiciously resolved to polish the minds of his warlike subjects, and make them as famous for civilization and elegance as they were already for arms. Himself a man of genius, he had discrimination to perceive, and generosity to reward, it in others. In his reign the Roman language attained perfection; and, like the people who spoke it, became strong and majestic. If it be less harmonious and dignified than the Greek, it is generally more concise, and sometimes more forcible. By many, indeed, its inferiority is only acknowledged for the purposes of poetry; in which it wants the various cadence of the dialect, and the expressive force of the compound epithets: the latter, so beautiful in Homer as to exhibit in a single word more than a subordinate language would delineate in the fullest description. The reign of Augustus has been a theme of panegyric for the Poet, the Orator, and the

Historian; and he himself uniformly professed to devote his life to the happiness of his people: yet upon a closer inspection, even in this celebrated era we shall see more to condemn than to admire. It is true, the energy of the Roman character was not absolutely extinguished, nor did the manners of the people exhibit that open depravity, afterwards so conspicuous in the reigns of Tiberius, Caligula, and Nero.

The calm that Augustus created, after the horrors of the revolution, caused his very name to be adored; and men were so far degraded as to rejoice, because they could awake without the fear of seeing their names included in a proscription. Sunk into a state of pusillanimity, the Roman people lost sight, in the amphitheatre and circus, of that freedom and civil right, for which the plains of Cannæ and Pharsalia had been deluged in blood. If any one, in whose breast the ardour of freedom was not entirely extinguished, dared to question the great nephew of Cæsar concerning the tenure of his power, a single glance of the emperor at his lictors reduced him to silence. The fine arts of Greece, transplanted round the capital, flourished under his auspices, and strewed with flowers the path he was silently opening to despotism. Tyranny had never a more attractive beginning; all was enchanting—all admired. Augustus took advantage of the illusion, and gave the last stab to the liberties of his country.

It has been said, that if genius is patronized by a government, however usurped and tyrannical, it will flourish equally well as in a republic of

free people. In support of this opinion may be brought the reign of Augustus, under whom lived Horace, Virgil, Ovid, and Tibullus; and to mention the first of these is to mention every thing great and excellent in composition. In him are combined the poet, the critic, the philosopher, and the courtier: and he is the author, of all antiquity, who seems to have made the happiest union of the gentleman and the scholar. From the foundation of the city till the time of Augustus the Romans had no other lyric poetry than their first extemporary essays, called verses of the *Salii*, which Cato, in his book *de Originibus*, informs us were a collection of songs chanted, as early as the reign of Numa, in honour of the great. Horace, therefore, may be termed the first, and, properly speaking, the only Lyric Poet amongst them. Under him the Muse soared to heaven in bold and high strains of genuine poetry; and seemed to emulate, if not surpass, the loftiest flights of his Grecian predecessors. He combines the gaiety and elegance of Anacreon with the enthusiasm and sublimity of Pindar. At pleasure he resembles Alcæus, Stesichorus, and Sappho, excelling them in the variety of his compositions and the ease of his manners. ‘When (says the classical Urquhart) he takes his lyre, and is seized with the poetic spirit, he is at once either transported into the council of the gods, to the ruins of Troy, or to the summit of the Alps; and his Muse always rises to the subject which inspires it. He is majestic in Olympus, and charming with his mistress. It costs him no more to paint with traits

sublime the soul of Cato or of Regulus than enchantingly to sing the caresses of Lalagé, or the coquetries of Pyrrha.' The works indeed of this incomparable author are equally the delight of our early and maturer years; and his life, though void of adventure, has been so often the subject of biography that it is not easy to discover a single circumstance of his existence which at this late period has been unexplored. On the present occasion, therefore, nothing new can be expected; but the contemplation and praise of acknowledged excellence can scarcely produce fatigue by repetition.

Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born on the 8th of December, A. U. 688, at Venusia, a town on the frontiers of Lucania and Apulia, whence Horace himself (Sat. i. Book ii.) makes it doubtful of which province he is a native. The consulships of Lucius Aurelius Cotta, and Lucius Manlius Torquatus, are rendered illustrious by his birth. His father, Flavius Flaccus, though only a freedman (Sat. i. Book vi.) and a collector of taxes, removed him at the early age of ten years to Rome, in order that he might have the advantage of the most celebrated masters of his time. One of these was Orbilius, whom Suetonius mentions as a man of great severity, but the ablest teacher in the capital. The father of Horace, though illiterate, was a man of strong natural understanding; and he wisely thought the jargon of philosophy and patriotism, so universally taught by the professors at Rome, ill calculated to implant into the mind of his son those active ideas of honesty and virtue, for which he

himself was so distinguished. He therefore took every opportunity of setting before him the example of persons remarkable for their virtues and their vices, and by expatiating, with that eloquence so eminent in the Roman people, on the advantages of the one, and the infamy of the other, by pointing out to him what best deserved his imitation, and what he should avoid as ignominious, he instilled into his infant mind those principles of morality and virtue, which, notwithstanding the corruption of the age, are so conspicuous in many of the writings of Horace. In the sixth Satire of the first Book, we find the poet himself acknowledging with gratitude the care which his father bestowed upon his education, and that he caused him to be instructed in those arts usually confined to the children of senators and knights; preserving him chaste (the chief honour of virtue), and guarding him not only from depravity, but even from suspicion and reproach.

After having remained eight years under the tuition of his countrymen at Rome, Horace, by the indulgence of his father, and for the purpose of perfecting himself in Greek literature, removed to Athens; where, to his extraordinary talents joining an eager and assiduous application, it is no wonder that we find in him the poet, the philosopher, and the scholar. Unfortunately, however, Marcus Brutus passing through that city in his way to Macedonia, took with him several of the Roman students as volunteers to the army. Among these was Horace, who was easily persuaded to accept the office of a Tribune, and to abandon the paths of science for the field of glory.

This perhaps was the only profession for which his habits of study had rendered him unfit, and accordingly we find him at the battle of Philippi (Ode vii. Book ii.), so far forgetting his duty as to quit the post assigned him, and escape by a 'swift flight;' having first disgracefully thrown away the shield¹ he had sworn to preserve, but which now impeded his progress. The poet, however, readily acknowledges the baseness of the action, in the Ode to his friend Pompeius Varus, who was also at Philippi, and the companion of his flight. Having thus saved his life, Horace began to think of some means whereby he could support it; for being on the conquered side at Philippi, his property, as was customary in civil wars, became a prey to the victors; he therefore returned to Rome, and concealed himself for some time in the house of Ælius Lamias, depending on his talents as a resource against indigence. He had now, however, the good fortune to be introduced to his great contemporary Virgil, who, so far from envying his extraordinary talents, procured him the restoration of his estate, and generously spoke in his favour to Mæcenas. This celebrated patron of genius and literature introduced him to Augustus, who was

¹ Among the ancients, it was reckoned more ignominious for a man to lose his shield than his sword, as the former was of general service to the army, and the latter only beneficial to the soldier himself. To die with the shield on the arm was as glorious as to lose it was infamous, thus Epaminondas, the Theban, being mortally wounded in the battle of Mantinea, inquired, with a sorrowful countenance, of those who were carrying him to his tent, whether the enemy had taken his shield; and finding they had not, he desired it to be brought to him, when he eagerly kissed it as the companion of his toil and his glory, and expired with a smile.

so captivated by the wit and social humour of Horace that he became greatly attached to him, and afterwards offered to promote him to the honourable and advantageous situation of his private secretary. This preferment, the poet, unambitious and loving retirement, had the greatness of mind to decline, and the emperor sufficient generosity not to be offended at his refusal. Horace, however, continued to grow in favour, and not only received great pecuniary rewards, but became the intimate friend of both Mæcenas and Augustus. It is true he repaid their favours by abundance of poetic adulation; yet his wishes were moderate, and his mind free: he was not to be silenced by the frown of the great, or dazzled by the splendour of a mighty empire. Though fully capable of tasting the pleasures of refined society, he seems to have been radically fond of rural retirement: nor has any poet with such feeling energy described his wishes for a life of tranquil repose. At the same time he pleasantly accuses himself of great levity and mutability in his taste; and indeed his whole life and strain of thinking seem rather to have been under the dominion of temporary emotions than of fixed principles.

Augustus having heard that Sextus Pompey was building ships, levying armies, and making vast preparations for a vigorous war in Sicily, politically resolved to conclude a peace with Anthony, in order that their united forces might the more easily destroy their common enemy. For this purpose an ambassador was sent on each side to Brundisium. Mæcenas, going on the part of

Augustus, took with him several of the *literati* of Rome, among whom were Virgil and Horace. The latter has given an extremely humorous account of his journey (*Sat. i. Book v.*), in which, however, he states the luxury and degeneracy of Mæcenas to be such that he was usually, though traveling the famous Appian way, two days in accomplishing what his ancestors would have done in one. During this journey too, it is supposed Horace wrote his *Ode to C. Asinius Pollio*, who was at that time Consul, and who had undertaken to write a history of the civil wars of Rome. The poet advises him to abandon all idea of this work on account of its difficulties, and tells him 'he will have to tread on quicksands, and pass through fires,' justly imagining that he must either be a faithless historian, and conceal the true causes of the war after the death of Cæsar; or, that he would ruin himself with Augustus, if he hinted at the corruption, the treachery, and the murder, through which he waded to the throne, and annihilated the already tottering liberties of a free people.

Though peace was concluded by Mæcenas, and Anthony married Octavia, half sister to Augustus; yet the ambition and mutual animosity of these rival chiefs in a short time again plunged the Roman empire into the horrors of a civil war: As Augustus was usually accompanied in his expeditions by his minister; we find Horace (*Ode i. Book v.*) professing his readiness to follow his 'dear friend Mæcenas' undauntedly over the dangerous summits of the Alps, through the frightful deserts of Caucasus, and even to the

furthest bounds of the west: at the same time he assures him, it is not interest that prompts him to make this sacrifice of his comfort; for his generous bounty has already given him enough, and he wishes for no more.

In this Epode, Horace also repeats his love of retirement; and this inclination increasing with his age, he almost entirely withdrew himself from the court of Augustus; spending the summer at a small villa on the banks of the Tyber, and the winter at his house at Tarentum, where the air was more mild than at Rome. From this period he passed his life with little variety; continuing, however, to correspond both with Augustus and Mæcenas. The former, as Suetonius informs us, having read several of his Satires and Epistles with great approbation, observed that many of his works were addressed to his minister, and other friends, but that nothing was inscribed to him, of which he complained in the following manner: 'You must know that I am greatly displeased with you, because your works are not chiefly addressed to me. Do you fear that it may be injurious to your reputation with posterity, if you are thought to have lived in friendship with me?' It was upon this occasion that Horace wrote his first Epistle of the second Book: the most ingenious and celebrated production in that species of poetry, of which antiquity has to boast. The Epistle to Florus seems to have been the last effort of his genius; it was written in his 56th year, yet possesses all the fire and sublimity of his more early productions.

The death of his generous friend Mæcenas,
VOL. II.

which happened in the beginning of November, A. U. 745, or B. C. 6, is supposed to have hastened that of Horace, who died on the 27th of the same month, in the 58th year of his age. He was so much reduced as to be unable to sign his will, but with his last words declared Augustus his heir. In the Esquiline mount, near the tomb of Mæcenas, were deposited his remains; and the emperor erected a noble monument in honour of him, whose genius has shed a more brilliant lustre on his reign than all his munificent patronage of the arts, or all his ruinous victories.

In the person of Horace there was nothing characteristic of the Roman. He was below the middle size, and extremely corpulent. Augustus compares him, in a letter, to the book which he sent him—a little thick volume. He was gray-haired at a very early age, and luxurious living by no means agreed with his constitution; yet he constantly associated with the greatest men in Rome, and frequented the table of his illustrious patrons as if he were in his own house. The emperor, whilst sitting at his meals with Virgil at his right hand and Horace at his left, often ridiculed the short breath of the former, and the watery eyes of the latter, by observing that ‘he sat between tears and sighs.’ In early life Horace seems to have been a disciple of Epicurus, and a professor of the doctrine of *chance* in the formation of things; but in Ode xxxiv. Book i. we find him abjuring this system of philosophy, and embracing that of stoicism; mentioning as one great, though apparently unreasonable motive for recantation, that it thundered and lightened in

a pure sky, which was a phenomenon not to be accounted for on natural principles, and consequently an irresistible argument in support of an overruling Providence.

Horace has been, of all others, the poet for quotation, and the companion of the classical scholar. His Odes are indisputably the best models of that kind of composition in the Latin language; for when many others were extant, Quintilian pronounced him 'almost the only one of the lyric poets worthy of being read.' It has been well observed of him, that he has given to a rough language the tender and delicate modulation of the eastern song. His Odes are pathetic, heroic, and amatory. The seventeenth of the second Book, written during the last illness of Mæcenas, is of the first kind; it possesses all that variety of sentiment and felicity of expression in which he is so eminently superior to his great Theban competitor. Of the heroic, one of the most celebrated is that to Fortune (Ode xxxv. Book i.), wherein he invokes her with the most insinuating grace, and recommends Augustus and the Romans to her care. The amatory Odes of this inestimable poet evince the polished and delicate taste of which he was so eminently possessed; they contain the refinement and softness of Sappho, combined with the spirit and elegance of Anacreon. In his Ode to Pyrrha there is a mixture of sweetness and reproach, of praise and satire, uniformly pleasing in all languages; and which Scaliger calls the purest nectar. Horace can equally inflame the mind by his enthusiasm, and calm it by his philosophy.

Where shall we see in an uninspired writer better consolation for poverty, or stronger arguments for contentment, than are contained in his admirable Ode to Dellius? And his Hymn to the Praise of the Gods and of illustrious Men may claim the palm, when put in competition with the finest compositions of his Grecian predecessors.

The Satires and Epistles of Horace are full of morality and good sense. In the first Book of the Satires it is his obvious endeavour to eradicate vice; and in the second, to dispel those prejudices which infest the human mind. The Epistles are an appendix to the Satires: they not only exhibit a forcible style of writing, but contain a valuable system of ethics. Socrates refuted before he taught; observing, 'that the ground ought first to be cleared from weeds, before it be sown with corn.' The Satires are the purifiers of passion, and the Epistles are the lessons of virtue to fill up the vacancies in the mind. In the Epistles he steps forward as a vindicator of morality; and, warm in its cause, gives way to all the strength and vigour of his genius. His sentiments are manly and elevated, and his verse suitable to his thoughts, powerful and sublime. The *Curiosa Felicitas* of Horace has become as it were proverbial among the sons of genius; and his name will continue to be held in universal veneration until the Goths of ignorance shall diffuse a second darkness over the civilized world.

G. D.

P R E F A C E,

TO THIS REVISED EDITION,

BY MR. PYE.

WHEN it was first proposed to give a small edition of Francis's translation of Horace, it was not deemed necessary to encumber the page with the notes, which would only serve to swell the bulk of the volume, without being of any use to the English reader; as they chiefly illustrate phrases, and establish particular readings in the original, to which they always refer, and therefore can only be intelligible to the Latin scholar, who has a Latin edition before him; and indeed that edition only which is usually printed with this translation. All the labour of the Editor has been directed towards correcting some of the errors, and retranslating such Odes and such passages in the Satires and Epistles as seemed to detract from the general merit of the work; for, to give equal excellence to so long and so varied a series of composition as the poems of Horace seems almost beyond the span of the human intellect.

It however has occurred, that short notes explanatory of the subject of some of the poems,

and of various customs of the Romans to which they allude, would be satisfactory to the reader; and this has been attempted. The Editor has also occasionally given his reasons for altering certain passages in the translation of Francis, and shown how often that gentleman has suffered his better judgment to be led astray by the absurd refinements of the French critics, and especially by Sanadon; many of whose remarks are eminently absurd.

The swelling of the notes to a considerable extent has been carefully avoided. Though in a multitude of counsellors there may be wisdom, in a multitude of words there is not always precision; and when the eye is perpetually drawn down to read long dissertations at the bottom of the page, while only two or four lines of the text are printed at the top of it, no attention whatever can comprehend the connexion of the parts, or discover that lucid order which our poet lays down as absolutely essential to every perfect composition.

ODES.

BOOK I.

ODE I.

[Mæcenas, the favourite and chief minister of Augustus, was supposed to be descended from the ancient kings of Etruria. He was so celebrated for his encouragement of Virgil, Horace, and other poets, that even now a patron of literature is often figuratively called a Mæcenas.]

TO MÆCENAS.

O THOU, whose birth illustrious springs
From fair Etruria's ancient kings,
Mæcenas, to whose guardian name
I owe my fortune and my fame;
There are, who round the' Olympic goal
Delight the kindling wheel to roll,
And boldy snatch the' illustrious prize
Which lifts earth's masters to the skies¹.

This man, to honours raised supreme,
By Rome's inconstant, loud acclaim;
Another, if from Libya's plain
He stores his private barn with grain;
A third, who with unceasing toil
Ploughs cheerful his paternal soil;

¹ 'Earth's masters.' That is, the Romans; which appears to me the obvious sense, though some suppose it means the gods.

While in their several wishes bless'd,
Not all the wealth by kings possess'd
Shall tempt, with fearful souls, to brave
The terrors of the foamy wave.

When loud the winds and waters wage
Wild war with elemental rage,
The merchant praises the retreat,
The quiet of his rural seat;
Yet, want untutor'd to sustain,
Soon rigs his shatter'd bark again.

No mean delights possess his soul,
With good old wine who crowns his bowl;
Whose early revels are begun
Ere half the course of day be run;
Now, by some sacred fountain laid,
Now, stretch'd beneath some bowering shade.

Others in tented fields rejoice,
The trumpet-sound, the clarion-voice:
With joy the sounds of war they hear,
Of war, which tender mothers fear.

The sportsman, chill'd by midnight Jove,
Forgets his tender, wedded love,
Whether his faithful hounds pursue,
And hold the bounding hind in view;
Whether the boar, fierce-foaming, foils
The chase, and breaks the spreading toils.

An ivy wreath, fair learning's prize,
Raises Mæcenâs to the skies;
Be mine, amid the breezy grove,
In sacred solitude to rove;
To see the nymphs and satyrs bound,
Light-dancing, through the mazy round,
While all the tuneful Sisters join
Their various harmony divine.

But if you rank me with the choir
Who tuned with art the Grecian lyre,
Swift to the noblest heights of fame
Shall rise thy Poet's deathless name.

II.

[It is recorded in history (*Dion.*) that the night after the name of Augustus was conferred on Octavius Cæsar, there happened an uncommon inundation of the Tyber; to which his Ode probably alludes.]

TO AUGUSTUS.

ENOUGH of snow, and hail, the' immortal Sire
Hath pour'd tempestuous; whilst his thunders dire,
With red right arm at his own temples hurl'd,
With fear and horror shook the guilty world,
Lest Pyrrha's age return, with plaintive cries,
Who saw the deep with newborn wonders rise;
When to the mountain summit Proteus drove
His seaborn herd, and where the woodland dove
Late perch'd, his wonted seat, the scaly brood
Entangled hung upon the topmost wood,
And every timorous native of the plain
High-floating swam amid the boundless main.

We saw, push'd backward to his native source,
The yellow Tyber roll his rapid course,
With impious ruin threatening Vesta's fane,
And the great monuments of Numa's reign;
With grief and rage while Ilia's bosom glows,
Boastful, for her revenge, his waters rose,
But now, the' uxorious river glides away,
So Jove commands, smooth-winding to the sea:
And yet, less numerous by their parents' crimes,
Our sons shall hear, shall hear to latest times,

Of Roman arms with civil gore imbrued,
Which better had the Persian foe subdued.

Whom of her guardian gods, what pitying power.
To raise her sinking state shall Rome implore?
Shall her own hallow'd virgins' earnest prayer
Harmonious charm offended Vesta's ear?

To whom shall Jove assign to purge away
The guilty deed? Appear, thou god of day,
But gracious veil thy shoulders beamy-bright,
Oh! veil in clouds the' unsufferable light:
Or may we rather thy protection claim,
Sicilian Venus, laughter-loving dame,
Round whom gay Jocus, and the god of love,
Wave the light wing, and hovering playful rove?

Or whom the polish'd helm, the noise of arms,
And the stern soldier's frown with transport warms,
Parent of Rome, amid the rage of fight
Sated with scenes of blood, thy fierce delight!
Hither at length thine aspect gracious bend,
And, powerful, thy neglected race defend:
Or thou, fair Maia's winged son, appear,
And mortal shape, in prime of manhood, wear;
Declared the guardian of the' imperial state,
Divine avenger of great Cæsar's fate:
Oh! late return to heaven, and may thy reign
With lengthen'd blessings fill thy wide domain;
Nor let thy people's crimes provoke thy flight,
On air swift-rising to the realms of light.
Great prince and father of the state! receive
The noblest triumphs which thy Rome can give;
Nor let the Parthian, with unpunish'd pride,
Beyond his bounds, O Cæsar, dare to ride.

III.

[This Ode gives a pleasing picture of the friendship that existed between these great poets, and which appears in many other parts of the works of Horace. Notwithstanding the common reproach of the irritability of poets, contemporary poets of distinguished excellence, in all ages, have generally been friends.]

TO THE SHIP IN WHICH VIRGIL SAILED TO
ATHENS.

So may the Cyprian queen divine,
And the twin-stars with saving lustre shine;
So may the father of the wind
All but the western gales propitious bind,
As you, dear vessel, safe restore
The² intrusted pledge to the Athenian shore,
And of my soul the partner save,
My much loved Virgil, from the raging wave.
Or oak, or brass with triple fold
That hardy mortal's daring breast enroll'd,
Who first, to the wild ocean's rage,
Launch'd the frail bark, and heard the winds engage
Tempestuous, when the south descends
Precipitate, and with the north contends;
Nor fear'd the stars portending rain,
Nor the loud tyrant to the western main,
Of power supreme the storm to raise,
Or calmer smooth the surface of the seas.
What various forms of death could fright
The man who view'd, with fix'd unshaken sight,
The floating monsters, waves inflamed,
And rocks for shipwreck'd fleets ill famed?
Jove has the realms of earth in vain
Divided by the' inhabitable main,

If ships profane, with fearless pride,
 Bound o'er the' inviolable tide.
 No laws, or human or divine,
 Can the presumptuous race of man confine.
 Thus from the sun's ethereal beam
 When bold Prometheus stole the' enlivening flame,
 Of fevers dire a ghastly brood,
 Till then unknown, the' unhappy fraud pursued;
 On earth their horrors baleful spread,
 And the pale monarch of the dead,
 Till then slow-moving to his prey,
 Precipitately rapid swept his way.
 Thus did the venturous Cretan dare
 To tempt, with impious wings, the void of air;
 Through hell Alcides urged his course:
 No work too high for man's audacious force.
 Our folly would attempt the skies,
 And with gigantic boldness impious rise!
 Nor Jove, provoked by mortal pride,
 Can lay his angry thunderbolts aside.

 IV.

[The 7th Ode of Book iv. is nearly on the same subject.]

TO SESTIUS.

Now winter melts in vernal gales,
 And grateful zephyrs fill the spreading sails;
 No more the ploughman loves his fire;
 No more the lowing herds their stalls desire,
 While earth her richest verdure yields,
 Nor hoary frosts now whiten o'er the fields.
 Now joyous through the verdant meads,
 Beneath the rising moon, fair Venus leads

Her various dance, and with her train
Of nymphs and modest graces treads the plain;
While Vulcan's glowing breath inspires
The toilsome forge, and blows up all its fires.

Now crown'd with myrtle, or the flowers
Which the glad earth from her free bosom pours,
We'll offer, in the shady grove,
Or lamb, or kid, as Pan shall best approve.

With equal pace, impartial Fate
Knocks at the palace, as the cottage gate,
Nor should our sum of life extend
Our growing hopes beyond their destined end.

When sunk to Pluto's shadowy coasts,
Oppress'd with darkness, and the fabled ghosts,

No more the dice shall there assign
To thee, the jovial monarchy of wine;

No more shall you the fair admire,
The virgins envy, and the youths desire.

V.

[This Ode was translated almost verbally by Milton, which was inserted in the first edition of Francis. We approve of the change; for Milton's was in blank verse, which certainly is very incompetent to show the spirit of Lyric Poetry, especially in a literal version: one phrase, however, 'plain in thy neatness,' which is here rendered 'with careless art,' is very happy, and an exact copy of the original.]

TO PYRRHA.

WHILE liquid odours round him breathe,
What youth, the rosy bower beneath,

Now courts thee to be kind?
Pyrrha, for whose unwary heart
Do you, thus dress'd with careless art,
Your yellow tresses bind?

How often shall the' unpractised youth
Of alter'd gods, and injured truth,

With tears, alas! complain!

How soon behold with wondering eyes
The blackening winds tempestuous rise,
And scowl along the main!

While, by his easy faith betray'd,
He now enjoys thee, golden maid,

Thus amiable and kind;

He fondly hopes that you shall prove
Thus ever vacant to his love,
Nor heeds the faithless wind.

Unhappy they, to whom untried
You shine, alas! in beauty's pride;

While I, now safe on shore,
Will consecrate the pictured storm,
And all my grateful vows perform
To Neptune's saving power.

VI.

[This Ode is a kind of imitation of the second of the Odes attributed to Anacreon; for of those odes having been written by Anacreon there is much doubt. The design of this Ode seems to be to apologize for not noticing Agrippa in his verses, who shared the confidence of Augustus with Mæcenas. Perhaps this is the archetype of the Ode ascribed to Anacreon.]

TO AGRIPPA.

VARIUS, who soars with Homer's wing,
Shall brave Agrippa's conquests sing,
Whate'er, inspired by his command,
The soldier dared on sea or land.

But we nor tempt with feeble art
Achilles' unrelenting heart,
Nor sage Ulysses in our lays
Pursues his wandering through the seas;
Nor ours in tragic strains to tell
How Pelops' cruel offspring fell.
The Muse, who rules the peaceful lyre,
Forbids me boldly to aspire
To thine or sacred Cæsar's fame,
And hurt with feeble song the theme.
Who can describe the god of fight
In adamantinè armour bright,
Or Merion on the Trojan shore
With dust, how glorious! cover'd o'er.
Or Diomed, by Pallas' aid,
To warring gods an equal made?

But whether loving, whether free,
With all our usual levity,
Untaught to raise the martial string,
Of feasts, and virgin fights we sing;
Of maids who, when bold love assails,
Fierce in their anger—pare their nails.

VII.

[I must agree with Sanadon, in thinking there are two separate Odes joined together, because Tibur is mentioned in both, and the measure is the same. Perhaps it may be necessary to point out to the mere English reader the distinction between Tyber the river, and Tibur the village; near which Horace's villa was situated, and which is now called Tivoli.]

TO MUNATIUS PLANCUS.

LET other poets, in harmonious lays,
Immortal Rhodes or Mitylenè praise,
Or Ephesus, or Corinth's towery pride,
Girt by the rolling main on either side;

Or Thebes or Delphos, for their gods renown'd,
Or Tempè's plains with flowery honours crown'd.

There are who sing in everlasting strains
The towers, where wisdom's virgin-goddess reigns;
And ceaseless toiling court the trite reward
Of olive, pluck'd by every vulgar bard.
For Juno's fame, the' unnumber'd, tuneful throng
With rich Mycenæ grace their favourite song;
And Argos boast, of pregnant glebe to feed
The warlike horse, and animate the breed:
But me, nor patient Lacedæmon charms,
Nor fair Larissa with such transport warms,
As pure Albunea's far resounding source,
And rapid Anio, headlong in his course;
Or Tibur, fenced by groves from solar beams,
And fruitful orchards bathed by ductile streams.

* * * * *
* * * * *

As Notus often, when the welkin lowers,
Sweeps off the clouds, nor teems perpetual showers,
So let thy wisdom, free from anxious strife,
In mellow wine dissolve the cares of life;
Whether the camp, with banners bright display'd,
Or Tibur holds thee in its thick-wrought shade.

When Teucer from his sire and country fled,
With poplar wreaths the hero crown'd his head,
Reeking with wine, and thus his friends address'd,
Deep sorrow brooding in each anxious breast;
Bold let us follow through the foamy tides,
Where Fortune, better than a father, guides:
Avaunt, despair, when Teucer calls to fame,
The same your augur, and your guide the same.
Another Salamis, in foreign clime,
With rival pride shall raise her head sublime.

So Phœbus nods ; ye sons of valour true,
Full often tried in deeds of deadlier hue,
To-day with wine drive every care away,
To-morrow tempt again the boundless sea.'

VIII.

TO LYDIA.

TELL me, Lydia, prithee tell,
Ah! why, by loving him too well,
Why you hasten to destroy
Young Sybaris, too amorous boy?
Why does he hate the sunny plain,
While he can sun or dust sustain?
Why no more, with martial pride,
Amidst the youthful battle ride;
And the Gallic steed command
With bitted curb and forming hand?
More than viper's baleful blood
Why does he fear the yellow flood?
Why detest the wrestler's oil,
While firm to bear the manly toil?
Where are now the livid scars
Of sportive, nor inglorious, wars;
When for the quoit, with vigour thrown
Beyond the mark, his fame was known?
Tell us, why this fond disguise,
In which like Thetis' son he lies,
Ere unhappy Troy had shed
Her funeral sorrows for the dead,
Lest a manly dress should fire
His soul to war and carnage dire.

IX.

[A gentleman who was at Rome during a very hard winter, some years ago, observed that there was then snow on Mount Soracte, which was considered as a very extraordinary circumstance; a proof that the climate of Italy must have changed, as Horace clearly mentions it as a usual consequence of winter.]

TO THALIARCHUS.

BEHOLD Soracte's airy height,
See how it stands an heap of snow !
Behold the winter's hoary weight
Oppress the labouring woods below ;
And, by the season's icy hand
Congeal'd, the lazy rivers stand.
Now melt away the winter's cold,
And larger pile the cheerful fire ;
Bring down the vintage four-year-old,
Whose mellow'd heat can mirth inspire ;
Then to the guardian powers divine
Careless the rest of life resign :
For when the warring winds arise,
And o'er the fervid ocean sweep,
They speak—and lo ! the tempest dies
On the smooth bosom of the deep ;
Unshaken stands the aged grove,
And feels the providence of Jove.
To-morrow with its cares despise,
And make the present hour your own,
Be swift to catch it as it flies,
And score it up as clearly won ;
Nor let your youth disdain to prove
The joys of dancing and of love.

When o'er the public walks the shade
Of sober twilight sheds its power,
An assignation whispering made
In silent evening's favouring hour;
While age morose thy vigour spares,
Be these thy pleasures, these thy cares.

The laugh that from the corner flies,
The sportive fair one shall betray;
Then boldly snatch the joyful prize;
A ring or bracelet tear away,
While she, not too severely coy,
Struggling shall yield the willing toy.

X.

[On a part of this Ode, Sanadon has one of the most extraordinary notes that ever came from the pen of a commentator. He says, 'this character of Mercury (*viz.* his skill in theft) which seems only a matter of diversion, yet is beneficial to mankind, by teaching them a proper vigilance in the care of their goods.']

HYMN TO MERCURY.

THOU god of wit (from Atlas sprung)
Who, by persuasive power of tongue
And graceful exercise, refined
The savage race of humankind;
Hail, winged messenger of Jove,
And all the' immortal powers above,
Sweet parent of the bending lyre,
Thy praise shall all its sounds inspire.
Artful, and cunning to conceal
Whate'er in sportive theft you steal;

When from the god who gilds the pole,
 E'en yet a boy, his herds you stole,
 With angry voice the threatening power
 Bade thee thy fraudulent prey restore;
 But of his quiver too beguiled,
 Pleased with the theft, Apollo smiled.

You were the wealthy Priam's guide,
 When safe from Agamemnon's pride,
 Through hostile camps, which round him spread
 Their watchful fires, his way he sped.
 Unspotted spirits you consign
 To blissful seats and joys divine;
 And powerful with thy golden wand
 The light unbodied crowd command;
 Thus grateful does thy office prove
 To gods below and gods above.

 XI.

[The uncertainty and shortness of life, which the Christian divine urges as a reason to look forward to a future state of existence, the heathen philosopher gives as a motive to make the most of the present.]

TO LEUCONOE.

STRIVE not, Leuconoë, to pry
 Into the secret will of fate;
 Nor impious magic vainly try,
 To know our lives' uncertain date:

Whether the' indulgent power divine
 Hath many seasons yet in store;
 Or this the latest winter thine,
 Which breaks its waves against the shore.

Thy life with wiser arts be crown'd,
Thy philter'd wines abundant pour;
The lengthen'd hope with prudence bound
Proportion'd to the flying hour:

E'en while we talk in careless ease,
Our envious minutes wing their flight;
Instant the fleeting pleasure seize,
Nor trust to-morrow's doubtful light.

XII.

HYMN TO JOVE.

WHAT man, what hero, on the tuneful lyre,
Or sharp-toned flute, will Clio choose to raise
Deathless to fame? What god? whose hallow'd
The sportive image of the voice [name
Shall through the shades of Helicon resound,
On Pindus, or on Hæmus ever cool,
From whence the forests in confusion wild
To vocal Orpheus urged their way;
Who by his mother's art, harmonious Muse,
With soft delay could stop the falling streams,
And winged winds; with strings of concert sweet
Powerful the listening oaks to lead.
Claims not the' eternal Sire his wonted praise?
Awful who reigns o'er gods and men supreme,
Who sea and earth—this universal globe
With grateful change of seasons rules;
From whom no being of superior power,
Nothing of equal, second glory springs;
Yet first of all his progeny divine
Immortal honours Pallas claims;
God of the vine, in deeds of valour bold,

Fair virgin huntress of the savage race,
 And Phœbus, dreadful with unerring dart,
 Nor will I not your praise proclaim.
 Alcides' labours, and fair Leda's twins,
 Famed for the rapid race, for wrestling famed,
 Shall grace my song; soon as whose star benign
 Through the fierce tempest shines serene,
 Swift from the rocks down foams the broken surge,
 Hush'd fall the winds, the driving clouds disperse,
 And all the threatening waves (so will the gods!)
 Smooth sink upon the peaceful deep.
 Here stops the song, doubtful whom next to praise;
 Or Romulus, or Numa's peaceful reign,
 The haughty ensigns of Tarquinius' throne,
 Or Cato', glorious in his fall.
 Grateful in higher tone the Muse shall sing
 The fate of Regulus, the Scaurian race,
 And Paulus, midst the waste of Cannæ's field,
 How greatly prodigal of life!
 Form'd by the hand of penury severe;
 In dwellings suited to their small domain,
 Fabricius, Curius, and Camillus rose;

¹ 'Cato.' I think, beside the impropriety of placing Cato
 between Tarquin and Regulus, it was very improbable that
 Horace should praise Cato in an Ode written in honour of
 Augustus; for I have no doubt but Virgil, in the *Æneis*,
 means the elder Cato. Altering two letters only, and one
 particle in the original, I would read

An catenis
 Nobile Lethum
 Reguli an, &c.

which would make this change in the translation,

Or glorious in his patriot fall
 leaving out the stop after *fall*.

To deeds of martial glory rose.
Marcellus, like a youthful tree of growth
Insensible, high shoots his spreading fame,
And, like the moon the feebler fires among,
Conspicuous shines the Julian star;
Saturnian Jove, parent and guardian god
Of human race, to thee the fates assign
The care of Cæsar's reign; to thine alone
Inferior² let his empire rise;
Whether the Parthian's formidable powers,
Or furthest India's oriental sons,
With suppliant pride beneath his triumph fall;
Wide o'er a willing world shall he
Contented reign, and to thy throne shall bend
Submissive: thou in thy tremendous car
Shalt shake Olympus' head, and at our groves
Polluted hurl thy dreadful bolts.

XIII.

TO LYDIA.

AH! when on Telephus's charms,
His rosy neck, and ivory arms,
My Lydia's praise unceasing dwells,
What gloomy spleen my bosom swells!
On my pale cheek the colour dies,
My reason in confusion flies,
And the down stealing tear betrays
The lingering flame that inward preys.

² 'Inferior.' The original has *second*, in contradiction to what the poet has just said, ver. 18.

Nothing of equal, second glory springs.

I burn, when in excess of wine
He soils those snowy arms of thine;
Or on thy lips the fierce fond boy
Marks with his teeth the furious joy.

If yet my voice can reach your ear,
Hope not to find the youth sincere,
Cruel who hurts the fragrant kiss,
Which Venus bathes with nectar'd bliss.
Thrice happy they, in pure delights,
Whom love with mutual bonds unites,
Unbroken by complaints or strife
Even to the latest hours of life.

XIV.

[Sanadon, who is always full of imaginary anecdote, supposes this Ode to be written to dissuade Augustus from abdicating his power. It most likely alludes to some disturbances excited by the republican party.]

TO THE REPUBLIC.

ILL fated vessel! shall the waves again
Tempestuous bear thee to the faithless main?
What would thy madness, thus with storms to
sport?

Ah! yet with caution keep the friendly port.
Behold thy naked decks; the southern blast,
Hark! how it whistles through thy rending mast!
Nor without ropes thy keel can longer brave
The rushing fury of the' imperious wave:
Torn are thy sails, thy guardian gods are lost,
Whom you might call in future tempests toss'd.
What though majestic in your pride you stood
A noble daughter of the Pontic wood,

You now may vainly boast an empty name,
Or birth conspicuous in the rolls of fame;
The mariner, when storms around him rise,
No longer on a painted stern relies.
Ah! yet take heed, lest these new tempests sweep
In sportive rage thy glories to the deep.
Thou late my deep anxiety and fear,
And now my fond desire and tender care,
Ah! yet take heed, avoid those fatal seas,
Which roll among the shining Cyclades.

XV.

[Sanadon also supposes this Ode to be an allegory; for which there seems no foundation.]

THE PROPHECY OF NEREUS.

WHEN the perfidious shepherd bore
The Spartan dame to Asia's shore,
Nereus the rapid winds oppress'd,
And calm'd them to unwilling rest,
That he might sing the dreadful fate,
Which should the guilty lovers wait.

'Fatal to Priam's ancient sway,
You bear the' ill omen'd fair away;
For soon shall Greece in arms arise
Deep sworn to break thy nuptial ties.
What toils do men and horse sustain!
What carnage loads the Dardan plain!
Pallas prepares the bounding car,
The shield, and helm, and rage of war.

'Though proud of Venus' guardian care,
In vain you comb your flowing hair;

In vain you sweep the' unwarlike string
And tender airs to females sing;
For though the dart may harmless prove
(The dart, that frights the bed of love);
Though you escape the noise of fight,
Nor Ajax can o'ertake thy flight;
Yet shalt thou, infamous of lust,
Soil those adulterous hairs in dust.

'Look back and see, with furious pace,
That ruin of the Trojan race,
Ulysses, comes; and, sage in years,
Famed Nestor, hoary chief, appears:
Intrepid Teucer sweeps the field,
And Sthenelus, in battle skill'd;
Or skill'd to guide with steady rein,
And pour his chariot o'er the plain.
Undaunted Merion shalt thou feel,
While Diomed with furious steel,
In arms superior to his sire,
Burns after thee with martial fire.
As when a stag at distance spies
A prowling wolf, aghast he flies,
Of pasture heedless: so shall you,
High panting, fly when they pursue.
Not such the promises you made,
Which Helen's easy heart betray'd.
Achilles' fleet with short delay
Vengeful protracts the fatal day;
But when ten rolling years expire,
Thy Troy shall blaze in Grecian fire.'

XVI.

[Why the critics chose to suppose this Ode written to Tyndaris, to whom the next is dedicated, they would have done well to explain. In the edition of Francis, the name is boldly inserted in the translation, without any warrant from the original.]

TO TYNDARIS.

O LOVELIER daughter of a lovely dame !
Or give my impious satires to the flame,
Or to the Adriatic wave consign ;
For, nor the priestess of the Pythian shrine,
Nor the wild bacchanal, nor priest possess'd
Of Dindymenè, shake the turbid breast
Like furious anger in its gloomy vein,
Which neither temper'd sword, nor raging main,
Nor fire wide-wasting, nor tumultuous Jove,
Rushing in baleful thunders from above,
Can tame to fear. Thus sings the poet's lay :
Prometheus to inform his nobler clay,
Their various passions chose from every beast,
And fired with lion-rage the human breast.
From anger dire the tragic horrors rose,
Which crush'd Thyestes with a weight of woes ;
From hence proud cities date their utter falls,
When, insolent in ruin, o'er their walls
The wrathful soldier drags the hostile plough,
That haughty mark of total overthrow.
Me too the heat of youth to madness fired,
And with Iambic rapid rage inspired.
But now repentant shall the Muse again
To softer numbers tune her melting strain,
So thou recall thy taunts, thy wrath control,
Resume thy love, and give me back my soul.

XVII.

[However much we may lament the lost Odes of Anacreon, it is great doubt if any of those said to be found (and the fragments) were written by that poet.]

TO TYNDARIS.

PAN from Arcadia's heights descends
 To visit oft my rural seat,
 And here my tender goats defends
 From rainy winds, and summer's fiery heat
 For when the vales wide-spreading round,
 The sloping hills, and polish'd rocks
 With his harmonious pipe resound,
 In fearless safety graze my wandering flock
 In safety through the woody brake
 The latent shrubs and thyme explore;
 Nor longer dread the speckled snake;
 And tremble at the martial wolf no more.
 Their poet to the gods is dear,
 They love my piety and Muse;
 And all our rural honours here
 Their flowery wealth around thee shall diffuse
 Here shall you tune Anacreon's lyre¹
 Beneath a shady mountain's brow,
 To sing frail Circè's guilty fire,
 And chaste Penelope's unbroken vow.

¹ Anacreon's lyre. 'Barnes, in his edition of Anacreon, fancies that Tyndaris was famous for singing an Ode on this subject, of which he laments the loss.'

Far from the burning dogstar's rage,
Here shall you quaff our harmless wine;
Nor here shall Mars intemperate wage
Rude war with him who rules the jovial vine:
Nor Cyrus' bold suspicious fear;
Not on thy softness shall he lay
His desperate hand thy clothes to tear,
Or brutal snatch thy festal crown away.

XVIII.

TO VARUS.

ROUND Catilus' walls, or in Tibur's rich soil,
To plant the glad vine be my Varus' first toil;
For God hath proposed to the wretch who's athirst,
To drink, or with heart-gnawing cares to be cursed.
Of war, or of want, who e'er prates o'er his wine?
For 'tis thine, father Bacchus, bright Venus, 'tis
thine

To charm all his cares; yet that no one may pass
The freedom and mirth of a temperate glass,
Let us think on the Lapithæ's quarrels so dire,
And the Thracian's whom wine can to madness
inspire:

Insatiate of liquor when glow their full veins,
No distinction of vice or of virtue remains.

Great god of the vine, who dost candour approve;
I ne'er will thy statues profanely remove;
I ne'er will thy rites, so mysterious, betray
To the broad glaring eye of the tale telling day.
Oh! stop the loud cymbal, the cornet's alarms,
Whose sound, when the bacchanal's bosom it
warms,

Arouses self-love, by blindness misled;
 And vanity, lifting aloft the light head,
 And honour, of prodigal spirit, that shows,
 Transparent as glass, all the secrets it knows.

 XIX.

ON GLYCERA.



VENUS, who gave the Cupids birth,
 And the resistless god of wine,
 With the gay power of wanton mirth,
 Now bid my heart its peace resign;
 Again for Glycera I burn,
 And all my long forgotten flames return.
 As Parian marble, pure and bright,
 The shining maid my bosom warms;
 Her face too dazzling for the sight,
 Her sweet coquetting—how it charms!
 Whole Venus rushing through my veins,
 No longer in her favourite Cyprus reigns;
 No longer suffers me to write
 Of Scythian, fierce in martial deed,
 Or Parthian, urging in his flight
 The battle with reverted steed;
 Such themes she will no more approve,
 Nor aught that sounds impertinent to love,
 Here let the living altar rise
 Adorn'd with every herb and flower;
 Here flame the incense to the skies,
 And purest wine's libation pour;
 Due honours to the goddess paid,
 Soft sinks to willing love the yielding maid.

XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

A POET'S beverage, humbly cheap
 (Should great Mæcenas be my guest),
The vintage of the Sabine grape,
 But yet in sober cups, shall crown the feast :
Twas rack'd into a Grecian cask,
 Its rougher juice to melt away ;
I seal'd it too—a pleasing task !
 With annual joy to mark the glorious day,
When in applausive shouts thy name
 Spread from the theatre around,
Floating on thy own Tyber's stream,
 And Echo, playful nymph, return'd the sound.
From the Cæcubian¹ vintage press'd
 For you shall flow the racy wine ;
But, ah! my meagre cup's unblest'd
 With the rich Formian or Falernian vine.

XXI.

[*For the 21st Ode see the Secular Poem.*]

¹ ' Cæcubian.' Horace here hints to Mæcenas, as he freely tells Torquatus in one of his Epistles, (as an English poet would say to his opulent friend) I can only give you humble *port*; and therefore if you must have *claret*, you must bring it with you.

XXII.

TO ARISTIUS FUSCUS.

THE man, who knows not guilty fear,
Nor wants the bow, nor pointed spear;
Nor needs, while innocent of heart,
The quiver teeming with the poison'd dart,

Whether through Libya's burning sands
His journey leads, or Scythia's lands,
Inhospitable waste of snows,
Or where the fabulous Hydaspes flows :

For musing on my lovely maid
While careless in the woods I stray'd,
A wolf—how dreadful—cross'd my way,
Yet fled—he fled from his defenceless prey :

No beast of such portentous size
In warlike Daunia's forests lies,
Nor such the tawny lion reigns
Fierce on his native Afric's thirsty plains.

Place me, where never summer breeze
Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees ;
Where ever louring clouds appear,
And angry Jove deforms the' inclement year :

Place me beneath the burning ray
Where rolls the rapid car of day ;
Love and the nymph shall charm my toils,
The nymph who sweetly speaks and sweet
smiles.

XXIII.

TO CHLOE.

CHLOE flies me like a fawn,
Which through some sequester'd lawn
Panting seeks the mother deer;
Not without a panic fear
Of the gentle breathing breeze,
And the motion of the trees.
If the curling leaves but shake,
If a lizard stir the brake,
Frighted it begins to freeze,
Trembling both at heart and knees.
But not like a tiger dire,
Nor a lion fraught with ire,
I pursue my lovely game
To destroy thy tender frame.
Haste thee, leave thy mother's arms,
Ripe for love are all thy charms.

XXIV.

[The intention of this ode is obviously not (as Francis supposes) to console Virgil for the death of Quintilius; but to express the grief, both of Virgil and himself, for the loss of their common friend.]

TO VIRGIL.

WHY should we stop the tender tear?
Why blush to weep for one so dear?
Thou Muse of melting voice and lyre,
Do thou the mournful song inspire.
Quintilius—sunk to endless rest,
With death's eternal sleep oppress'd!

Oh! when shall faith, of soul sincere,
Of justice pure the sister fair;
And modesty, unspotted maid;
And truth, in artless guise array'd;
Among the race of humankind
An equal to Quintilius find?

How did the good, the virtuous mourn,
And pour their sorrows o'er his urn!
But, Virgil, thine the loudest strain;
Yet all thy pious grief is vain.
In vain do you the gods implore
Thy loved Quintilius to restore,
Whom on far other terms they gave,
By nature fated to the grave.
What though you can the lyre command,
And sweep its tones with softer hand
Than Orpheus, whose harmonious song
Once drew the listening trees along;
Yet ne'er returns the vital heat
The shadowy form to animate;
For when the ghost-compelling god
Forms his black troops with horrid rod,
He will not, lenient to the breath
Of prayer, unbar the gates of death.
'Tis hard: but patience must endure,
And sooth the woes it cannot cure.

XXV.

[This Ode is newly translated. Dr. Dunkin had rendered it very coarsely in the edition of Francis.]

TO LYDIA.

THE amorous youths with heated breast
Thy windows rarely now molest,

Their songs thy rest disturb no more,
And quiet hangs thy silent door.
Now less and less each hour thy ear
These plaintive strains of love shall hear:—
' Lydia! while slumbers close thine eye,
We freeze beneath the midnight sky!'
But thou in turn, when time's decay
Bids all thy beauties fade away,
In the dark streets the wanton crew
With trembling voice shalt shameless woo.
While rage for unappeased desires,
And slighted love thy bosom fires;
The amorous train for younger brows
Shall twine the myrtle's verdant boughs,
And all thy wither'd garlands lave
With scorn in Hebrus' wintry wave.

XXVI.

TO HIS MUSE.

WHILE in the Muse's friendship bless'd,
Nor fears nor grief disturb my breast;
Bear them, ye vagrant winds, away,
And drown them in the Cretan sea.
Careless am I, or who shall reign
The tyrant of the frozen plain;
Or with what anxious fear oppress'd
Heaves Tiridates' panting breast.
Sweet Muse, who lovest the virgin spring,
Hither thy sunny flowerets bring,
And let thy richest chaplet shed
Its fragrance round my Lamia's head:

For nought avails the poet's praise,
Unless the Muse inspire his lays.
Now string the tuneful lyre again,
Let all thy sisters raise the strain,
And consecrate to deathless fame
My loved, my Lamia's honour'd name.

XXVII.

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

WITH glasses, made for gay delight,
'Tis Thracian, savage rage, to fight.
With such intemperate bloody fray
Fright not the modest god away.
Monstrous! to see the dagger shine
Amid the cheerful joys of wine.
Here bid this impious clamour cease,
And press the social couch in peace.
Say, shall I drink this heady wine
Press'd from the rough Falernian vine?
Instant let yonder youth impart
The tender story of his heart;
By what dear wound he blissful dies,
And whence the gentle arrow flies.
What! does the bashful boy deny?
Then if I drink it, let me die.
Whoe'er she be, a generous flame
Can never know the blush of shame.
Thy breast no slavish Venus fires,
But fair, ingenuous love inspires.
Then safely whisper in my ear,
For all such trusts are sacred here.

Ah! worthy of a better flame!¹
 Unhappy youth! is she the dame?
 Ah, luckless youth! how art thou lost,
 In what a sea of troubles toss'd!
 What drugs, what witchcraft, or what charms,
 What god can free thee from her arms?
 Scarce Pegasus can disengage
 Thy heart from this Chimæra's rage.

 XXVIII.

A MARINER AND THE GHOST OF ARCHYTAS.

MARINER.

ARCHYTAS, what avails thy nice survey
 Of ocean's countless sands, of earth and sea?
 In vain thy mighty spirit once could soar
 To orbs celestial, and their course explore;
 If here, upon the tempest-beaten strand,
 You lie confined till some more liberal' hand
 Shall strew the pious dust in funeral rite,
 And wing thee to the boundless realms of light.

GHOST.

E'en he, who did with gods the banquet share,
 Tithonus, raised to breathe celestial air;
 And Minos, Jove's own counsellor of state;
 All these have yielded to the power of fate.

MARINER.

E'en your own sage, whose monumental shield,
 Borne through the terrors of the Trojan field,

¹ 'Ah! worthy,' &c. If this bashful lover had been of an irascible disposition, this censure of his toast by our poet was likely to renew the scene which he censures in the opening of the Ode.

Proved that alone the mouldering body dies,
 And souls immortal from our ashes rise;
 E'en he a second time resign'd his breath,
 Sent headlong to the gloomy realms of death:

GHOST.

Not meanly skill'd, e'en by your own applause,
 In moral truth and nature's secret laws.
 One endless night for whole mankind remains,
 And once we all must tread the shadowy plains.
 In horrid pomp of war the soldier dies;
 The sailor in the greedy ocean lies;
 Thus age and youth promiscuous crowd the tomb;
 No mortal head can shun the' impending doom.

When sets Orion's star, the winds that sweep
 The raging waves, o'erwhelm'd me in the deep:
 Nor thou, my friend, refuse with impious hand
 A little portion of this wandering sand
 To these my poor remains; so may the storm
 Rage o'er the woods, nor ocean's face deform:
 May gracious Jove with wealth thy toils repay,
 And Neptune guard thee through the watery way.

Thy guiltless race this bold neglect shall mourn,
 And thou shalt feel the just returns of scorn.
 My curses shall pursue the guilty deed,
 And all in vain thy richest victims bleed.
 Whate'er thy haste, oh! let my prayer prevail;
 Thrice strew the sand, then hoist the flying sail.

XXIX.

TO ICCIUS.

CANST thou with envious eye behold
 The bless'd Arabia's treasured gold?

Will Iccius boldly take the field,
And teach Sabæa's kings to yield?
Or meditate the dreadful Mede
In chains triumphantly to lead?
' Should you her hapless lover slay,
What captive maid shall own thy sway?
What courtly youth with essenced hair
Shall at thy board the goblet bear;
Skilful with his great father's art
To wing with death the pointed dart?

Who shall deny that streams ascend,
And Tyber's currents backward bend,
While you have all our hopes betray'd;
You, that far other promise made:
When all thy volumes, learned store!
The treasures of Socratic lore,
Once bought at mighty price, in vain,
Are sent to purchase arms in Spain?

XXX.

TO VENUS,

QUEEN of beauty, queen of smiles,
Leave, oh! leave thy favourite isles;
A temple rises to thy fame,
Where Glycera invokes thy name,
And bids the fragrant incense flame.

With thee bring thy love-warm son,
The graces bring with flowing zone,
The nymphs, and jocund Mercury;
And smiling youth, who without thee
Is nought but savage liberty.

XXXI.

TO APOLLO.

WHEN at Apollo's hallow'd shrine
The poet hails the power divine;
What is the blessing he implores
While he the first libation pours?

He nor desires the swelling grain,
That yellows o'er Sardinia's plain;
Nor the fair herds that lowing feed
On warm Calabria's flowery mead;
Nor ivory of spotless shine,
Nor gold forth-flaming from its mine;
Nor the rich fields that Liris laves,
And eats away with silent waves.

Let others quaff the racy wine
To whom kind fortune gives the vine;
The golden goblet let him drain
Who venturous ploughs the' Atlantic main,
Bless'd with three safe returns a year,
For he to every god is dear.

To me boon Nature frankly yields
Her wholesome salad from the fields;
Nor ask I more than sense and health
Still to enjoy my present wealth.
From age and all its weakness free,
O son of Jove! preserved by thee;
Give me to strike the tuneful lyre,
And thou my latest song inspire.

XXXII.

TO HIS LYRE.

IF beneath the careless shade,
 Harmonious lyre, with thee I've play'd,
 Cæsar's voice obedient hear,
 And for more than many a year,
 Now the Roman Muse inspire,
 And warm the song with Grecian fire;
 Such as when Alcæus sung,
 Who fierce in war thy music strung,
 When he heard the battle roar,
 Or almost shipwreck'd reach'd the shore.
 Wine and the Muses were his theme,
 And Venus, laughter-loving dame,
 With Cupid, ever by her side, .
 And Lycus, form'd in beauty's pride,
 With his hair of jetty dye,
 And the black lustre of his eye.
 Charming shell, Apollo's love,
 How pleasing to the feasts of Jove!
 Hear thy poet's solemn prayer,
 Thou softener of each anxious care.

XXXIII.

[The Love Elegies of Albius Tibullus have peculiar merit.
 The English reader will in great measure be enabled to judge
 of this from the imitations of Hammond.]

TO ALBIUS TIBULLUS.

No more in elegiac strain
 Of cruel Glycera complain,

Though she resign her faithless charms
 To a new lover's younger arms.
 The maid, for lovely forehead famed,
 With Cyrus' beauties is enflamed;
 While Pholoë, of haughty charms,
 The panting breast of Cyrus warms;
 But wolves and goats shall sooner prove
 The pleasures of forbidden love
 Than she her virgin honour stain,
 And not the filthy rake disdain.

So Venus wills, whose power controls
 The fond affections of our souls;
 With sportive cruelty she binds
 Unequal forms, unequal minds.
 Thus, when a better mistress strove
 To warm my youthful breast to love,
 Yet could a slave-born maid detain
 My willing heart in pleasing chain,
 Though fiercer she than waves that roar,
 Winding the rough Calabrian shore.

XXXIV.

[There seems no reason for the idea taken up by Dacier, Sanadon, and other sagacious critics, that this Ode is ironical.]

A FUGITIVE from heaven and prayer,
 I mock'd at all religious fear,
 Deep scienced in the mazy lore
 Of mad philosophy; but now
 Hoist sail, and back my voyage plough
 To that bless'd harbour, which I left before.

For lo! that awful heavenly Sire,
Who frequent cleaves the clouds with fire,
Parent of day, immortal Jove!
Late through the floating fields of air,
The face of heaven serene and fair,
His thundering steeds and winged chariot drove;

When, at the bursting of his flames,
The ponderous earth and vagrant streams,
Infernal Styx, the dire abode
Of hateful Tænarus profound,
And Atlas to his utmost bound,
Trembled beneath the terrors of the god.

The hand of Jove can crush the proud
Down to the meanest of the crowd,
And raise the lowest in his stead;
But rapid fortune pulls him down,
And snatches his imperial crown,
To place, not fix it, on another's head.

XXXV.

TO FORTUNE.

GODDESS, whom Antium, beauteous town, obeys;
Whose various will with instant power can raise
Frail mortals from the depths of low despair,
Or change proud triumphs to the funeral tear:

Thee the poor farmer, who with ceaseless pain
Labours the soil; thee, mistress of the main,
The sailor, who with fearless spirit dares
The rising tempest, courts with anxious prayers:

Thee the rough Dacian, thee the vagrant band
Of field-born Scythians, Latium's warlike land,
Cities and nations, mother-queens revere,
And purple tyranny beholds with fear.

Nor in thy rage with foot destructive spurn
This standing pillar, and its strength o'erturn;
Nor let the nations rise in bold uproar,
From peace arise, to break the' imperial power.

With solemn pace and firm, in awful state,
Before thee stalks inexorable Fate,
And grasps impaling nails and wedges dread,
The hook tormentous and the melted lead:

Thee Hope and Honour, now alas, how rare!
With white enrobed, attend with beauteous care;
When from the palace of the great you fly
In angry mood and garb of misery.

Not such the crowd of light companions prove,
Nor the false mistress of a wanton love;
Faithless who wait the lowest dregs to drain,
Nor friendship's equal yoke with strength sustain.

Propitious guard the prince, who bold explores
His venturous way to furthest Britain's shores!
Our new raised troops be thy peculiar care,
Who dreadful to the east our banners bear.

Alas! the shameless scars, the guilty deeds,
When by a brother's hand a brother bleeds!
What crimes have we, an iron age, not dared?
Through reverence of gods, what altar spared?

Oh! that our swords, with civil gore distain'd,
And in the sight of gods and men profaned—
O forge again, dread queen, the temper'd steel,
And let our foes the pointed vengeance feel.

XXXVI.

WITH incense heap the sacred fire,
And bolder strike the willing lyre.
Now let the heifer's votive blood
Pour to the gods its purple flood ;
Those guardian gods, from furthest Spain,
Who send our Numida again.
A thousand kisses now he gives,
A thousand kisses he receives ;
But Lamia most his friendship proves,
Lamia with tenderness he loves.
At school their youthful love began,
Where they together rose to man.
With happiest marks the day shall shine,
Nor want the' abundant joy of wine ;
Like Salian priests the dance we'll lead,
And many a mazy measure tread.
Now let the Thracian goblet foam,
Nor in the breathless draught o'ercome,
Shall Bassus yield his boasted name
To Damalis of tippling fame :—
Here let the rose and lily shed
Their shortlived bloom ; let parsley spread
Its living verdure o'er the feast,
And crown with mingled sweets the guest :
On Damalis each amorous boy
Shall gaze with eyes that flow with joy,
While she, as curls the ivy plant,
Shall twine luxuriant round her new gallant.

XXXVII.

[This ode was composed as a compliment to Augustus, on the complete establishment of his power, by the defeat of Antonius at Actium, and the death of Cleopatra.]

TO HIS COMPANIONS.

Now let the bowl with wine be crown'd,
Now lighter dance the mazy round;
And let the sacred couch be stored
With the rich dainties of a Salian board.

Sooner to draw the mellow'd wine,
Press'd from the rich Cæcubian vine,
Were impious mirth; while yet elate
The queen breathed ruin to the Roman state,

Surrounded by a tainted train
Of men effeminate, obscene,
She raved of empire—nothing less—
Vast in her hopes, and giddy with success.

But hardly rescued from the flames,
One lonely ship her fury tames;
While Cæsar with impelling oar
Pursued her flying from the Latian shore:

Her, with Egyptian wine inspired,
With the full draught to madness fired,
Augustus sober'd into tears,
And turn'd her visions into real fears.

As darting sudden from above
The hawk attacks a tender dove;
Or sweeping huntsman drives the hare
O'er wide Æmonia's icy deserts drear;

So Cæsar through the billows press'd
To lead in chains the fatal pest:
But she a nobler fate explored,
Nor womanlike beheld the deathful sword.

Unmoved she saw her state destroy'd,
Her palace now a lonely void,
Nor with her profligated host
For succour fled to some far distant coast.

With fearless hand she dared to grasp
The writhings of the wrathful asp,
And suck the poison through her veins,
Resolved on death, and fiercer from its pains;

Then, scorning to be led the boast
Of mighty Cæsar's naval host,
And arm'd with more than mortal spleen,
Defrauds a triumph, and expires a queen.

XXXVIII.

TO HIS SLAVE..



I TELL thee, boy, that I detest
The grandeur of a Persian feast,
Nor for me the linden's rind
Shall the flowery chaplet bind;
Then search not where the curious rose
Beyond his season loitering grows,
But beneath the mantling vine
While I quaff the flowing wine,
The myrtle's wreath shall crown our brows,
While you shall wait, and I carouse.

O D E S.

BOOK II.

ODE I.

[Pollio, who had been originally on the side of Antonius, was, on his death, received into favour by Augustus. He was a great patron both of Horace and Virgil, who has complimented him on the birth of his son, in his fourth Eclogue; in which are several passages that seem taken from the prophet Isaiah.]

TO ASINIUS POLLIO.

OF warm commotions, wrathful jars,
The growing seeds of civil wars;
Of double fortune's cruel games,
The specious means, the private aims,
And fatal friendships of the guilty great;
Alas! how fatal to the Roman state!

Of mighty legions late subdued,
And arms with Latian blood imbrued,
Yet unatoned (a labour vast!
Doubtful the die, and dire the cast!)
You treat adventurous, and incautious tread
On fires, with faithless embers overspread:

Retard a while thy glowing vein,
Nor swell the solema, tragic scene;

And when thy sage, historic cares,
Have form'd the train of Rome's affairs,
With lofty rapture reinflamed, infuse
Heroic thoughts, and wake the buskin'd Muse.

O Pollio, thou the great defence
Of sad, impleaded innocence,
On whom to weigh the grand debate,
In deep consult the fathers wait;
For whom the triumphs o'er Dalmatia spread
Unfading honours round thy laurel'd head.

Lo! now the clarion's voice I hear,
Its threatening murmurs pierce mine ear;
And in thy lines with brazen breath
The trumpet sounds the charge of death;
Now, now the flash of brandish'd arms affright
The flying steed, and mars the rider's sight!

Panting with terror I survey
The martial host in dread array,
The chiefs, how valiant and how just!
Defiled with not inglorious dust,
And all the world in chains, but Cato see
Of soul unshock'd, and savage to be free.

Imperial Juno, fraught with ire,
And all the partial gods of Tyre,
Who, feeble to revenge her cries,
Retreated to their native skies,
Have in the victor's bleeding race repaid
Jugurtha's ruin, and appeased his shade.

What plain, by mortals traversed o'er,
Is not enrich'd with Roman gore?
Unnumber'd sepulchres record
The deathful harvest of the sword;

And proud Hesperia rushing into thrall,
While distant Parthia heard the cumbrous fall.

What gulf, what rapid river flows
Unconscious of our wasteful woes?
What rolling sea's unfathom'd tide
Have not the Daunian slaughters dyed?
What coast, encircled by the briny flood,
Boasts not the shameful tribute of our blood?

But thou, my Muse, to whom belong
The sportive jest and jocund song,
Beyond thy province cease to stray,
Nor vain revive the plaintive lay:
Seek humbler measures, indolently laid
With me beneath some love-sequester'd shade.

II.

[It is generally supposed that this Ode is not addressed to the celebrated historian of that name, but to a relation of his.]

TO CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS.

GOLD hath no lustre of its own,
It shines by temperate use alone;
And when in earth it hoarded lies,
My Sallust can the mass despise.
With never failing wing shall fame
To latest ages bear the name
Of Proculius, who could prove
A father, in a brother's love.
By virtue's precepts to control
The thirsty cravings of the soul
Is over wider realms to reign
Unenvied monarch, than if Spain

You could to distant Libya join,
And both the Carthages were thine.

The dropsy, by indulgence nursed,
Pursues us with increasing thirst,
Till art expels the cause, and drains
The watery languor from our veins.
True virtue can the crowd unteach
Their false, mistaken forms of speech;
Virtue, to crowds a foe profess'd,
Disdains to number with the bless'd
Phraates by his slaves adored,
And to the Parthian crown restored;
But gives the diadem, the throne,
And laurel-wreath, to him alone
Who can a treasured mass of gold
With firm, undazzled eye behold.

III.

TO DELLIUS.

IN arduous hours an equal mind maintain,
Nor let your spirit rise too high;
Though fortune kindly change the scene,
Alas! my Dellius, thou wert born to die.
Whether your life in sadness pass,
Or wing'd with pleasure glide away;
Whether, reclining on the grass,
You bless with choicer wine the festal day,
Where the pale poplar and the pine
Expel the' inhospitable beam;
In kindly shades their branches twine,
And toils, obliquely swift, the purling stream.

There pour your wines, your odours shed,
 Bring forth the rosy, shortlived flower,
 While Fate yet spins thy mortal thread,
 While youth and fortune give the' indulgent hour.

Your purchased woods, your house of state,
 Your villa wash'd by Tyber's wave,
 You must, my Dellius, yield to Fate,
 And to your heir these high-piled treasures leave.

Though you could boast a monarch's birth;
 Though wealth unbounded round thee flows;
 Though poor, and sprung from vulgar earth,
 No pity for his victim Pluto knows;

For all must tread the paths of Fate,
 And ever shakes the mortal urn,
 Whose lot embarks us, soon or late,
 On Charon's boat, ah! never to return.

IV.

[The love of Phoceus for his servant was obviously honourable; and therefore he did not (as Francis says he did) make one of the number of those seducers of female servants, termed by the Romans, *Ancillarioli*.]

TO XANTHIAS PHOCEUS.

BLUSH not, my Phoceus, though a dame
 Of servile state thy breast inflame;
 A slave could stern Achilles move,
 And bend his haughty soul to love:
 Ajax, invincible in arms,
 Was captived by his captive's charms:
 Atrides midst his triumphs mourn'd,
 And for a ravish'd virgin burn'd,

What time, the fierce barbarian bands
Fell by Pelides' conquering hands;
And Troy (her Hector swept away)
Became to Greece an easier prey.

Who knows, when Phyllis is your bride,
To what high stock you'll be allied?
Her parents dear, of gentle race,
Shall not their son-in-law disgrace.
She sprung from kings, or nothing less,
And weeps the family's distress.

Think not a maid so fair, so chaste,
By vulgar sires can be debased;
To shameless, prostituted earth
Think not that Phyllis owes her birth,
Who with such firmness could disdain
The force and flattery of gain.

Yet, after all, believe me, friend,
I can with innocence commend
Her blooming face, her snowy arms,
Her taper leg, and all her charms;
For, trembling on to forty years,
My age forbids all jealous fears.

V.

SEE, thy heifer's yet unbroke
To the labours of the yoke,
Nor hath strength enough to prove
Such impetuous weight of love.
Round the fields her fancy strays,
O'er the mead she sportive plays;

Or beneath the sultry beam
Cools her in the passing stream;
Or, with frisking steerlings young,
Sports the sallow groves among.

Do not then commit a rape
On the crude, unmellow'd grape :
Autumn soon, of various dyes,
Shall with kinder warmth arise ;
Bid the livid clusters glow,
And a riper purple show.
Time to her shall count each day,
Which from you it takes away ;
Lalagè, with forward charms,
Soon shall rush into your arms ;
Pholoë, the flying fair,
Shall not then with her compare ;
Nor the maid of bosom bright,
Like the moon's unspotted light,
O'er the waves, with silver rays,
When the floating lustre plays :
Nor the Cnidian fair and young,
Who, the virgin choir among,
Might deceive, in female guise,
Strangers, though extremely wise,
With the difference between
Sexes hardly to be seen,
With his hair of flowing grace,
And his boyish, girlish face.

VI.

TO SEPTIMIUS.

SEPTIMIUS, who hast vow'd to go
With Horace e'en to furthest Spain,
Or see the fierce Cantabrian foe
Untaught to bear the Roman chain,
Or the barbaric Syrts, with mad recoil
Where Mauritanian billows ceaseless boil;

May Tibur to my latest hours
Afford a kind and calm retreat;
Tibur, beneath whose lofty towers
The Grecians fix'd their blissful seat;
There may my labours end, my wandering cease,
There all my toils of warfare rest in peace.

But should the partial Fates refuse
That purer air to let me breathe;
Galesus, gentle stream, I'll choose,
Where flocks of richest fleeces bathe:
Phalantus there his rural sceptre sway'd,
Uncertain offspring¹ of a Spartan maid.

No spot so joyous smiles to me
Of this wide globe's extended shores;
Where nor the labours of the bee
Yield to Hymettus' golden stores,
Nor the green berry of Venafran soil
Swell with a riper flood of fragrant oil.

¹ 'Uncertain offspring.' From a circumstance that occurred during the Messenian war, a certain number of the Spartans were of uncertain parentage, and called Parthenians; they formed the colony of Tarentum in Italy; and Phalantus was one of their number.

There Jove his kindest gifts bestows,
 There joys to crown the fertile plains;
 With genial warmth the winter glows,
 And spring with lengthen'd honours reigns;
 Nor Aulon, friendly to the cluster'd vine,
 Enviës the vintage of Falernian wine.

That happy place, that sweet retreat,
 The charming hills that round it rise,
 Your latest hours and mine await.
 And when at length your Horace dies,
 There the deep sigh thy poet friend shall mourn,
 And pious tears bedew his glowing urn.

VII.

TO POMPEIUS VARUS.

VARUS, in early youth beloved,
 In war's extremest dangers proved,
 Our daring host when Brutus led,
 And in the cause of freedom bled,
 To Rome and all her guardian powers
 What happy chance my friend restores,
 With whom I've cheer'd the tedious day,
 And drank its loitering hours away;
 Profuse of sweets while Syria shed
 Her liquid odours on my head?

With thee I saw Philippi's plain¹,
 Its fatal rout; a fearful scene!

¹ 'Philippi's plain.' Horace (as has been said in his Life) was a tribune in the army of Brutus at the battle of Philippi. He here, in compliment to his patron Augustus, prides himself on his want of courage on that day. A modern Poet, on a similar occasion, might have mentioned his defeat, but not his cowardice. The words, however, 'dying with my fear,' are interpolations of the translator.

And dropp'd, alas ! the' inglorious shield,
Where valour's self was forced to yield;
Where soil'd in dust the vanquish'd lay,
And breathed the' indignant soul away.
But me, when dying with my fear,
Through warring hosts, enwrapp'd in air
Swift did the god of wit convey;
While thee, wild war's tempestuous sea
Resorbing, hurried far from shore,
And to new scenes of slaughter bore.

To Jove thy votive offering pay,
And here beneath my laurels lay
Thy limbs, from toils of warfare free,
Nor spare the casks reserved for thee;
But joyous fill the polish'd bowl;
With wine oblivious cheer thy soul,
And from the breathing phials pour
Of essenced sweets a larger shower.

But who the wreath unfading weaves
Of parsley or of myrtle-leaves?
To whom shall beauty's queen assign
To reign the monarch of our wine!
For Thracianlike I'll drink to day,
And deeply Bacchus it away.
Our transports for a friend restored,
Should e'en to madness shake the board,

VIII.

TO BARINE.

IF e'er the' insulted powers had shed
 The slightest vengeance on thy head,
 If but' a nail or tooth of thee
 Were blacken'd by thy perjury,
 Again thy falsehood might deceive,
 And I the faithless vow believe.
 But when, perfidious, you engage
 To meet high Heaven's vindictive rage,
 You rise, with heighten'd lustre fair,
 Of all our youth the public care.
 It profits thee to be forsworn
 By thy dead mother's hallow'd urn :
 By heaven, and all the stars that roll
 In silent circuit round the pole;
 By heaven and every nightly sign,
 By every deathless power divine;
 For Venus laughs at all thy wiles,
 The gentle nymphs behold with smiles;
 And, with the blood of some poor swain,
 By thy perfidious beauty slain,
 Fierce Cupid whets his burning darts,
 For thee to wound new lovers' hearts.

Thy train of slaves grows every day;
 Infants are rising to thy sway,
 And they, who swore to break thy chain,
 Yet haunt those impious doors again.

¹ ' If but,' &c. This couplet stands thus in the last edition of Francis; with an alteration much for the worse.

If they had mark'd thy faithless truth,
 With one foul nail or blacken'd tooth.

Thee mothers for their striplings fear,
The father trembles for his heir,
And weeping stands the virgin bride,
In Hymen's fetters newly tied,
Lest you detain, with brighter charms,
Her perjured husband from her arms.

IX.

TO VALGIUS.

NOR everlasting rain deforms
The squalid fields, nor endless storms,
Inconstant, vex the Caspian main,
Nor on Armenia's frozen plain
The loitering snow unmelting lies,
Nor loud when northern winds arise,
The labouring forests bend the head,
Nor yet their leafy honours shed :
But you in ceaseless tears complain,
And still indulge this weeping strain.
When Vesper lifts his evening ray,
Or flies the rapid beam of day,
The death of Mystes fills your eyes,
And bids the tender passion rise.

Not for his son the Grecian sage,
Renown'd for thrice the mortal age ;
Not for their youthful brother dead
Such sorrows Priam's daughters shed.
At length these weak complaints give o'er,
Indulge the' unmanly grief no more ;
But let us bolder sweep the string,
And Cæsar's new-raised trophies sing ;
Or sing Niphates' freezing flood,
And Medus, with his realms, subdued ;

Whose waves are taught with humbler pride
Smoother to roll their lessening tide;
And Scythians, who reluctant yield,
Nor pour their squadrons o'er the field.

X.

TO LICINIUS MURENA.

LICINIUS, would you live with ease,
Tempt not too far the boundless seas;
And when you hear the tempest roar,
Press not too near the' unequal shore.

The man, within the golden mean,
Who can his boldest wish contain,
Securely views the ruin'd cell
Where sordid want and sorrow dwell,
And, in himself serenely great,
Declines an envied room of state.

When high in air the pine ascends,
To every ruder blast it bends:
The palace from its airy height
Falls tumbling down with heavier weight;
And when from heaven the lightning flies,
It blasts the hills which proudest rise.

With virtue's tranquil wisdom bless'd,
Whoe'er enjoys the' untroubled breast,
With hope the gloomy hour can cheer,
And temper happiness with fear.
If Jove the winter's horrors bring,
Great Jove restores the genial spring;
Then let us not of Fate complain,
For soon shall change the gloomy scene.
Apollo sometimes can inspire
The silent Muse, and wake the lyre;

The deathful bow not always plies,
 The' unnerving dart not always flies.
 When Fortune, various goddess, lours,
 Collect your strength, exert your powers;
 But when she breathes a kinder gale,
 Wisely contract your swelling sail.

 XI.

[Sanadon, with his usual critical acumen, has discovered the beginning of this Ode to be serious; but the whole Ode seems to be a good humoured banter on a character, very frequently found in England, who is entirely absorbed in the pursuit of public news.]

TO QUINTIUS HIRPINUS.

BE not anxious, friend, to know
 What the fierce Cantabrian foe,
 What intends the Scythian's pride,
 Far from us whom seas divide.
 Tremble not with vain desires;
 Few the things which life requires.
 Youth with rapid swiftmess flies,
 Beauty's lustre quickly dies;
 Wither'd age drives far away
 Gentle sleep and amorous play.
 When in vernal bloom they glow,
 Flowers their gayest honours show;
 Nor the moon with equal grace
 Always lifts her ruddy face.
 Thus while Nature's works decay,
 Busy mortal, prithee say,
 Why do you fatigue the mind,
 Not for endless schemes design'd?

Thus beneath this lofty shade,
Thus in careless freedom laid,
While Assyrian essence sheds
Liquid fragrance on our heads,
While we lie with roses crown'd,
Let the cheerful bowl go round:
Bacchus can our cares control,
Cares that prey upon the soul.

Who shall from the passing stream
Quench our wine's Falernian flame?
Who the vagrant wanton bring,
Mistress of the lyric string,
With her flowing tresses tied
Careless, like a Spartan bride?

XII.

TO MÆCENAS.

NUMANTIA'S wars, for years maintain'd,
Or Hannibal's vindictive ire,
Or seas with Punic gore distain'd,
Suit not the softness of my feeble lyre.
Nor the fierce broils and savage mirth
Of centaurs deep with wine imbrued;
Nor the gigantic sons of earth
By force Herculean gloriously subdued:
That earthborn race, with dire alarms
Who shook the starry spheres above,
And impious dared with horrid arms
Boldly defy the' omnipotence of Jove.
You in historic prose shall tell
The mighty power of Cæsar's war;
How kings beneath his battle fell,
And dragg'd indignant his triumphal car.

Licymnia's voice, Licymnia's eye,
Bright-darting its resplendent ray,
Her breast where love and friendship lie,
The Muse commands me sing in softer lay;

In raillery the sportive jest,
Graceful her step in dancing charms,
When playful at Diana's feast
To the bright virgin choir she winds her arms.

Say, shall the wealth by kings possess'd,
Or the rich diadems they wear,
Or all the treasures of the East,
Purchase one lock of my Licymnia's hair?

While now her bending neck she plies
Backward to meet the burning kiss,
Then with an easy cruelty denies,
And wishes you would snatch, not ask the bliss.

XIII.

[Mr. Francis thinks the falling of a tree an inconsiderable subject for an Ode. Horace was of a different opinion, for he mentions the circumstance again in Ode XVII. of this Book, and Book III. Ode. VIII. he says he has established an annual festival in commemoration of it.]

WHOEVER raised and planted thee,
Unlucky and pernicious tree,
In hour accursed with impious hand
(Thou bane and scandal of my land),
Well may I think the parricide
In father's blood his soul had dyed,
Or plunged his dagger in the breast
Of his deep-slumbering midnight guest,

Or temper'd every baleful juice,
Which poisonous Colchian glebes produce
Or if a blacker crime be known,
That crime the wretch hath made his own;
Who on my harmless grounds and me
Bestow'd thee, luckless, falling tree.

While dangers hourly round us rise,
No caution guards us from surprise.
All other deaths the sailor dares,
Who yet the raging ocean fears;
The Parthian views with deep dismay
The Roman chains and firm array;
The Roman dreads the Parthian's speed,
His flying war and backward reed;
While death, unheeded, sweeps away
The world, his everlasting prey.

How near was I those dreary plains
Where Pluto's auburn consort reigns,
Where awful sits the judge of hell,
Where pious spirits blissful dwell,
Where Sappho in melodious strains
Of cruel calumny complains,
Alcæus strikes the golden strings,
And seas, and war, and exile sings!

Thus while they strike the various lyre,
The ghosts the sacred sounds admire;
But when Alcæus lifts the strain
To deeds of war and tyrants slain,
In thicker crowds the shadowy throng
Drink deeper down the martial song.
What wonder? when with bending ears
The dog of hell astonish'd hears,
And, in the furies' hair entwined,
The snakes with cheerful horror wind,

While charm'd by the melodious strain
The tortured ghosts forget their pain,
Nor lions' rage, nor lynxes' flight,
Orion's raptured soul delight.

XIV.

TO POSTUMUS.

How swiftly glide our flying years!
Alas! nor piety nor tears
Can stop the fleeting day;
Deep-furrow'd wrinkles, posting age,
And death's unconquerable rage,
Are strangers to delay.

Though every day a bull should bleed
To Pluto; bootless were the deed:
The monarch tearless reigns,
Where vulture-tortured Tityos lies,
And triple Geryon's monstrous size
The gloomy wave detains.

Whoever tastes of earthly food
Is doom'd to pass the joyless flood,
And hear the Stygian roar;
The sceptred king, who rules the earth,
The labouring hind of humbler birth,
Must reach the distant shore.

The broken surge of Adria's main,
Hoarse-sounding, we avoid in vain,
And Mars in blood-stain'd arms;
The southern blast in vain we fear,
And autumn's life-annoying air
With idle fears alarms.

For all must see Cocytus flow,
Whose gloomy water sadly slow
 Strays through the dreary soil;
The guilty maids, an ill famed train!
And, Sisyphus, thy labours vain
 Condemn'd to endless toil.
Thy pleasing consort must be left,
And you of villas, lands, bereft,
 Must to the shades descend;
The cypress only, hated tree!
Of all thy much loved groves, shall thee
 Its shortlived lord attend.
Then shall thy worthier heir discharge
And set the' imprison'd casks at large,
 And dye the floor with wine
So rich and precious, not the feasts
Of pontiffs cheer their ravish'd guests
 With liquor more divine.

XV.

IN royal pride our buildings rise,
The useless plough neglected lies;
Ponds, broad as lakes, our fields o'erspread,
And barren plains high wave the head
Above the elm, while all around,
Wafting their fragrance o'er the ground
Where flourish'd once the olive shade,
And its rich master's cares repaid,
The violet and myrtle greets
The sense—a luxury of sweets!
While vainly would Apollo's ray
Through our thick laurels pour the day.

Not such were Cato's stern decrees,
Nor Romulus by arts like these
In wisdom form'd the' imperial sway,
And bid the' unwilling world obey.
Though small each personal estate,
The public revenues were great;
Arcades were then by law confined,
Nor open'd to the northern wind:
The casual turf, where fortune pleased,
The private dwelling humbly raised;
While awful to the powers divine
Grateful they built the sacred shrine;
And high their public structures shone,
Enrich'd with ornamental stone.

XVI.

TO POMPEIUS GROSPHUS.

WHEN clouds the moon's fair lustre hide,
No stars the doubtful helm to guide;
The sailor mid the raging seas
Suppliant implores the gods for ease;
For ease, the warlike sons of Thrace;
The Medes, whom shining quivers grace;
For ease, that never can be sold
For gems, for purple, or for gold.
For neither wealth nor power control
The sickly tumults of the soul;
Or bid the cares to stand aloof,
Which hover round the vaulted roof.

Happy the man, whose frugal board
His father's plenty can afford;
His gentle sleep, nor anxious fear
Shall drive away, nor sordid care.

Why do we aim with eager strife
At things beyond the mark of life?
Creatures, alas ! whose boasted power
Is but the blessing of an hour!
To climates warm'd by other suns
In vain the wretched exile runs;
Consuming cares incessant charge
His flight, and board his armed barge;
Or though he mount the rapid steed,
Care follows with unerring speed,
Far fleeter than the timorous hind,
Far fleeter than the driving wind.

He who can taste without allay
The present pleasures of the day
Should with an easy, cheerful smile
The bitterness of life beguile;
Should all of future care detest;
For nothing is completely bless'd.
Achilles perish'd in his prime,
Tithon was worn away by time;
And Fate, with lavish hand, to me
May grant what it denies to thee.

A hundred bleating flocks are thine,
Around thee graze thy lowing kine;
Neighing thy mares invite the reins,
Thy robes the double purple stains;
To me, not unindulgent Fate
Bestow'd a rural, calm retreat,
With art to tune the Roman lyre,
To warm the song with Grecian fire,
And scorn, in conscious virtue proud,
The worthless malice of the crowd.

XVII.

TO MÆCENAS.

WHY will Mæcenas thus complain,
And kill me with the' unkindly strain?
Nor can the gods nor I consent
That you, my life's great ornament,
Should sink untimely to the tomb,
While I survive the fatal doom.

Should you, alas! be snatch'd away,
Wherefore, ah! wherefore should I stay,
My value lost, no longer whole,
And but possessing half my soul?
One day (believe the sacred oath)
Shall read the funeral pomp of both;
Cheerful to Pluto's dark abode,
With thee I'll tread the dreary road.
Nor fell Chimæra's breath of fire,
Nor hundred-handed Gyas dire,
Shall ever tear my friend from me:
So Justice and the Fates decree.

Whether fair Libra's kinder sign,
Or Scorpius with an eye malign,
Beheld my birth (whose gloomy power
Rules dreadful o'er the natal hour),
Or Capricorn, with angry rays,
Who shines the tyrant of the seas;
With equal beams our stars unite,
And strangely shed their mingled light.
Thee, Jove's bright influence snatch'd away
From baleful Saturn's impious ray,
And stopp'd the rapid wings of Fate,
When the full theatre, elate,

With joyful transports hail'd thy name,
And thrice upraised the loud acclaim.

A tree, when falling on my head,
Had surely crush'd me to the dead;
But Pan, the poet's guardian, broke,
With saving hand, the destined stroke.
For thee let the rich victim's blood
Pour forth to Jove its purple flood;
For thee the votive temple rise;
For me an humble lambkin dies.

XVIII.

No walls with ivory inlaid
Adorn my house, no colonnade
Proudly supports a citron beam,
Nor rich with gold my ceilings flame;
Nor have I, like an heir unknown,
Seized upon Attalus's throne;
Nor dames, to happier fortunes bred,
Draw down for me the purple thread;
Yet with a firm and honest heart,
Unknowing or of fraud or art,
A liberal vein of genius bless'd,
I'm by the rich and great caress'd.
My patron's gift, my Sabine field,
Shall all its rural plenty yield;
And happy in that rural store,
Of Heaven and him I ask no more.

Day presses on the heels of day,
And moons increase to their decay;
But you, with thoughtless pride elate,
Unconscious of impending Fate,

Command the pillar'd dome to rise,
When lo! thy tomb forgotten lies;
And, though the waves indignant roar,
Forward you urge the Baian shore,
While earth's too narrow bounds in vain
Thy guilty progress would restrain.

What can this impious avarice stay?
Their sacred landmarks torn away,
You plunge into your neighbour's grounds,
And overleap your client's bounds.
Helpless the wife and husband flee,
And in their arms, expell'd by thee,
Their household gods, adored in vain,
Their infants too, a sordid train.

Yet destined by unerring Fate,
Shall hell's rapacious courts await
This wealthy lord—
Then whither tend thy wide domains?
For earth impartial entertains
Her various sons, and in her breast
Monarchs and beggars equal rest.

Nor gold could bribe, nor art deceive
The gloomy bands who guard the grave,
Backward to tread the shadowy way,
And waft Prometheus into day;
Yet he who Tantalus detains,
With all his haughty race in chains,
Invoked or not, the wretch receives,
And from the toils of life relieves.

XIX.

TO BACCHUS.

I SAW (let future times believe)
The god of wine his lectures give,
Midst rocks far distant was the scene;
With ears erect the satyrs stood,
With every goddess of the wood,
Listening the' instructive solemn strain.
The recent terror heaves my breast,
Yet with the' inspiring power possess'd,
Tumultuous joys my soul have warm'd;
Dreadful, who shakest the ivy spear,
Thy votary thus prostrate hear,
And be thy rage, thy rage disarm'd.
Give me to sing, by thee inspired,
Thy priestesses to madness fired;
Fountains of wine shall pour along,
And, melting from the hollow tree,
The golden treasures of the bee,
And streams of milk shall fill the song.
Fair Ariadne's crown shall rise,
And add new glories to the skies;
While I to listening nations tell,
How impious Pentheus' palace burn'd,
With hideous ruin overturn'd,
And how the mad Lycurgus fell.
Indus and Ganges own thy sway,
Barbaric seas thy power obey,
And o'er the pathless mountain's height,
(Her head with horrid snakes enroll'd,
Which harmless writhe their angry fold)
Thy raptured priestess speeds her flight.

When rising fierce in impious arms,
The giant race with dire alarms
Assail'd the sacred realms of light;
With lion wrath, and dreadful paw,
With blood-besmeared and foaming jaw,
You put their horrid chief to flight.

For dancing form'd, for love and wit,
You seem'd for war's rude toils unfit,
And polish'd to each softer grace:
But dreadful when in arms you shone,
You made the fatal art your own,
In war excelling as in peace.

With golden horn supremely bright,
You darted round the bending light
Far beaming through the gloom of hell;
When Cerberus, with fear amazed,
Forgot his rage, and fawning gazed,
And at thy feet adoring fell.

XX.

TO MÆCENAS.

WITH strong unwonted wing I rise,
A two-form'd poet through the skies.
Far above envy will I soar,
And tread this worthless earth no more.
For know, ye rivals of my fame,
Though lowly born, a vulgar name
I will not condescend to die,
Nor in the Stygian waters lie.
A rougher skin now clothes my thighs,
Into a swan's fair form I rise,

And feel the feather'd plumage shed
Its down, und o'er my shoulders spread.
Swift as with Dædalean wing,
Harmonious bird, I'll soaring sing,
And in my flight, the foamy shores,
Where Bosphorus tremendous roars,
The regions bound by northern cold,
And Libya's burning sands behold;
Then to the learned sons of Spain,
To him, who ploughs the Scythian main,
To him, who with dissembled fears,
Conscious, the Roman arms reveres,
To him, who drinks the rapid Rhone,
Shall Horace, deathless bard, be known.

My friends, the funeral sorrow spare,
The plaintive song and tender tear;
Nor let the voice of grief profane,
With loud laments, the solemn scene;
Nor o'er your poet's empty urn
With useless, idle sorrows mourn.

ODES.

BOOK III.

ODE I.

[For the first Strophe of this Ode, see the Secular Ode.]

MONARCHS on earth their power extend,
Monarchs to Jove submissive bend,

And own the sovereign god,
With glorious triumph who subdued
The Titan race, gigantic brood !

And shakes whole nature with his nod.

When rival candidates contend,
And to the field of Mars descend,

To urge the' ambitious claim ;
Some of illustrious birth are proud,
Some of their clients' vassal crowd,

And some of virtue's fame.

Others the rural labour love,
And joy to plant the spreading grove,
The furrow'd glebe to turn ;

Yet with impartial hand shall Fate
Both of the lowly and the great
Shake the capacious urn.

Behold the wretch, with conscious dread,
In pointed vengeance o'er his head

Who views the' impending sword ;
Nor dainties force his pall'd desire,
Nor chant of birds, nor vocal lyre,
To him can sleep afford ;

Heart-soothing sleep, which not disdains
The rural cot, and humble swains,
And shady river fair ;
Or Tempè's ever blooming spring,
Where zephyrs wave the balmy wing,
And fan the buxom air.

Who nature's frugal dictates hears,
He nor the raging ocean fears,
Nor stars of power malign,
Whether in gloomy storms they rise,
Or swift descending through the skies
With angry lustre shine ;

Whether his vines be smit with hail,
Whether his promised harvests fail,
Perfidious to his toil ;
Whether his drooping trees complain
Of angry winter's chilling rain,
Or stars that burn the soil.

Not such the haughty lord, who lays
His deep foundations in the seas,
And scorns earth's narrow bound ;
The fish affrighted feel their waves
Contracted by his numerous slaves,
E'en in the vast profound.

High though his structures rise in air,
Threatening remorse and black despair
This haughty lord shall find
O'ertake his armed galley's speed ;
And when he mounts the flying steed,
Sits gloomy Care behind.

If purple, which the morn outshines,
Or marble from the Phrygian mines,

Though labour'd high with art;
If essence, breathing sweets divine,
Or flowing bowls of generous wine,
Ill sooth an anxious heart;

On columns, raised in modern style,
Why should I plan the lofty pile
To rise with envied state?
Why, for a vain, superfluous store,
Which would encumber me the more,
Resign my Sabine seat?

II.

TO HIS FRIENDS.

OUR hardy youth should learn to bear
Sharp want, to rein the warlike steed,
To hurl the well directed spear
With pointed force, and bid the Parthian bleed.

Thus form'd in war's tumultuous trade
Through summer's heat, and winter's cold,
Some tyrant's queen, or blooming maid,
Shall from her walls the martial youth behold,

Deep-sighing lest her royal spouse,
Untaught the deathful sword to wield,
That lion, in his wrath, should rouse,
Whom furious rage drives through the' ensan-
guined field.

What joys, what glories round him wait,
Who bravely for his country dies!
While, with dishonest wounds, shall Fate
Relentless stab the coward as he flies.

With stainless lustre virtue shines,
A base repulse nor knows nor fears;
Asserts her honours, nor declines,
As the light air of crowds uncertain veers;

To him, who not deserves to die,
She shows the paths which heroes trod;
Then bids him boldly tempt the sky,
Spurn off his mortal clay, and rise a god.

To silence due rewards we give;
And they, who mysteries reveal,
Beneath my roof shall never live,
Shall never hoist with me the doubtful sail.

When Jove in anger strikes the blow,
Oft with the bad the righteous bleed:
Yet with sure steps, though lame and slow,
Vengeance o'ertakes the trembling villain's
speed.

III.

[This noble Ode has been supposed to have been written by the poet, at the instigation of Mæcenæ, to dissuade Augustus from a plan he had, of removing the seat of empire from Rome to Troy, or its vicinity. The same object is also obvious in Virgil's *Æneis*. Mæcenæ did not do this from superstitious but political motives; and the justice of that policy was confirmed by the consequence of the subsequent removal to the vicinity of Troy, by Constantine.]

THE man, in conscious virtue bold,
Who dares his secret purpose hold,
Unshaken hears the crowd's tumultuous cries,
And the impetuous tyrant's angry brow defies.

Let the loud winds, that rule the seas,
Tempestuous their wild horrors raise;
Let Jove's dread arm with thunders rend the
spheres,
Beneath the crush of worlds undaunted he appears.

Thus to the flamy towers above,
The wandering hero, son of Jove, [lies,
Upsoar'd with strength his own, where Cæsar
And quaffs, with glowing lips, the bowl's immortal
joys.

Lyæus thus his tigers broke,
Fierce and indocile, to the yoke;
Thus from the gloomy regions of the dead,
On his paternal steeds Rome's mighty founder
fled;

When heaven's great queen, with words be-
nign,
Address'd the' assembled powers divine—
Troy, hated Troy, an umpire lewd, unjust,
And a proud foreign dame, have sunk thee to the
dust.

To me, and wisdom's queen decreed,
With all thy guilty race to bleed,
What time thy haughty monarch's perjured sire
Mock'd the defrauded gods, and robb'd them of
their hire.

The gaudy guest, of impious fame,
No more enjoys the' adulterous dame;
Hector no more his faithless brothers leads
To break the Grecian force; no more the victor
bleeds.

Since the long war now sinks to peace,
And all our heavenly factions cease;
Instant to Mars my vengeance I resign, [line.
And here receive his son, though born of Trojan
Here, with encircling glories bright,
Free let him tread the paths of light,
And, rank'd among the tranquil powers divine,
Drink deep the nectar'd bowl, and quaff celestial
wine.

From Rome to Troy's detested shores,
While loud a length of ocean roars,
Unenvied let the' illustrious exiles reign,
Where Fate directs their course, and spreads their
wide domain.

On Priam's and the' adulterer's urn,
While herds the dust insulting spurn,
Let the proud capitol in glory stand,
And Rome, to triumph'd Medes, give forth her
stern command.

Let the victorious voice of fame
Wide spread the terrors of her name,
Where seas the continents of earth divide,
And Nilus bathes the plain with his prolific tide.

Let her the golden mine despise;
For deep in earth it better lies,
Than when by hands profane from nature's store,
To human use compell'd, flames forth the sacred
ore.

Let her triumphant arms extend
Where nature's utmost limits end;
Or where the sun pours down his madding beams,
Or where the clouds are dark, and rain perpetual
streams.

Thus let the warlike Romans reign
(So Juno and the Fates ordain);

But on these terms alone, no more to dare,
Through piety or pride, their parent Troy repair!

For Troy rebuilt, ill omen'd state!

Shall feel the same avenging fate;

Again my Grecians shall victorious prove,
By me led on to war, the sister-wife of Jove.

Thrice should Apollo raise her wall,

Thrice shall her brazen bulwarks fall,

Thrice shall her matrons feel the victor's chain,
Deplore their slaughter'd sons, deplore their husbands slain.

But whither would the Muse aspire?

Such themes nor suit the sportive lyre;

Nor should the wanton, thus in feeble strain,
The councils of the gods, immortal themes, profane.

IV.

TO CALLIOPE.

DESCEND from heaven, and in a lengthen'd
strain,

Queen of melodious sounds, the song maintain,

Or on the voice high raised, the breathing flute,

The lyre of golden tone, or sweet Phœbean lute.

Hark! the celestial voice I raptur'd hear!

Or does a pleasing frenzy charm my ear?

Through hallow'd groves I stray, where streams
beneath

From lucid fountains flow, and zephyrs balmy
breathe.

Fatigued with sleep, and youthful toil of play,
 When on a mountain's brow reclined I lay,
 Near to my natal soil, around my head
 The fabled woodland doves a verdant foliage
 spread;

Matter, be sure, of wonder most profound
 To all the gazing habitants around,
 Who dwell in Acherontia's airy glades,
 Amid the Bantian woods, or low Ferentum's meads,

By snakes of poison black, and beasts of prey,
 That thus, in dewy sleep, unharm'd I lay;
 Laurels and myrtle were around me piled,
 Not without guardian gods, an animated child.

Yours, I am ever yours, harmonious Nine;
 Whether I joy in Tibur's vale supine,
 Whether I climb the Sabine mountain's height,
 Or in Præneste's groves, or Baian streams delight.

Nor tree devoted, nor tempestuous main,
 Nor flying hosts, that swept Philippi's plain
 In fearful rout, your filial bard destroy'd,
 While in your springs divine, and choral sports
 he joy'd.

When by the Muse's faithful guidance led,
 Or Libya's thirsty sands I'll fearless tread,
 Or climb the venturous bark, and launch from
 shore, [roar.
 Though Bosphorus aroused with madding horrors

Nor Britons, of inhospitable strain,
 Nor quiver'd Scythians, nor the Caspian main,
 Nor he who joyous quaffs the thirsty bowl,
 Streaming with horse's blood, shall shake my
 dauntless soul.

When Cæsar, by your forming arts inspired,
Cheerful disbands his troops, of conquest tired,
And yields to willing peace his laurel'd spoils,
In the Pierian cave you charm the hero's toils;

Gracious from you the lenient counsels flow,
Which bid the hero spare his prostrate foe;
For Cæsar rules like Jove, whose equal sway
The ponderous mass of earth and stormy seas obey :

O'er gods and mortals, o'er the dreary plains
And shadowy ghosts, supremely just he reigns;
But, dreadful in his wrath, to hell pursued,
With falling thunders dire, the fierce Titanian
brood,

Whose horrid youth, elate with impious pride,
Unnumber'd, on their sinewy force relied;
Mountain on mountain piled they raised in air,
And shook the throne of Jove, and bade the
thunderer fear.

But what could Mimas, of enormous might,
Typhæus or Porphyryon's threatening height,
Or bold Enceladus, fierce darting far
The trunks of trees uptorn, dire archer of the war,

To sage Minerva's clashing shield oppose;
Although with headlong rage inspired they rose?
While Vulcan here in flames devour'd his way,
There matron Juno stood, and there the god of day.

Resolved, till he had quell'd the' aspiring foe,
Never to lay aside the' unerring bow;
Who the pure dews of fair Castalia loves,
There bathes his flowing hair, and haunts his natal
groves.

Ill counsel'd force, by its own native weight,
 Headlong to ruin falls; with happier fate
 While the good gods upraise the just design,
 But bold, unhallow'd schemes pursue with wrath
 divine.

This truth shall hundred-handed Gyas prove,
 And warm Orion, who with impious love,
 Tempting the goddess of the silvan scene,
 Was by her virgin darts, gigantic victim! slain.

On her own monsters hurl'd with hideous weight,
 Fond mother Earth deplores her offspring's fate,
 By thunders dire to livid Orcus doom'd,
 Nor fire can force its way through Etna uncon-
 sumed.

Such are the pains to lawless lust decreed;
 On Tityos' growing liver vultures feed
 With rage ungorged; while Pluto stern detains
 His amorous rival bound in thrice a hundred
 chains.

V.

THE PRAISES OF AUGUSTUS.

DREAD Jove in thunder speaks his just domain;
 On earth a present god shall Cæsar reign,
 Since world-divided Britain owns his sway¹,
 And Parthia's haughty sons his high behests obey.

¹ 'Since world-divided Britain owns his sway.' Strabo says, that the chiefs of Britain gained the friendship of Augustus by submissive embassies. They carried their presents to the capitol, and made the Roman people masters of the island. Thus, though the Romans never triumphed for the conquest of Britain, Augustus was considered as having subdued it.

O name of Country, once how sacred deem'd!
O sad reverse of manners, once esteem'd!
While Rome her ancient majesty maintain'd,
And in his capitol while Jove imperial reign'd,

Could they to foreign spousals meanly yield
Whom Crassus led with honour to the field?
Have they, to their barbarian lords allied,
Grown old in hostile arms beneath a tyrant's pride,

Basely forgetful of the Roman name,
The heaven descended shields, the vestal flame
That wakes eternal, and the peaceful gown,
Those emblems, which the Fates with boundless
empire crown?

When Regulus refused the terms of peace
Inglorious, he foresaw the deep disgrace,
Whose foul example should in ruin end,
And e'en to latest times our baffled arms attend,

Unless the captive youth in servile chains
Should fall unpitied. 'In the Punic fanes
Have I not seen (the patriot-captain cried)
The Roman ensigns fix'd in monumental pride?

'I saw our arms resign'd without a wound;
The freeborn sons of Rome in fetters bound;
The gates of Carthage open, and the plain,
Late by our war laid waste, with culture clothed
again.'

'Ransom'd, perhaps, with nobler sense of fame,
The soldier may return.'—'Ye purchase shame!
When the fair fleece imbibes the dyer's stain,
Its native colour lost it never shall regain;

‘ And valour, failing in the soldier’s breast,
Scorns to resume what cowardice possess’d.
If from the toils escaped the hind shall turn
Fierce on her hunters, he the prostrate foe may
spurn.

‘ In second fight, who felt the fetters bind
His arms enslaved ; who tamely hath resign’d
His sword unstain’d with blood, who might
have died,
Yet on a faithless foe, with abject soul, relied :

‘ Who for his safety mix’d poor terms of peace
E’en with the act of war ; O foul disgrace !
O Carthage, now with rival glories great,
And on the ruins raised of Rome’s dejected state !

The hero spoke ; and from his wedded dame
And infant children turn’d, oppress’d with shame
Of his fallen state ; their fond embrace repell’d,
And sternly on the earth his manly visage held ;

Till, by his unexampled counsel sway’d,
Their firm decree the wavering senate made ;
Then, while his friends the tears of sorrow shed,
Amidst the weeping throng the glorious exile sped.

Nor did he not the cruel tortures know,
Vengeful, prepared by a barbarian foe ;
Yet, with a countenance serenely gay,
He turn’d aside the crowd, who fondly press’d
his stay :

As if, when wearied by some client’s cause,
After the final sentence of the laws,
Cheerful he hasted to some calm retreat,
To taste the pure delights which bless the rural
seat.

VI.

TO THE ROMANS.

THOUGH guiltless of your fathers' crimes,
Roman, 'tis thine, to latest times,
The vengeance of the gods to bear,
Till thou their awful domes repair,
Profaned with smoke their statues raise,
And bid the sacred altars blaze.

That you the powers divine obey,
Boundless on earth extend your sway;
From hence your future glories date,
From hence expect the hand of Fate.
The' offended gods, in horrors dire,
On sad Hesperia pour'd their ire:
The Parthian squadrons twice repell'd
Our inauspicious powers, and quell'd
Our boldest efforts, while they shone
With spoils, from conquer'd Romans won.
The Dacian, whose unerring art
Can wing with death the pointed dart;
The' Egyptian, for his navies famed,
Who Neptune's boundless empire claim'd,
Had almost in their rage destroy'd
Imperial Rome, in civil strife employ'd.

Fruitful of crimes, this age first stain'd
Their hapless offspring, and profaned
The nuptial bed, from whence the woes,
Which various and unnumber'd rose
From this polluted fountain head,
O'er Rome and o'er the nations spread.

With pliant limbs the ripen'd maid
Now joys to learn the wanton trade

Of dance indecent¹, and to prove
The pleasures of forbidden love :
But soon amid the bridal feast
Boldly she courts her husband's guest ;
Her love no nice distinction knows,
But round the wandering pleasure throws,
Careless to hide her bold delight
In darkness and the shades of night.
Nor does she need the thin disguise,
The conscious husband bids her rise,
When some rich factor courts her charms,
Who calls the wanton to his arms,
And, prodigal of wealth and fame,
Profusely buys the costly shame.

Not such the youth, of such a strain,
Who dyed with Punic gore the main ;
Who Pyrrhus' flying war pursued,
Antiochus the great subdued,
And taught that terror of the field,
The cruel Hannibal, to yield :
But a rough race inured to toil,
With heavy spade to turn the soil,
And by a mother's will severe
To fell the wood, and homeward bear
The ponderous load, e'en when the sun
His downward course of light had run,

¹ 'Dance indecent.' The original says simply, *Ionian dance*. Indecent, does not in the translation point to any peculiar kind of dance, but to dancing in general; which was only taught to girls; but laid aside when they became marriageable. Sallust says of a lady, that she danced and sung more elegantly than was proper for a modest woman. How different was the opinion of the Romans from ours of those female accomplishments!

And from the western mountain's head
 His changing shadows lengthening spread,
 Unyoked the team with toil oppress'd,
 And gave the friendly hour of rest.

What feels not time's consuming rage?
 More vicious than their father's age
 Our sires begot the present race,
 Of actions impious, bold, and base;
 And yet, with crimes to us unknown,
 Our sons shall mark the coming age their own.

VII.

[In this Ode, Horace, under the pretence of consoling Asterie on the absence of her husband, delicately cautions her against listening to other lovers.]

TO ASTERIE.

AH! why does Asterie thus weep for the youth
 Of constancy faithful, of honour, and truth,
 Whom the first kindly zephyrs, that breathe o'er
 the spring,

Enrich'd with the wares of Bithynia, shall bring?
 Driven back from his course by the tempests, that
 rise

When stars of mad lustre rule over the skies,
 At Oricum now poor Gyges must stay,
 Where sleepless he weeps the cold winter away;
 While his landlady Chloe, in sorrow of heart,
 Bids her envoy of love exert all his art,
 Who tells him how Chloe, unhappy the dame!
 Deep sighs for your lover, and burns in your flame:
 He tells him how Prætus, deceived by his wife,
 Attempted, ah dreadful! Bellerophon's life;

And well may you these flowery wreaths admire,
The fragrant incense and the sacred fire,
Raised o'er the living turf on this glad day
To which the married world their homage pay.

When on my head a tree devoted fell,
And almost crush'd me to the shades of hell,
Grateful I vow'd to him who rules the vine
A joyous banquet, while beneath his shrine
A snow white goat should bleed, and when the year
Revolving bids this festal morn appear,
We'll pierce a cask with mellow juice replete,
Mellow'd with smoke, since Tullus ruled the state.

Come then, Mæcenas, and for friendship's sake,
A friend preserved, a hundred bumpers take.
Come drink the watchful tapérs up to day,
While noise and quarrels shall be far away.
No more let Rome your anxious thoughts engage,
The Dacian falls beneath the victor's rage,
The Medes in civil wars their arms employ,
Inglorious wars! each other to destroy:
Our ancient foes, the haughty sons of Spain,
At length indignant feel the Roman chain;
With bows unbent the hardy Scythians yield,
Resolved to quit the long-disputed field;
No more the public claims thy pious fears,
Be not too anxious then with private cares,
But seize the gifts the present moment brings,
Those fleeting gifts, and leave severer things,

IX.

[There is no composition, ancient or modern, that has been so often imitated and translated as this.]

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN HORACE AND LYDIA.

HORACE.

WHILE I was pleasing to your arms,
Nor any youth of happier charms
Thy snowy bosom blissful press'd,
Not Persia's king like me was bless'd.

LYDIA.

While for no other fair you burn'd,
Nor Lydia was for Chloe scorn'd,
What maid was then so bless'd as thine?
Not Ilia's flame could equal mine.

HORACE.

Me Chloe now possesses whole,
Her voice, her lyre, command my soul;
For whom I'll gladly die to save
Her dearer beauties from the grave.

LYDIA.

My heart young Calais inspires,
Whose bosom glows with mutual fires,
For whom I twice would die with joy,
If death would spare the charming boy.

HORACE.

Yet what if love, whose bands we broke,
Again should tame us to the yoke;
Should I shake off bright Chloe's chain,
And take my Lydia home again?—

LYDIA.

Though he exceed in beauty far
The rising lustre of a star;
Though light as cork thy fancy strays,
Thy passions wild as angry seas
When vex'd with storms; yet gladly I
With thee would live, with thee would die.

X.

TO LYCE.

THOUGH you drank the deep stream of Tanais icy,
The wife of some barbarous blockhead, my Lycè,
Yet your heart might relent to expose me reclined,
At your cruel-shut door to the rage of the wind.
Hark, your gate! how it creaks! how the grove,
planted round

Your beautiful villa, rebellows the sound!
How Jupiter numbs all the regions below,
And glazes with crystal the fleeces of snow!
Away with these humours of pride and disdain,
To Venus ungrateful, to Cupid a pain;
Lest while by the pulley you raise to the top,
Your rope should run back, and your bucket
should drop.

No sprightly Tyrrhenian begot thee a prude,
Another Penelope, harsh to be woo'd. [strain,
O, though neither presents, nor vow-sighing
Nor violet painting the cheek of thy swain,
Nor thy husband, who gives up his heart for a ditty
To a song-singing wench, can provoke thee to pity;

O thou, who like serpents art gentle and kind,
And like an old oak art to softness inclined,
Yet think not this side can for ever sustain
Thy threshold hard-hearted, and sky-falling rain.

XI.

TO MERCURY.

O MERCURY, by whose harmonious aid,
Amphion's voice the listening stones could lead:
And thou, sweet shell, of art to raise,
On seven melodious strings, thy various lays;
Not vocal when you first were found,
But of a simple and ungrateful sound;
Now tuned so sweetly to the ear
That gods and men with sacred rapture hear;
O thou! inspire the melting strain
To charm my Lydè's obstinate disdain,
Who, like a filly, o'er the field
With playful spirit bounds, and fears to yield
To hand of gentlest touch, or prove,
Wild as she is, the joys of wedded love.
Thou canst, with all their beasts of prey,
The listening forest lead, and powerful stay
The rapid stream. The dog of hell,
Immense of bulk, to thee soft-soothing fell
Thy suppliant, though around his head
His hundred snakes their guardian horrors spread;
Baleful his breath though fiery glow'd,
And from his three-tongued jaws the poison flow'd.
Ixion, of his pains beguiled,
And Tityos, with unwilling pleasure smiled;

Dry stood their urn, while with soft strain
You sooth'd the labours of the virgin train.
Let Lyde hear what pains decreed,
Though late, in death attend the direful deed.
There doom'd to fill, unceasing task!
With idle toil, an ever streaming cask;
Impious, who, in the hour of rest,
Could plunge their daggers in a husband's breast.
Yet worthy of the nuptial flame,
To latest times preserved a deathless name;
Of many, one untainted maid¹,
Gloriously false, her perjured sire betray'd.
Thus to her youthful lord she cries,
'Awake, lest sleep eternal close thine eyes;
Eternal sleep: and ah! from whom
You little dread the fell, relentless doom.
Oh! fly, my lord, this wrathful sire;
Far from my sisters fly, those sisters dire,
Who riot in their husbands' blood,
As lionesses rend their panting food;
While I, to such fell deeds a foe,
Nor bind thee here, nor strike the fatal blow.
Me let my father load with chains,
Or banish to Numidia's furthest plains;
My crime, that I, a loyal wife,
In love's compassion spared my husband's life.
While Venus, and the shades of night
Protect thee; speed, by sea or land, thy flight;

¹ 'Maid.' *Virgo* in the original. This has been a stumbling-block to the critics. One of them accounts for it in a very extraordinary way. But nothing could be more obvious than that in such a situation, where a moment's delay might be fatal to her husband, *Hypermeestra* might remain a virgin bride.

May every happy omen wait
To guide thee through this gloomy hour of Fate,
Yet not forgetful of my doom,
Engrave thy grateful sorrows on my tomb.'

XII.

TO NEOBULE.

UNHAPPY the maidens, who tremble with fear
Of the stripes of a tongue from a guardian severe;
Nor dare the sweet pleasures of drinking to prove,
Nor ever give joy to the passion of love.
Cytheræa's wing'd son now bids thee resign
The toils of Minerva, the spinster divine;
And now, Neobulè, with other desires
The brightness of Hebrus thy bosom desires;
When rising robust from Tyber's rough waves,
Where the oil of his labours athletic he laves,
Like Bellerophon skilful to rein the fierce steed,
At cuffs never conquer'd, nor outstripp'd in speed,
And dexterous, with darts never flying in vain,
To wound the light stag, bounding over the plain,
Or active and valiant the boar to surprise,
Transfix'd with his spear, as in covert he lies.

XIII.

TO THE FOUNTAIN BANDUSIA.

BANDUSIA, that dost far surpass
The shining face of polish'd glass,
To thee the goblet, crown'd with flowers,
The rich libation justly pours;

A goat, whose horns begin to spread,
And bending arm his swelling head,
Whose bosom glows with young desires,
Which war or kindling love inspires,
Now meditates his blow in vain,—
His blood shall thy fair fountain stain.

When the fierce dogstar's fervid ray
Flames forth, and sets on fire the day;
To vagrant flocks, that range the field,
You a refreshing coolness yield,
Or to the labour-wearied team
Pour forth the freshness of thy stream.
Soon shalt thou flow a noble spring,
While in immortal verse I sing
The trees, which spread the rocks around,
From whence thy prattling waters bound.

XIV.

ON THE RETURN OF AUGUSTUS FROM SPAIN.

THY prince, O Rome, who foreign realms
Explored like Jove's immortal son,
Fearless to search the laurel wreath
By death and glorious daring won,
Victorious comes from furthest Spain
To Rome, and all his guardian gods again.

Let her, who to her arms receives
With joy her own, her laurel'd spouse,
Her private sacrifice perform'd,
Pay to just Heaven her public vows;
And let the fair Octavia lead
The matron-train, in suppliant veils array'd;

The matron-train, to whose glad arms
Their sons, with conquest crown'd, return;
And you, fair youth, whose pious tears
Your slaughter'd sires and husbands mourn,
This day at least your griefs restrain,
And luckless from ill omen'd words abstain.

This day, with truly festal joy,
Shall drive all gloomy cares away;
For while imperial Cæsar holds
O'er the glad earth his awful sway,
Nor fear of death from foreign arms,
Or civil rage my dauntless soul alarms.

Boy, bring us essence, bring us crowns;
Pierce me a cask of ancient date,
Big with the storied Marsian war,
And with its glorious deeds replete,
If yet one jovial cask remain,
Since wandering Spartacus o'erswept the plain.

Invite Neæra to the feast,
Who sweetly charms the listening ear,
And bid the fair one haste to bind
In careless wreaths her essenced hair;
But should her porter bid you stay,
Leave the rough, surly rogue, and come away.

When hoary age upon our heads
Pours down its chilling weight of snows,
No more the breast with anger burns,
No more with amorous heat it glows:
Such treatment Horace would not bear,
When warm with youth, when Plancus fill'd the
consul's chair.

XV.

TO CHLORIS.

THOU poor man's incumbrance, thou rake of a
At length put an end to this infamous life; [wife,
Now near thy long home, to be rank'd with the
shades,

Give over to frisk it with buxom young maids,
And, furrow'd with wrinkles, profanely to shroud
Those bright constellations with age's dark cloud.

What Pholoë well, with a decency free,
Might practise, sits awkward, O Chloris, on thee;
Like her, whom the timbrel of Bacchus arouses,
Thy daughter may better lay siege to the houses
Of youthful gallants, while she wantonly gambols,
Of Nothus enamour'd, like a goat in its rambles;
The spindle, the distaff, and wool-spinning thrifty,
Not musical instruments, fit thee at fifty;
No roses impurpled, enriching the breeze,
Nor hogsheads of liquor drunk down to the lees.

XVI.

TO MÆCENAS.

OF watchful dogs an odious ward
Might well one hapless virgin guard,
When in a tower of brass immured,
And by strong gates of oak secured,
Although by mortal gallants lewd
With all their midnight arts pursued,
Had not great Jove and Venus fair
Laugh'd at her father's fruitless care,

For well they knew no fort could hold
Against a god, when changed to gold.

Stronger than thunder's winged force
All powerful gold can speed its course,
Through watchful guards its passage make,
And loves through solid walls to break;
From gold the overwhelming woes,
That crush'd the Grecian augur rose:
Philip with gold through cities broke,
And rival monarchs felt his yoke;
Captains of ships to gold are slaves,
Though fierce as their own winds and waves;
Yet gloomy care, and thirst of more,
Attends the still increasing store.

Mæcenâs, of the' equestrian race'
At once the glory and the grace,
By long experience taught, I dread
To raise the far conspicuous head.
The more we to ourselves deny,
The more the bounteous gods supply,
Far from the quarters of the great,
Happy, though naked, I retreat;
And to the' unwishing few with joy
A bless'd and bold deserter fly.
Possess'd of what the great despise,
In real, richer pomp I rise,

' 'Equestrian race.' The editor of this edition has altered this from Francis, who says,

Gracing the knighthood that you wear.

The feudal word Knight, which is by no means a proper translation of the Latin word *Eques*, should be banished from all classical translations: it too often deforms Pope's Homer. From the foregoing line of Francis, one might suppose that Mæcenâs was invested with an order.

Than if, from fair Apulia's plain,
I stored in heaps the various grain,
While, of the wealthy mass secure,
Amidst the rich abundance poor.

A streamlet flowing through my ground,
A wood which a few acres bound,
A little farm of kindly soil,
Nor faithless to its master's toil,
Shall tell the consul, whose domain
Extends o'er Afric's fertile plain,
Though of his envied lot possess'd,
He ne'er shall be like Horace bless'd.

Though nor the famed Calabrian bee
Collect its flowery sweets for me;
For me no Formian vintage grows,
With mellow'd warmth where Bacchus flows;
Nor on the verdant Gallic mead
My flocks of richer fleeces feed;
Yet am I not with want oppress'd,
Which vainly seeks the port of rest,
Nor would thy bounteous hand deny
My larger wishes to supply:
But while those wishes I restrain,
Further I stretch my small domain
Than could I distant kingdoms join,
And make united empires mine;
For sure the state of man is such,
They greatly want, who covet much:
Then happy he whom Heaven hath fed
With frugal, but sufficient bread.

XVII.

TO ÆLIUS LAMIA.

ÆLIUS, whose ancient lineage springs
From Lamus, founder of the name
(From whom a sacred line of kings
Shines through the long records of fame.

From whom the' illustrious race arose,
Who first possess'd the Formian towers,
And reign'd where Liris smoothly flows
To fair Marica's marshy shores),

If the old shower-foretelling crow
Croak not her boding note in vain,
To-morrow's eastern storm shall strow
The woods with leaves, with weeds the main.

Then pile the fuel while you may,
And cheer your spirit high with wine;
Give to your slaves one idle day,
And feast upon the fatted swine.

XVIII.

TO FAUNUS.

FAUNUS, who with eager flame
Chase the nymphs, thy flying game,
If a tender kid distain,
Each returning year, thy fane,
If with wine we raise the soul
(Social Venus loves the bowl),
If thy dedicated shrine
Smoke with odours—breath divine!

Gently traverse o'er my bounds,
Gently through my sunny grounds,
Gracious to my fleecy breed,
Sporting o'er the flowery mead.

See my flocks in sportive vein
Frisk it o'er the verdant plain,
When through winter's gloom thy day
Festal shines, the peasants play
On the grassy-matted soil,
Round their oxen, free from toil.
See the wolf forgets his prey,
With my daring lambs to play;
See the forest's bending head
At thy feet its honours shed,
While with joyful foot the swain
Beats the glebe he plough'd with pain.

XIX.

[This Ode has been translated by Mr. Pye. Francois had rendered it in a very inappropriate measure.]

TO TELEPHUS.

How far from Inachus the reign
Of Codrus for his country slain,
The' Æacidæ's illustrious race,
And Ilion's wars, you well can trace;
But how the Chian cask to buy,
Or how keen winter's freezing sky
To temper by the different ways
Of baths that steam and hearths that blaze,
You tell not. Fill the bowl and pay
Honour to Luna's rising ray,

And for the wakeful augur's care
 The tributary cup prepare.
 The poet to the Muse's shrine
 Bids thrice three times the brimmer shine;
 But, cautious of dispute, their wine
 To three the Graces still confine:
 Why sounds not Berecynthia's flute?
 Why silent hang the harp and lute?
 Wide and profuse your roses fling,
 Why stint the liberal stores of spring?
 Till Lycon hear with envious strife,
 Old Lycon and his youthful wife.
 Thee, Telephus, thy Chloe warms,
 Pure as the vernal eve her charms,
 While for my Glycera I prove
 The glowing flames of gentle love.

 XX.

[This also is translated by Mr. Pye: that in Francis is beneath criticism. It begins,

Pyrrhus, you tempt a danger high,
 When you would steal from angry lioness her cubs,—

and ends,

' Like Ganymede, or Nireus fair,
 And vainful. ']

TO PYRRHUS.

PYRRHUS, you know not what you dare
 When from the lioness you tear
 Her whelps; but soon you'll fly,
 While through the youth's opposing train
 She drives her victim to regain,
 You'll yield the victory.

You bend your bow, she whets her teeth,
The youthful arbiter beneath

His foot the palm retains ;
While flowing locks his neck adorn,
Like Nireus or the stripling borne
From Ida's watery plains.

XXI.

TO HIS CASK.

GENTLE cask of mellow wine,
And of equal age with mine ;
Whether you to broils, or mirth,
Or to madding love, give birth ;
Or the toper's temples steep
Sweetly in ambrosial sleep :
For whatever various use
You preserve the chosen juice,
Worthy of some festal hour,
Now the hoary vintage pour :
Come—Corvinus, guest divine,
Bids me draw the smoothest wine.

Though with science deep imbued,
He not, like a cynic rude,
Thee despises ; for of old
Cato's virtue, we are told,
Often with a bumper glow'd,
And with social raptures flow'd.

You by gentle tortures oft
Melt hard tempers into soft ;
You strip off the grave disguise
From the counsels of the wise,

And with Bacchus, blithe and gay,
Bring them to the face of day.
Hope by thee, fair fugitive,
Bids the wretched strive to live;
To the beggar you dispense
Heart and brow of confidence;
Warm'd by thee he scorns to fear
Tyrant's frown or soldier's spear.

Bacchus boon, and Venus fair
(If she come with cheerful air),
And the Graces, charming band!
Ever dancing hand in hand;
And the living taper's flame
Shall prolong thy purple stream,
Till returning Phœbus bright
Puts the lazy stars to flight.

XXII.

TO DIANA.

OF groves and mountains, guardian maid,
Invoked by three mysterious names;
Goddess three-form'd, whose willing aid
With gracious power appears display'd,
From death to save our pregnant dames:

To thee I consecrate the pine,
Which nodding waves my villa round,
And here, beneath thy hallow'd shrine,
Yearly shall bleed a festal swine,
That meditates the sidelong wound.

XXIII.

[‘It is not unpleasant to see an Epicurean Poet instructing a pious female farmer how to regulate her devotions, while she sincerely believes he is really actuated by a spirit of piety and religion. Mr. Dacier and Sanadon think that Phidylè was his servant, and that all the directions are given with a view to his own interest. Perhaps the reader may find something probable in the conjecture.’ FRANCIS.]

There seems not the least probability in the conjecture, or in the idea that Horace is not serious in his advice. Though the Poet does not give implicit faith to all the mythology of the time, there is no reason for supposing him an atheist, or that he might not, without imputation of self-interest, tell a female rustic, that the piety of the offerer, and not the value of the offering, was acceptable to Heaven.]

TO PHIDYLE.

IF on the new-born moon, with hands supine,
My Phidylè, laborious rustic, prays;
If she with incense, and a ravening swine,
And yearly fruits, her household gods appease,

Nor pestilential storm shall smite her vines,
Nor barren mildew shall her harvests fear;
Nor shall her flocks, when the sad year declines
Beneath its fruitage, feel the’ autumnal air.

Let the devoted herds, that lowing feed
In snow-topp’d Algidon’s high branching wood;
Or the fair kine of rich Albania bleed,
And stain the pontiff’s hallow’d axe with blood;

The little gods, around thy sacred fire,
No vast profusion of the victim’s gore,
But pliant myrtle wreaths alone require,
And fragrant herbs, the pious, rural store.

A grateful cake, when on the hallow'd shrine
 Offer'd by hands that know no guilty stain,
 Shall reconcile the' offended powers divine,
 When bleeds the pompous hecatomb in vain.

XXIV.

AGAINST MISERS.

THOUGH of the' unrifled gold possess'd
 Of gorgeous Ind, and Araby the bless'd;
 Though with hewn massy rocks you raise
 Your haughty structures midst the' indignant seas;
 Yet, soon as Fate shall round your head,
 With adamantine strength, its terrors spread;
 Not the Dictator's power shall save
 Your soul from fear, your body from the grave.
 Happy the Scythians, houseless train!
 Who roll their vagrant dwellings o'er the plain;
 Happy the Getes, fierce and brave,
 Whom no fix'd laws of property enslave;
 While open stands the golden grain,
 The freeborn fruitage of the' unbounded plain;
 Succeeding yearly to the toil,
 They plough, with equal tasks, the public soil.
 Not there the guiltless stepdame knows
 The baleful draught for orphans to compose;
 No wife, high portion'd', rules her spouse,
 Or trusts her essenced lover's faithless vows;

¹ 'No wife high portioned,' &c. This complaint of rich wives governing their husbands is common among the ancients. In this country, most of those wives who are under the absolute coercion of their husbands will be found among those who have brought them large fortunes.

The lovers there for dowry claim
The father's virtue, and the spotless fame
Which dares not break the nuptial tie;
Polluted crime! whose portion is to die.
Oh! that some patriot, wise and good,
Would stop this impious thirst of civil blood,
And joy on statues to behold
His name, *The Father of the State*, enroll'd!
Oh! let him quell our spreading shame,
And live to latest times an honour'd name.
Though living virtue we despise,
We follow her, when dead, with envious eyes.
But wherefore do we thus complain,
If Justice wear her awful sword in vain?
And what are laws, unless obey'd
By the same moral virtues they were made?
If neither burning heats extreme,
Where eastern Phœbus darts his fiercest beam,
Nor where the northern tempests blow,
And freezes down to earth the' eternal snow,
Nor the wild terrors of the main
Can daunt the merchant, and his voyage restrain;
If want, ah dire disgrace! we fear,
From thence with vigour act, with patience bear,
While virtue's paths untrodden lie,
Those paths that lead us upward to the sky?
Oh! let us consecrate to Jove
(Rome shall with shouts the pious deed approve)
Our gems, our gold, pernicious store!
Or plunge into the deep the baleful ore.
If you indeed your crimes detest,
Tear forth, uprooted from the youthful breast,
The seeds of each depraved desire;
While manly toils a firmer soul inspire.

Nor knows our youth, of noblest race,
To mount the managed steed, or urge the chase;
More skill'd in the mean arts of vice,
The whirling troque, or law-forbidden dice:
And yet, this worthless heir to raise
To hasty wealth, the perjured sire betrays
His partners, coheirs, and his friends:
But, while in heaps his wicked wealth ascends,
He is not of his wish possess'd,
There's something wanting still to make him
bless'd.

XXV.

TO BACCHUS.

O BACCHUS! when by thee possess'd,
What hallow'd spirit fills my raving breast?
How am I rapp'd to dreary glades,
To gloomy caverns, unfrequented shades?
In what recesses shall I raise
My voice to sacred Cæsar's deathless praise,
Amid the stars to bid him shine,
Rank'd in the councils of the powers divine?
Some bolder song shall wake the lyre,
And sounds unknown its trembling voice inspire.
Thus o'er the steepy mountain's height,
Starting from sleep, thy priestess takes her flight;
Amazed beholds the Thracian snows,
With languid streams where icy Heber flows,
Or Rhodopè's high-towering head,
Where frantic choirs barbarian measures tread.
O'er pathless rocks, through lonely groves,
With what delight my raptured spirit roves!

O thou, who rulest the Naiad's breast;
By whom the Bacchanalian maids, possess'd
With sacred rage inspired by thee,
Tear from the bursting glebe the' uprooted tree,
Nothing or low or mean I sing;
No mortal sound shall shake the swelling string.
The venturous theme my soul alarms,
But warm'd by thee, the thought of danger charms.
When vine-crown'd Bacchus leads the way,
What can his daring votaries dismay?

XXVI.

TO VENUS.

I LATELY was fit to be call'd upon duty,
And gallantly fought in the service of beauty;
But now crown'd with conquest, I hang up my
arms,
My harp, that campaign'd it in midnight alarms.
Here fix on this wall, here my ensigns of wars,
By the statue of Venus, my torches and bars,
And arrows, which threaten'd by Cupid their
liege,
War, war on all doors, that dare hold out a siege.
O goddess of Cyprus and Memphis! that know
Nor the coldness or weight of love-chilling snow,
With an high lifted stroke, yet gently severe,
Avenge me on Chloe the proud and the fair.

XXVII.

[There is no Ode of Pindar so difficult as this. There seems no connexion between the story of Europa and the rest of the Ode.]

TO GALATEA.

FIERCE from her cubs the ravening fox,
 Or wolf from steep Lanuvian rocks,
 Or pregnant bitch, or chattering jay,
Ill omen'd, guide the guilty on their way;

 Serpents, like arrows, sidelong thwart
 The road, and make their horses start;
 But for the maid, for whom I fear,
I view the doubtful skies, a prudent seer,

 And bid the chanting raven rise,
 When Phœbus gilds his orient skies;
 Ere speeds the shower-boding crow
To lakes, whose languid waters cease to flow.

 Happy may Galatea prove,
 Nor yet unmindful of our love,
 For now no luckless pie prevails,
Nor vagrant crow forbids the swelling sails,

 Yet see, what storms tumultuous rise
 While prone Orion sweeps the skies;
 Too well I know the Adrian main,
And western winds, perfidiously serene,

 Oh! may the rising tempest shake
 Our foes, and dreadful o'er them break;
 For them the blackening ocean roar,
And angry surges lash the trembling shore.

When on her bull Europa rode,
Nor knew she press'd the imperial god;
Bold as she was, the affrighted maid
The rolling monsters of the deep survey'd.

Late for the rural nymphs she chose
Each flower, a garland to compose;
But now, beneath the gloom of night,
Views nought but seas, and stars of feeble light.

Soon as she touch'd the Cretan shore,
' My sire (she cries)—Ah! mine no more;
For every pious, tender name
Is madly lost in this destructive flame.

' Where am I, wretched and undone?
And shall a single death atone
A virgin's crime? or do my fears
Deplore the guilty deed with waking tears?

' Or am I yet, ah! pure from shame,
Mock'd by a vain, delusive dream?
Could I my springing flowerets leave,
To tempt through length of seas the faithless wave?

' While thus with just revenge possess'd,
How would I tear that monstrous beast!
How would I break, by rage inspired,
These horns, alas! too fondly once admired!

' Shameless, my father's gods I fly;
Shameless, and yet I fear to die.
Hear me, some gracious heavenly power,
Let lions fell this naked corse devour.

‘ My cheeks ere hollow wrinkles seize,
Ere yet their rosy bloom decays,
While youth yet rolls its vital flood,
Let tigers fiercely riot in my blood.

‘ But hark! I hear my father cry,
“ Make haste, unhappy maid, to die;
For if a pendant fate you choose,
Your faithful girdle gives the kindly noose:

“ Or if you like a headlong death,
Behold the pointed rocks beneath;
Or plunge into the rapid wave,
Nor live on haughty tasks, a spinster slave,

“ Some rude barbarian’s concubine,
Born as thou art of royal line”.’
Here the perfidious smiling dame,
And idle Cupid, to the mourner came:

A while she rallied with the fair,
Then with a grave and serious air,
‘ Indulge (she cries) thy rage no more,
This odious bull shall yield him to thy power.

‘ Yet sigh no more, but think of love,
For know thou art the wife of Jove;
Then learn to bear thy future fame,
When earth’s wide continent shall boast thy name.’

XXVIII.

TO LYDE.

SAY, what shall I do on the festival day
 Of Neptune? Come, Lydè, without more delay;
 And broach the good creature, invaulted that lies,
 Cast off all reserve, and be merry and wise.
 The evening approaches, you see, from yon hill,
 And yet, as if Phœbus, though winged, stood still,
 You dally to bring us a cup of the best,
 Condemn'd, like its Consul¹, ignobly to rest.

With voices alternate, the sea-potent king,
 And Nereids, with ringlets of azure we'll sing;
 From the sweet sounding shell thy hand shall arise
 Latona's and swift-darting Cynthia's praise.
 The gay-smiling goddess of love and delight,
 Who rules over Cnidos, and Cyclades bright;
 And guiding her swans with a soft silken rein,
 Revisits her Paphos, shall crown the glad strain.
 Then to the good night, while bumpers elate us,
 We'll sing a farewell, and a decent quietus.

XXIX.

TO MÆCENAS.

DESCENDED from an ancient line,
 That once the Tuscan sceptre sway'd,
 Haste thee to meet the generous wine,
 Whose piercing is for thee delay'd;

¹ 'Its Consul,' &c. An allusion to Bibulus, who shut himself up in his house during his inactive consulship with Julius Cæsar.

For thee the fragrant essence flows,
For thee, Mæcenæ, breathes the blooming rose.

From the delights, oh! break away,
Which Tibur's marshy prospect yields,
Nor with unceasing joy survey
Fair Æsula's declining fields;
No more the verdant hills admire
Of Telegon, who kill'd his aged sire.

Instant forsake the joyless feast,
Where appetite in surfeit dies,
And from the towered structure haste
That proudly threatens to the skies;
From Rome and its tumultuous joys,
Its crowds, and smoke, and opulence, and noise.

To frugal treats, and humble cells,
With grateful change the wealthy fly,
Where health-preserving plainness dwells,
Far from the carpet's gaudy dye.
Such scenes have charm'd the pangs of care,
And smooth'd the clouded forehead of despair.

Andromeda's conspicuous sire
Now darts his hidden beams from far;
The lion shows his maddening fire,
And barks fierce Procyon's raging star;
While Phœbus, with revolving ray,
Brings back the burnings of the thirsty day.

Fainting beneath the sweltering heat,
To cooling streams and breezy shades
The shepherd and his flocks retreat,
While rustic sylvans seek the glades;

Silent the brook its borders laves,
Nor curls one vagrant breath of wind the waves.

But you for Rome's imperial state
Attend with ever watchful care,
Or, for the world's uncertain fate
Alarm'd, with ceaseless terrors fear:
Anxious what eastern wars impend,
Or what the Scythians in their pride intend.

But Jove, in goodness ever wise,
Hath hid, in clouds of depthless night,
All that in future prospect lies,
Beyond the ken of mortal sight;
And laughs to see vain man oppress'd
With idle fears, and more than man distress'd.

Then wisely form the present hour;
Enjoy the bliss which it bestows;
The rest is all beyond our power,
And like the changeful Tyber¹ flows.
Who now beneath his banks subsides,
And peaceful to his native ocean glides:

But when descends a sudden shower,
And wild provokes his silent flood,
The mountains hear the torrent roar,
And echoes shake the neighbouring wood;
Then, swollen with rage, he sweeps away
Uprooted trees, herds, dwellings, to the sea.

¹ 'Tyber.' These accounts of this river are greatly exaggerated, unless the river has decreased as much as Rome. The chief glory of the Tyber now, to use the words of Whitehead, is, that

Its waves have flow'd through Latian lands,
Have wash'd the walls of Rome.

Happy the man, and he alone,
Who, master of himself, can say—
To-day at least hath been my own,
For I have clearly lived to-day :
Then let to-morrow's clouds arise,
Or purer suns o'erspread the cheerful skies.

Not Jove himself can now make void
The joy that wing'd the flying hour ;
The certain blessing, once enjoy'd,
Is safe beyond the godhead's power ;
Nought can recall the acted scene ;
What hath been, spite of Jove himself, hath been.

But Fortune, ever changing dame,
Indulges her malicious joy,
And constant plays her haughty game,
Proud of her office to destroy ;
To-day to me her bounty flows,
And now on others she the bliss bestows.

I can applaud her while she stays,
But if she shake her rapid wings,
I can resign, with careless ease,
The richest gifts her favour brings,
Then folded lie in Virtue's arms,
And honest Poverty's undower'd charms.

Though the mast howl beneath the wind,
I make no mercenary prayers ;
Nor with the gods a bargain bind
With future vows, and streaming tears,
To save my wealth from adding more
To boundless ocean's avaricious store :

Then in my little barge I'll ride,
Secure amid the foamy wave;
Calm will I stem the threatening tide,
And fearless all its tumults brave;
E'en then perhaps some kinder gale,
While the twin-stars appear, shall fill my joyful
sail.

XXX.

TO MELPOMENE.

MORE durable than brass the frame
Which here I consecrate to fame:
Higher than pyramids that rise,
With royal pride, to brave the skies;
Nor years, though numberless the train,
Nor flight of seasons, wasting rain,
Nor winds, that loud in tempests break,
Shall e'er its firm foundation shake.
Nor shall the funeral pyre consume
My fame; that nobler part shall bloom,
And with unfading youth improve,
While to the' immortal fane of Jove¹
The silent maids, in silent state
Ascending, on the pontiff wait.
Where Aufidus with deafening waves
And rapid course impetuous raves,

¹ 'While to the' immortal fane of Jove.' The poet has obtained a much longer term of fame than he expected. His poems have outlived the High Priest and Vestals of ancient Rome many ages. They will probably outlive the Pontiff and Vestals of modern Rome.

And where a poor, enervate stream
From banish'd Daunus takes its name,
O'er warlike realms who fix'd his throne,
Shall Horace, deathless bard, be known;
Who first attempted to inspire
With Grecian sounds the Roman lyre.
With conscious pride, O Muse divine!
Assume the honours justly thine;
With laurel wreaths my head surround,
Such as the god of verse have crown'd.



END OF VOL. II.

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